

Reflections From Abroad
2016 - 2017

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Study abroad as a bridge to cultural understanding, rich academics, broadened perspective – and self knowledge.

By Dr. John E. Peters
Dean of International Programs

A personal travel story: It was well after midnight, and this last stretch of our journey had already taken several hours – non-stop. We were bleary-eyed, nearly out of gas, relying on a few well-worn road maps of actual paper (it was 1994), and trusting in my ability to continue motoring a large moving truck I had no business driving. Then the three of us – my wife of one week, my sister, and I – emerged from the darkened tunnel of the Fort Pitt Bridge in Pittsburgh.

The sudden lights of the city – the buildings, the cars, the river, the boats – were unexpected, and dazzling. In the last six days I had managed to get married in my wife’s hometown of Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, where we had been living; fly halfway around the world to California to pack the things my sister and I wanted from our childhood home; and travel east to attend graduate school.

The Steel City is no Los Angeles or New York, but while I had studied abroad in Asia and Africa and spent time in Tokyo and Johannesburg, driving-wise, I was still something of a country boy in the big city, not fully prepared for high speeds on crowded narrow lanes in a big truck in the wee hours. Too many options, and precious few moments to make a decision when none of the names matched the itinerary we had diligently written out. Lost or on course, I had to take in the beauty of the illuminated Fort Pitt Bridge and Pittsburgh’s pre-dawn twinkling panorama.

Bridges to understanding and so much more

I often remark to colleagues that at its core, studying abroad is about building bridges between people, ideas, and cultures through discussion, reflection, and dialogue. Metaphorically speaking, bridges help us travel beyond our own experiences and beliefs. They take us to new lands

to explore other ways of thinking, knowing, and doing which in turn lead us to better understand ourselves. We return home better equipped to engage with the world in positive, informed, and supportive ways. Our political, professional, and personal interactions, choices, and experiences are necessarily enriched by this broader view.

Many study abroaders queried about the highlight of their journeys say it was finding “home” in a new environment regardless of where they studied or the trepidation that may at times have coiled their stomachs into knots. Seeing the way people live and listening to their views on everything from food to family to sports to world politics engenders understanding and in most cases, an admiration of other perspectives, experiences, and realities.

Changes to cherish

When we travel abroad, we don’t lose ourselves; we gain an understanding of others and in so doing become something new. Research shows that study abroaders build intercultural competency (Vande Berg et al. 2009) and become more socially and politically engaged, both short and long term (Murphy et al., 2014).

In a study of 6,400 study abroaders from 22 universities, 83 percent of graduates noted their overseas program as the most influential experience of their college years (Paige et al. 2009), and for good reason. Studying abroad offers a wonderful opportunity and in many cases requires you to step outside your comfort zone, communicate in a new culture and possibly another language, practice creative problem solving in an unfamiliar environment,

and learn to be flexible and adaptable.

By providing a framework for honing these skills, study abroad provides a bridge for personal development and helps students get from where they are today to where they want to be tomorrow. Maddux and Galinsky (2009) demonstrate that study abroad promotes creativity and problem solving, while Kronholtz and Osborn (2016) show that study abroad helps students identify and explore career interests, promotes self-knowledge of values and skills, and fosters an open and positive outlook on career options.

I hope you enjoy the Academic Year 2016-2017 issue of *Globetrotter Magazine*. It is packed with essays, photos, and other contributions from students, faculty, and staff, reporting on myriad experiences abroad, each showcasing some of the memories – as well as bridge-building – in which Marist students are engaged worldwide.

P.S.: In case you’re wondering what happened to those eager individuals enjoying the city lights but not sure which exit to take in the wee hours on the Fort Pitt Bridge – we eventually made it to our destination. Not the right exit, but we got there, and had a memorable and valuable adventure along the way.

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US

About



Marist International Programs (MIP) promotes international engagement and academic, personal, and professional development through rigorous reflective study abroad, overseas internships, and international campus programming.



Our programs offer a variety of study-abroad experiences that support a broad range of educational objectives with affiliated programs on six continents. MIP is open to all Marist students meeting eligibility criteria and upon successful application.

