

DeneigeBarr

Summer 2011
Internships Abroad
London, England

I chose to intern abroad in order to gain professional job experience and to travel and live in a new and exciting place. I wanted to gain independence and expand my cultural horizons. London provided an excellent setting for this. It is an energetic city full of endless adventures.

I was an intern at a small fringe theatre in northern London. The theatre was in the second story of an old building above an old English pub. It was a small, welcoming space with only a stage and room for 50 audience members. I arrived the day before the opening night of their latest production, and was immediately thrown into the crew. Within my first day, they had taught me to run the stage lights and sounds, which I had never done before. Opening night was a success! We received many positive reviews from critics in London, as well as a few celebrities who stopped by.

The small cast of actors and directors were extremely helpful and patient in teaching me the ways of the English theatre. Each night after the show, we would head to the pub to celebrate or go to dinner at one of the nearby restaurants. They were my local guides to all things London. Halfway through my internship, we began working on a new production, and I was made the assistant director and stage manager. I was given new and more important responsibilities that I took very seriously. Before I knew it, I was sitting in the BAFTA lounge with English celebrities and our production was featured in the "Time Out London" magazine. It is experiences like this that I will never forget. All the hard work rehearsing, building sets, running lines, promoting our show, and performing had finally paid off.

The theatre was mostly open in the evenings, which meant I had all day to explore London on my own. My schedule allowed me to have afternoon tea and stroll through the park almost daily. I was also able to visit museums such as The National Gallery, The Victoria & Albert Museum, The Courtauld Institute of



Art, and many more. I would often meet up with my friends for fish and chips during their lunch breaks, or explore the open-air markets on the weekends.

The program held class once a week at a local university in central London. I especially enjoyed these classes because they covered many topics such as British history, politics, and pop culture that we do not study in the U.S. The English professors were extremely helpful and we covered a ton of interesting material. Half way through the summer, the program led us on a trip to Salisbury and Stonehenge, where local guides took us around to the different sites. It was nice to travel out into the countryside and get a quick break from the city. After the program ended, I travelled to Paris for yet another round of adventures.

The experience you get while living abroad is unlike any other. It will open your eyes to new people, cultures, and adventures. This program allowed me to gain amazing professional and personal experience that I would not have received anywhere else. London is full of opportunities and possibilities that are waiting to be explored.

BonnieEwart-Fisher

Spring 2012
Sophia University
Tokyo, Japan

Before I left for Japan, I spoke with my friend who had just returned from a semester abroad. She assured me that it would be the best experience of my life, she told me to try new things, and to prepare for my point of view to broaden and change. I knew she was right, but I didn't understand until months later just how right she was.

Studying abroad at Sophia University in Tokyo, Japan was life-changing and definitely my best decision during my college career. After a 15 hour flight, an hour long train ride, and a 15 minute walk, I finally arrived at my new home. I lived in a share house while I was in Japan, which is a mixture between a dorm and an apartment, and I loved every minute of being there! I quickly became friends with the other international students at my share house, the Japanese students and workers at our share house, and the Japanese students at our university.

Every day I would take the train into Tokyo to take classes, then I would enjoy lunch with one of the international clubs on the roof of our university overlooking the Tokyo skyline, and lastly I'd head home to cook dinner with the other residents of my share house. We explored the giant city together; trying fresh sushi, shopping for funky fashion, and checking out the modern architecture. We quickly developed a tight-knit but large group of friends. Our group, accompanied by the international club, planned a trip into the mountains for 16 people.

Luckily, we managed to reserve the entirety of a beautiful and peaceful hostel in the heart of the mountains with a quirky owner who cooked for us every morning. The challenge of practicing Japanese with locals as we explored shrines and the difficulty of hiking mountain peaks was rewarded with stunningly beautiful views, a relaxing dip in a hidden away hot natural spring, and a bond between friends that will last a lifetime.