Some Marist programs are open to non-Marist students as well. We offer semester, full academic year, J-term, spring attachment, and summer programs that enable students of any major to study abroad and complete degree requirements within their four-year plan.

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and study abroad!





Marist Italy

Marist Italy offers unique and engaging bachelor's, master's, freshman, and summer programs in Florence, the Renaissance City.



Marist College, in partnership with Istituto Lorenzo de' Medici, is the only US college or university with a full branch campus in Florence offering both undergraduate and graduate degrees. Bachelor's degrees are available in studio art, art history, conservation studies, digital media, fashion design, interior design, Italian, and global marketing communication. Graduate studies lead to a Master of Arts in Museum Studies.



An undergraduate Certificate in Sports Communication is offered every spring semester, and summer programs include the Venice Biennale Studio and Art History Program and the ASPIRE Program in finance.

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THE

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Marist International Programs Student Assistants

You've seen them on campus. In Marist classrooms giving presentations. Standing behind tables in Dyson, Donnelly, Hancock, and the Student Center, recounting adventures accompanied by open laptops displaying tens (or hundreds) of photos from abroad. You may also have seen their social media handiwork through the MIP Facebook site and Twitter feed. Or perhaps you've seen them working on important projects and offering vital

assistance in the MIP offices on the second floor of the Hancock Center. Who are these people? They are the Marist International Programs student workers.

At Marist, the international experience does not end upon completion of a program abroad. For alumni of Marist's international programs, ongoing engagement with international and intercultural perspectives takes many forms. Some study abroad alumni formally work for MIP. Many more MIP alumni volunteer as study abroad ambassadors helping to

share the value of the overseas experience in classrooms, hallways, dorms, and online.

Our work is strengthened through the unique contributions of our student workers and volunteers. Their assistance in helping us offer the strongest programs possible is greatly appreciated. Due to space limitations, we cannot list the tens more who have recently volunteered with our fall and spring study abroad fairs, orientations, and other activities. But you know who you are, and to each of you, we say: **thank you!, grazie**



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**mille!, domo arigato!, shukran!,
merci!, jai-rruh-jef!, vielen dank!,
and muchas gracias!**

MIP alumni interested in working or
volunteering with MIP should contact
international@marist.edu.

Marist Italy Student Assistants

Student workers not only play a
crucial role on Marist's Hudson Valley
campus, but on the Florence branch
campus as well. Students enrolled in
one of the Florence-based bachelor's
or master's degree programs, or the

Freshman Florence Experience (FFE),
are eligible to apply for a number of
positions available in Florence in areas
such as excursion assistance, social
media, and general office work.
As on the home campus, becoming
part of the international team
in Florence means working to
create, facilitate, and support the
highest-quality education-abroad
programs possible.

Marist Italy students undertaking the
FFE or their full degree in Florence
should contact **maristitaly@marist.
edu** for more information.

Want to contribute?

If you studied abroad with Marist, you
can be a Globetrotter contributor!
Take some beautiful photos, write an
inspiring essay, and submit your work
for the next issue. Contact MIP for
more details at:
international@marist.edu



In the realm of undergraduate scholarship competitions, opportunities for study, research, and teaching placements abroad have gained a heightened profile, mirroring the increased attention paid to internationalization, globalization, and concerns about transnational actors.

By **Pat Taylor**, Graduate School and Fellowship Advisor

SCHOLARSHIP

The institutions underwriting these scholarships have a shared interest in enabling US students to gain wider exposure to less common destinations and pursue less commonly-taught languages for at least one semester abroad. A few scholarship organizations make allowances for shorter-term programs like summer studies abroad, for example – and subjects other than language for students in the Science, Technology, Engineering, and Mathematics (STEM) fields.

If the idea of international study is tempting to you... if you are beginning to think of programs and places you might want to study, it is a good idea to know about the scholarship opportunities for which you may qualify. This holds true whether you are considering an undergraduate term abroad or a longer-term

experience when you graduate from Marist College.

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR UNDERGRADUATES

The Benjamin Gilman International Scholarship focuses on students who clearly face financial challenges and other obstacles to a traditional semester abroad. The minimum requirement for students seeking this scholarship is that they are already receiving Federal Pell Grant funding. The Gilman provides up to \$5,000 in funding, a figure that goes up to \$8,000 for students studying high-need languages such as Hindi, Arabic, Russian, Japanese, and Chinese, for example. The scholarship deadline is twice yearly, always coming due in the semester preceding the target semester abroad. There is also a special summer Gilman program

specifically for students in the STEM fields.

The Boren Awards for International Study, an initiative of the National Security Education Program, provides unique funding opportunities for US undergraduate students to study less commonly-taught languages in world regions critical to US interests, and underrepresented in study abroad. French and Spanish are accepted languages for study, but not in France or Spain because Western Europe, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand are excluded destinations. Boren awards are geared toward students interested in national security who want to spend more than a semester abroad. There is a service requirement for Boren scholarships: Recipients are obliged to secure employment for one year with a US federal government office in a

capacity with national security responsibilities.

The Deutscher Akademischer Austauschdienst (DAAD) is a German self-governing academic institution that provides a wide array of funding plans for citizens of other countries to gain meaningful experience in Germany. This includes scholarships for sophomores or juniors, covering four to ten months of study or research. While mastery in German is not required, applicants are urged to acquire at least a hospitality level of facility with the language to enrich the overall experience abroad. DAAD also makes possible a summer research opportunity for undergraduates in the STEM fields through the Research Internships in Science and Engineering (RISE) program. Successful applicants are paired with

German Ph.D. students working on specific research projects over two to three months in the summertime. The working language of the project period is English.

US-UK Fulbright Commission Summer Institutes for US Undergraduates. Freshmen and sophomores with cumulative GPAs of at least 3.7 might consider spending three to seven weeks in the United Kingdom through a US-UK Fulbright. This is a

opportunities available to them as Marist undergraduates develop a fairly permanent case of wanderlust which can only be satisfied by continued exploration abroad. Fortunately, there are fellowship opportunities which can make those travels possible following graduation.

The Fulbright US Student Program, in particular, holds appeal for a broad range of disciplinary and regional interests. It supports students

Cambridge Scholarship sponsors advanced degree work at Cambridge University. The Marshall Scholarship supports study at any of the major research universities in the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland, while the Mitchell Scholarship supports one year of master's-level studies in Ireland. Minimum GPA requirements are a 3.7 or better, and application deadlines are in the fall of the senior year.

application will require advance preparation and a thorough understanding of the philosophy underlying the specific scholarship or fellowship program. Do not hesitate to reach out to me at pat.taylor@marist.edu, and please do review stories of past successful applicants from Marist College on the Marist scholarships page: marist.edu/academics/scholarships/

OPPORTUNITIES

highly competitive opportunity for US students to affiliate with one of eight participating UK institutions for a summer enrichment experience focusing on a specific theme.

The Humanity in Action Fellowship (HiA) brings together students and recent graduates from the United States and Europe to engage with each other as they explore human rights and national histories of discrimination. The fellowship takes place for about a month during the summertime in different cities abroad and in the United States. In 2015, HiA programs ran in Amsterdam, Atlanta, Berlin, Copenhagen, Paris, and Warsaw.

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR POST-MARIST STUDY ABROAD

Frequently, students who have studied abroad through any of the numerous study abroad

for nine months to a year as they pursue a research project or study in a wide range of countries or serve as English Teaching Assistants in a somewhat more limited number of destinations. The ideal Fulbright project fuses an applicant's particular interests with the challenge of serving as a student ambassador, contributing to the well-being of the host country while enriching our own cultural understanding. Students are first eligible to apply in their senior year, with the deadline falling mid-October of that year.