At the end of our jam-packed vacation days and our long train ride back to our share house, we found ourselves glad to be home. Over the course of a few short weeks, we had developed into close friends and our share house had become our home. Throughout my time in Japan, my friends and I took many more trips in smaller groups, but nothing compared to the bond we shared over that long weekend in the mountains. This was definitely the best part about my time abroad; I found lifelong friends and a home away from home.

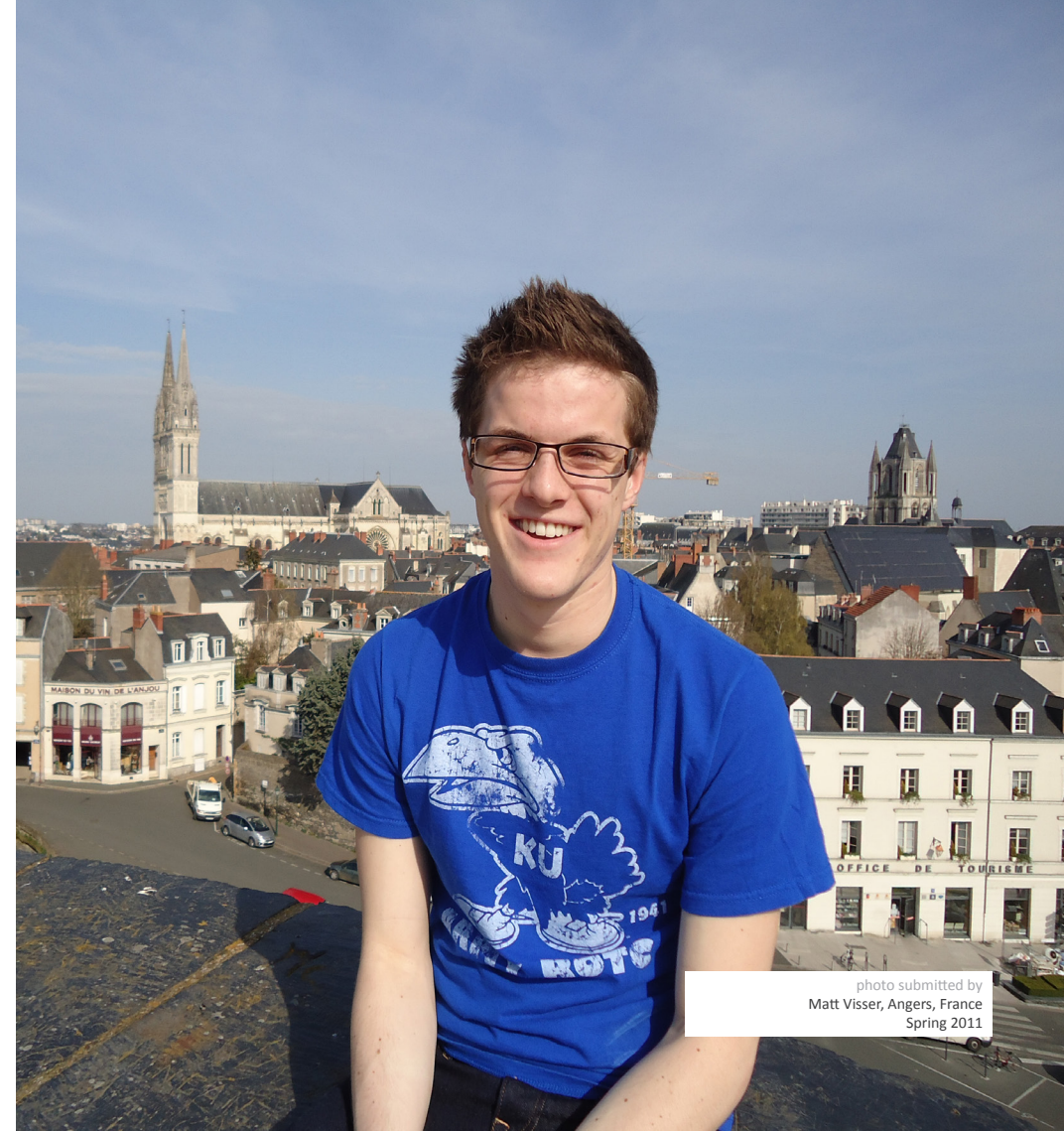


photo submitted by
Matt Visser, Angers, France
Spring 2011

JayhawksAbroad

/ a newsletter from the Office of Study Abroad

Spring**2013**

Study Abroad Fair
Wednesday, February 6th
10:30-3:30
4th Floor, Kansas Union

Matt Visser

Spring 2011
Angers, France
Winter Break 2012
Travel Writing & the Costa Rica Experience