Rhodes, Gates, Marshall, and Mitchell Fellowships in the UK. Several highly competitive fellowship opportunities support one to two years of advanced study in the United Kingdom. The Rhodes Scholarship funds two years of graduate study at Oxford University, while the Gates

Teaching English as a Second Language. Several funding opportunities are available to graduating seniors to teach English abroad, such as the Japan Exchange and Teaching (JET) Program, the Princeton in Asia Program, the Teaching Assistant Program in France (TAPIF), and Spain's Auxiliares de Conversación Program. For all of the opportunities described here, a competitive



I LEFT A PIECE OF MY IN AMSTERDAM

By [Claudia Chieco](#)

Studying abroad is not just a life-changing experience; it is a soul-changing experience that will affect your mind, body, and spirit at the deepest level. Though there were moments when I thought, "I want to go home," in the end I wish I could have stayed there for a lifetime.



It was a cold January day when I left Long Island, my comfort zone of 20 years, to live by myself in Europe for five months. I arrived in Amsterdam – the Venice of the North, the Las Vegas of Europe – scared, nervous and jet lagged. In my wildest dreams I could not have imagined all that was ahead.



There were morning bike rides that ended in crashes or near misses. There were afternoons spent at the edge of a canal with friends, laughing so hard, I thought my lungs would give out. There were nights of studying, socializing, or sightseeing with friends who quickly became family to me. I never felt more alive.

More than a year later, I long to feel the wind in my face as I cycle, weaving through tourists in Dam Square. On winter days I miss the smell of freshly made stroopwafels and mint tea that wafts through the Albert Cyup market. I even miss the excited anxious feeling borne of my need to see as much and get as much done as I could before heading back to New York.

Advice for prospective study abroad students?

Go!

If you are on the fence about applying, jump over to the “go” side. Opportunities like this come, and then they are gone. For most of us, there is only a small window during which we have the luxury of living and studying abroad, so swallow any fears, and start your application.

Once abroad, embrace the adrenaline flowing through you. Experience as much as you possibly can because the next thing you know, you’ll be boarding a plane to come home, wondering where the time went. For me, the hardest part of coming home was not the culture shock of re-entry or distance from my new friends. It was that Amsterdam still went on without me, and that if I return, it will never be the same.

Amsterdam will forever hold a piece of my heart. As my Marist undergraduate career draws to a close, I realize just how much I learned in Amsterdam. I know how to live and explore on my own. I am better able to navigate and appreciate differences. I understand the importance of flexibility, acclimating to others, and allowing people the space to acclimate to me. No matter what I choose to do in my future, or what life may throw at me, my time studying abroad in Amsterdam has taught me I can survive it.

Our team of conservators was chosen to work on the mysterious stone heads on Easter Island in the South Pacific, a UNESCO World Heritage site of almost mystical origin. As mysterious as these immense and enigmatic statues are, they would soon be more than myth to us. As they appeared out of the great jeweled sea and velvety green fields of the island, they transformed from the world of intangible dreams into a physical hallmark of our lives.



PRESERVING A HERITAGE AND FINDING YOUR

By Aimelie Moen

The process that brought me and three conservators from our program in Florence to Easter Island was not easy. There was the daily effort of classes and Italian living as we established ourselves as international students in a conservative and foreign culture whose language was still foreign to us. The fierce competition to be selected brought the other three who were selected and me face to face with the understandable jealousy of those who were not selected. Friendships teetered on the edge, and I was glad to arrive at a place for a single purpose – to capture every bit of knowledge, pleasure, and impression the journey offered.

My teammates were Mackenzie, a freshman from Chicago and my closest friend; Natacha, a New Zealander with quick wit and charm; and Burna, a Turkish woman working on her Ph.D. who had the kindest yet most scrutinizing eyes I have ever felt upon me. We didn't know each other very well, other than Mackenzie and me, but by journey's end we had an indestructible bond.

And then there was Lorenzo. Lorenzo Casamenti, our animated conservation studies professor, is recognized all over the world for his brilliance as a conservator and teacher. His greatest pride, though, is that he is Italian. He confidently told us that we would soon adopt the Italian lifestyle: slow and steady work, a caffè here and there, some pasta and dolce for lunch, flowers in our hair. Life, he taught us, is the combination of patience and fulfillment in each moment. Together, we would savor the good and the bad and learn from all experiences. With Dr. Lorenzo leading our

team, we knew that whatever came our way under his guidance would be a gift we all would treasure.

We're coming, Easter Island

Seen from the plane, Easter Island loomed fluorescent green and electric blue. Our lodge, on the other hand, was a deserted and lonely white-washed building with tikis, a pool, and an empty ballroom despite the hotelier's claim that the hotel was completely full. From an upper patio, my eyes soaked in green velvet fields surrounding a steep and slumbering volcano, bare except for some bushes daring to grow in the face of the gale. No trees could challenge the wind's strength here, though English lumberjacks and merchants may have left the barrenness as their legacy.

We fell into our daily schedule: Up at eight for a breakfast of pocket-sized bananas before we piled into a four-seater 90's pickup. A 45-minute drive on the island's only highway, past herds of wild horses and the skeletal remains of their ancestors, brought us to Ahu Tongariki, our worksite. Ahu Tongariki is home to the island's largest and most famous line of Moai, 15 proud warriors forged of volcanic stone. They looked back on the island, warning the Rapanui of the dangers of the world. Our Moai stood alone facing the ocean some hundred meters from the others, as if standing guard for the group.

He was 20 feet tall and covered in blue tarp and wooden scaffolding, a team of conservators crawling all over him photographing, documenting, and working

on the statue. He faced us stonily despite the weathering of time and humanity upon his visage. As I watched him, I felt his presence pour into mine, reminding me to endure and keep standing despite the beating my own soul had taken during the past month. Our Moai had stood there for centuries, maybe even a thousand years, our head conservator told us, watching the history of the land play out – war and peace and war again, until that thriving land had become barren of trees and lives numbered in the hundreds. I stood in quiet solitude facing this solemn giant in our still solidarity against the strong winds.

I saw him every day for five days straight and thanked him for his strength, which had revived my spirit by the end of our journey. Our head conservator, a Chilean artist named Simone, regarded him with me and said, "He is so ugly, isn't he? He stands so proud and defiant amidst the beauty around him. He does not let anyone challenge his presence and silently warns the world against harming him and his." His endurance is what made him renowned and had allowed the lichen to bloom quite beautifully upon him.

Leaving Paradise

On our last day on the island, we walked around the main island square, the park where boys played football and dogs chased each other, the docks where the water begged us to dip our feet, and a tattoo parlor where a bare-footed Rapanui artist tattooed Mackenzie's ankle with a compass she had drawn. She had desperately wanted a token of this trip, and this compass is, for her, a symbol of

FUTURE



**“When you give yourself to places,
they give you yourself back.”**

Rebecca Solnit, Wanderlust

her philosophy about travel and culture. We had strolled into this tattoo shop three separate times before Mackenzie convinced the artist to tattoo her. We entered just as he was finishing a tattoo of a Rapanui wolf on a Chilean navy officer, who was trying not to cry through the pain and the blood seeping through his shirt as his friends laughed at his attempts to impress us. Mackenzie had her tattoo on her ankle; my own philosophy is tattooed on my heart.

Once in the air as we departed from the island, I watched the giant stone bodies disappearing under the myriad clouds and a darkening sunset. They faded back in my mind to that previous state of mystery and mythos. Their creators had chiseled the volcanic mountainside into monumental works of art, each artist's own techniques and individual effort combining to create one work of great presence that remains powerful even after its creator faded into obscurity.

My teammates and I, too, had worked together to help preserve a meaningful heritage, bringing our individual styles into our endeavor. Our journey transformed us. Not only did we learn new techniques and methods of conserving volcanic material, but we also shared our own experiences and lives, nurturing our native desire to learn and share experiences, ideas, and cultures with others for the entirety of our existence. I took one last look before the clouds obscured the island and the sun's rays dipped behind the ocean. The secret of the island had been made known to me. I will never forget it.

An incredible day of contrasts in

JAPAN

By *Professor Richard Lewis, Professor of Art and Digital Media*

You would never guess that just hours before the happy photo, opposite, was taken, these students were in Hiroshima, in a museum that portrays, more graphically than bearable, one of the most horrible days in human history. How could we be so happy on the day we visited Hiroshima?