I was the student that no one would have expected could study abroad. I went into the Office of Study Abroad and met with one of their coordinators. She helped me find a few different ways to raise money and find scholarships to make my dream to study at l'université catholique de l'ouest in Angers, France come true. I reviewed my French notes and practiced conjugations over the winter break, awaiting my departure for the land of the red wine - Bordeaux. Finally, the day came! I arrived in Bordeaux and henceforth boarded the TGV for Angers. The TGV is a train that at its fastest speed travels 357 mph. By the time I arrived in Angers, my excitement was clouded by fear. I was afraid of the unknown. I could barely purchase my train ticket, I could not decipher the code the conductor spoke in, nor could I understand why he was speaking faster than any rapper I had ever heard.

I knew I wanted to go to France for the educational and cultural enrichment, but I did not know if I was ready. I descended the train and was greeted by a smile from Madame Annie Breteau. Mme. Breteau was my host mother who would care for me, mentor me, feed me, and ultimately be my beacon and refuge from the good, the bad, and the ugly, of learning a language in an unfamiliar environment for my semester in France. She was retired and her passion was helping exchange students unlock the mysteries of another language.

I requested to live with a host family with youth or college aged students. I was placed in a home in Les Ponts de Cé that had been converted from a farmhouse many years ago by my host mother's grandfather that once sat on a much larger estate owned by a nobleman. The home was a diverse place which helped me learn about even more cultures than the French. I had a Japanese, Croatian and Canadian suitemate. Each of them studied at the same university as I, so they were able to help me get acclimated. One Saturday morning, I went downstairs for



breakfast. My host mom was in her beautiful gown and slippers perusing the newspaper. She had prepared homemade crêpes, toast, jam, and café au lait. I will never forget that wooden table where my host mom and I gathered for so many meals and conversations. This particular morning though was even more special. My roommates were all travelling around Europe for the long weekend but I did not have enough money at the time to travel. I had not yet made a plan for the day, so when she asked me what I would be doing that day, and I did not have an exciting adventure as a response, she knew she would intervene. She told me that she does not get to leave very often but since all the other students were gone, she really would like to go see a film at the theater. She stated of course she needed company and then asked if I would go with her. We had an excellent day! She treated me to a film and espresso. This memory demonstrates the benevolence of host families. She knew that I didn't have the means to do something fun, but she was a little stubborn and would never allow any of her students to have any negative memories about his or her study abroad experience.

Mike Montano

Summer 2012
Language Institute
Paris, France

Expérience d'une vie is how I would describe my recent summer in Paris, France.

There is only so much that you can do to prepare yourself for studying abroad. You can attend the workshops, read the e-mails, listen to friends who have studied abroad before but to experience it for yourself, is beyond awesome.

After being on a tour bus for almost two weeks exploring the splendors of France, staying in hotels and getting to know everyone on the program, it was time to settle down in Paris where I'd be attending school and enhancing my French speaking skills. I was a little nervous about the host family situation and let's be honest, who isn't? I had a great roommate who I consider a brother for life, a girl from Brazil studying French for a few weeks, and host parents with different cultural backgrounds as well.

One evening we were all having dinner and just casually talking in French. It was surreal because I never would have imagined being in another country, with people from around the world, eating and sharing a common language. It was incredible.

The school was top-notch too. Everyone in my class thought the teacher really cared about our success. Even though we were required to speak French all the time in class, it was enjoyable and fun. We're all going to make mistakes learning a foreign language but once I got over that, I learned so much because you learn through practice.