Superman is not the only speeding bullet

Our day started very early in Kyoto, in a hotel just across the street from the city's ultra-modern train station. The early hour bothered no one because we would soon board the Shinkansen – Japan's bullet train! It glided noiselessly into the spotless



station, its long futuristic nose shiny and aerodynamic. Inside, the luxurious seats could pass as first class on any airliner. The doors closed with a Star Trek sound effect, and we were on our way. Soon we got our first glances at the Japanese countryside. The high-speed train whips by so quickly, though, that if you look directly out your window, you can't focus on anything for more than a split second. You have to look ahead to see properly. Once you do, there are rice fields such as you might see in Japanese prints. Towns suddenly appear and then are gone. Travel is fast, smooth, and quiet, broken only by the quick roar of another Shinkansen passing in the other direction. The ease and the pleasure of the ride made it easy to forget our destination.

No preparation dulls the shock of Hiroshima

In two hours, we pulled into Hiroshima Station. One expects something dramatic from anything with the word "Hiroshima" in front of it, but it was by all appearances an ordinary train station. Our guide, Fujiko-san, led us to a municipal trolley that moved us through an ordinary Japanese town – until we stepped off the trolley in Hiroshima Peace Memorial Park, just a few feet from Ground Zero.

It was a sunny day, much like the day when this city became world famous 70 years ago. Ahead we could see one of the few buildings that survived the bomb, the Genbaku (Atomic) Dome, once an

industrial exhibition hall. All the students had read *Hiroshima* by John Hersey, which describes in excruciating detail that terrible day in August 1945 and the difficult ones that followed. Still, it was hard to believe that the lovely river before us was once filled with the floating dead, its green banks covered with thousands of survivors who had dragged themselves away from the fires to get cool and drink. Many who lined the shore would ultimately die.

Despite all they had read and the images they saw in class, there is no preparation adequate enough to prepare someone for the experience of the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum. Since I had been there before, my stomach tightened as we entered what appears to be a typical museum entrance. It is only after you go upstairs and read the wall text that you turn to your right and see it: a life-size recreation of the unnaturally black midday of a city in ruins. Walking toward you is a small child whose skin hangs off his bones, just like his tattered clothes. Every visitor is stunned into silence and remains so for the rest of the visit.

The exhibit hall is filled with the surviving artifacts of August 6th: the remnants of burned school uniforms, a twisted tricycle, a clock that will always be stopped at the moment the bomb fell, a wall with the black shadow of a person, instantly vaporized, burned into it. Not unlike the scenes of 9/11 but on a grander scale (imagine if all of Manhattan had been hit), the bombing of Hiroshima was a disaster



that outdid anything Hollywood could create. The contrast between the scenes in the museum and the scenery we again saw when we stepped out of the museum, dazed, couldn't have been greater. Yet this was the same place, just a few months shy of 70 years later. Our experienced guide led us away from the museum to monuments dedicated to peace.

Schoolchildren still hang origami paper cranes to honor one of the children who died from radiation sickness but whose beautiful spirit made her a national hero.

Knowing we needed an uplift, Fujiko-san walked us to a nondescript building and into a somewhat "sketchy" elevator. The door opened and we stepped out into a dark and dingy hall filled with food vendors who sold a special treat – okonomiyaki or Hiroshima pancakes.

Friendly cooks called out for us to join them. On greasy grills, they flipped batter, then loaded it with cabbage, pork, and other items like squid, octopus, and cheese. While bantering like comedians, they tossed noodles onto the pile of food and a fried egg followed by a hefty squirt of okonomiyaki sauce (kind of like Worcestershire but thicker). Somehow the

comical and mesmerizing performance of the chefs and the strangely delicious sandwiches changed everyone's mood and prepared us for the next stage of the day's adventures.

The beautiful respite of Miyajima

We headed to the ferry and set off into the bay. As Hiroshima disappeared behind us, we could see a mountainous island looming ahead. The words "Welcome to Jurassic Park" came to mind.

Miyajima was beautiful in the distance in the late afternoon light. A large orange Torii gate was in the water, with a temple behind it.

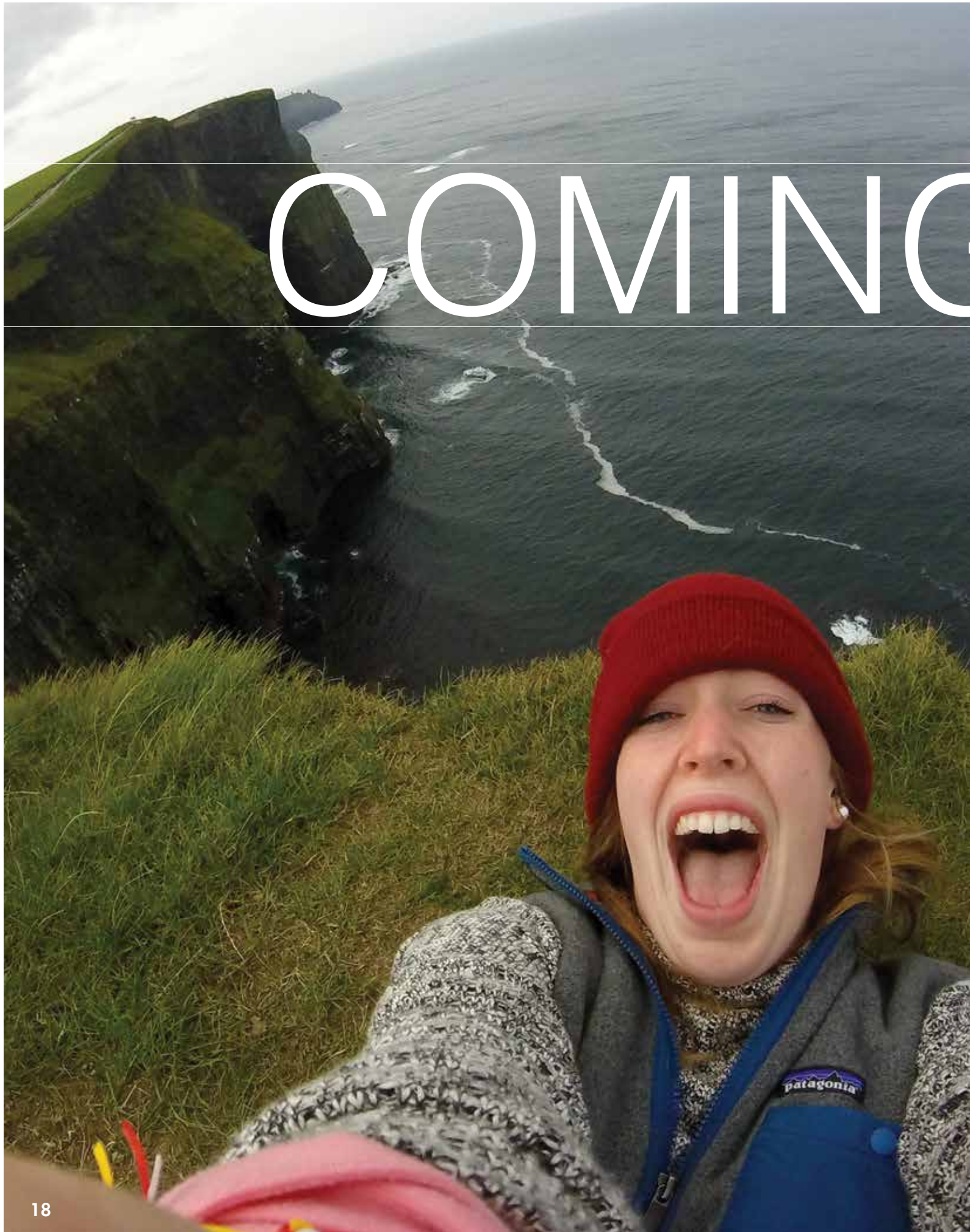
On shore, the town looked like a typical seaside resort, with food and souvenir shops lining the street just across from the bay. We walked along that shore, turned a bend, and before us was a scene so mesmerizingly beautiful, it was impossible not to smile. The sun was setting behind the huge Torii gate, a fabulous travel poster come to life. Light beams shot from beneath the gate and, of course, everyone took pictures.