One of the best parts of my program I will say was exploring the city. Here in Lawrence, you can study at Watson or in your apartment but in Paris, you can study at a park near the Louvre, find a table at the Pompidou, grab some hot chocolate at Café Angelina's and go over your notes. Want to grab some world-famous pastries, maybe a hot dog in a baguette because you miss home a little bit, and catch a glimpse of the Mona Lisa? Well you can - in Paris! I mean, the possibilities are endless because the city is yours to explore.



I began my story by saying that studying abroad is an experience of a lifetime. It truly is. It's the experiences that you remember the most and will keep with you forever. The experiences of piling your clothes in a washer, pouring in the soap, only to find out the laundry-mat closed an hour ago; or the experience of writing a vulgar sentence in class when you meant to say something completely different; or even the experience of eating a sea creature that to this day you would never eat again but to say you did, well, that was an experience. I'm the type of guy that likes to plan and know what's going to happen. On this trip, I threw my to-do list to the wind and let loose a little bit. That's when your mind is open the most to new possibilities. So am I glad that I studied abroad? Let's put it this way, I'm currently sending out resumes to PR firms in Paris with the hopes of living and working in the city. I'd say this experience has impacted my life and I am forever grateful to have had this opportunity. Don't let it pass you by.

Bernadette Myers

Academic Year 2012
University of Bologna, Italy
Winter Break 2011
Travel Writing & the Costa Rica Experience
Summer 2010
British Summer Institute in the Humanities

I spent my junior year studying at the University of Bologna in Italy, land of the high speed Vespas, passionate hand gestures and, of course, food. I was soon to find that food is truly an important part of Italian culture. My roommates and I ate together at least once a day and there was a certain degree of ritual that went into preparing for meal time. Tomatoes were sliced delicately in hand. My roommate could accurately weigh 100 grams of pasta by the fistful. And we lived off jugs of olive oil brought from each of my roommates' families.

After my first week roaming for apartment ads in Bologna, I moved in with a group of Italian students and encountered one of my first study abroad challenges.

I had absolutely no idea how to cook. The years of eating mom's excellent dinners and the wonderfully greasy meals at Mrs. E's had left me in Italy without any knowledge of how to actually feed myself. You may think, "Well, cooking is easy! You just turn on the stove and boil some water!"

I had a gas stove in Italy that is probably older than the apartment I was living in. So it took me about a month to learn how to light that thing without frantically drawing back my hand for fear of burning myself.

Then there are of course the questions like, "How long does it take water to boil?" "How do you know if the pasta is finished?" "How exactly do you cut an onion?" "Wait, you aren't supposed to use the seeds in a pepper?"

Apparently, everyone went to some secret cooking basics school when they were little and I wasn't invited. Before coming to Italy, I honestly didn't know what garlic looked like, let alone that you were supposed to smash it with the flat side of your knife in order to cut it.



Well, lucky for me! I had found the right place to learn about all things food! And not only was I learning about Italian food, but the best kind of Italian food. Anything and everything bolognese.

The city of Bologna has many nicknames, but the most important one for this conversation is "la grassa", meaning "the fat". Bologna is famous for its food. Ever heard of tortellini? How about spaghetti alla bolognese? Or maybe you've heard of mortadella (more commonly known as baloney)? All of these things were invented in Bologna.

I was living in the food capital of Italy! And I could not figure out how to light my stove... Luckily, I was living with a group of Italians who could transform painfully simmering risotto into a fun evening activity. Before lunch and dinner, the first roommate who was hungry would ask who wanted to eat. We would all congregate in the kitchen and pool ingredients. Pasta. Zucchini. Eggs. A little cream. The perfect combination for vegetarian carbonara. Every night was an adventure in flavor compatibility.

"Oh, you have some mushrooms? We should add those in!" or "You can't put mozzarella in with that!"

I came home from Italy with many memories and experiences, but the code of Italian cooking is still the most vivid. Whenever I miss it, I can start up the burner, heat some olive oil and throw in the garlic. It automatically smells like home.