"Live in the moment, take it in," I thought, but the sunset's beauty demanded more photos. Tearing ourselves away, we meandered along the boardwalk of the Shinto Temple of Miyajima. Inside the temple's sacred shrine as the sun set over the bay, we were deliriously happy. Warm light bathed our faces, and we felt blessed.

Our day ended at a ryokan, a traditional Japanese inn on the island. Dress code: kimonos and sandals. Menu: course upon course of delicacies, some recognizable, some not. Accommodations: rooms with sliding paper doors, sleep mats, and balconies overlooking the bay. It was a long spectacular day of shocking and stunning experiences and feelings. We saw the worst and the best of humanity in 24 hours of almost dumbfounding contrasts.



COMING



Sitting in my house in suburban New York putting the finishing touches on my scrapbook, I am thinking about what it really means to feel at home. Since getting back to the US, I keep watching movies that take place in Ireland, checking out library books by famous Dublin authors, and listening to both classical and modern Irish bands. It helps me feel better for a little bit, but it never lasts.

By Megan McCormack

H O M E



It was raining in Dublin. Again. Same as it was Friday night when I got on a bus for a weekend getaway from Trinity College Dublin with the college's Vincent de Paul Society (VDP), and same as when I had boarded the bus for the return trip Sunday morning. I said goodbye to the group hastily as I grabbed my luggage and dodged puddles on the way back to my apartment, passing pubs with blurry windows but warm hearths and tourists frantically hiding under their soaked umbrellas. I'd never felt more at home.

Where is home?

Some might say I am home now, but I'm not so sure. To me home is more a feeling than a place you live. I think mine is with the people I met through Trinity's VDP, known for its volunteer activities, fundraisers, themed nights out, an annual Panto show, and charitable craic, an Irish word for having a good time. Trinity's VDP was just *it* for me.

I went to Dublin to learn about the land I come from, meet some of the people who share my blood and name, and visit some beautiful places. During Fresher's week, I learned what else I wanted to do. I was making my way through a crowded and bustling front square in which members of many societies were trying to attract potential members to their tables. I couldn't resist. You've heard of the irresistible Irish charm, yea? Well, it's not a myth!

Ready to volunteer

I signed up for a few societies that

grabbed my eye and almost left without signing up for VDP, but I liked its bright t-shirts and heard it was a big society on campus – and free to join! Two nights later at the intro program with a friend, I hit a nasty obstacle: The requisite international police clearance made it nearly impossible for me to actually volunteer. Perks of being a foreigner!

Unswayed, I visited two different garda (police) stations and harassed way too many people with emails full of questions. Meanwhile, I ventured to some of the nights out hosted by the VDP, most notably the Halloween Mystery Tour for which a friend and I dressed up as tourists (convenient and realistic costumes). We boarded a bus that took us two hours outside Dublin to a pub, and then a club, where we discovered we had reached the coastline. Our new Irish friends sang every song in their repertoire as we laughed and sang along.

The following weekend I went on a retreat of sorts that the Irish call INSMOT, an acronym that melds INSpiration and MOTivation, the two main focus points of the weekend. Given the opportunity, I could talk about this spectacular weekend until my voice ran out, but here's the short version. I left Trinity on Friday to spend the weekend in an abandoned nursing home with 50 strangers, and I returned to Dublin that Sunday knowing what it means to find your home.

I ran like a maniac through halls singing with new friends. I ate every meal with a different group of people, discussed the

dialect and slang differences between American English and Irish English. I drank tea the correct way and wine – er – the incorrect way. I made a fool of myself not once but multiple times. I learned what it is to be a friend, danced the night away, and was inspired by others' humble tales of goodwill.

In the end, I did get cleared to volunteer for a select few activities, though with only two weeks remaining in the semester, it didn't matter. I participated as much as I could, even with finals and essays. And, of course, nothing could keep me away from the last VDP night out – the 12 pubs of Christmas – where I laughed myself into tears and realized I never wanted to be anywhere but there, at that very moment.

Back to New York

At home I told my parents I had lost one of my favorite earrings, and as I held up the other one, I saw the loss as a metaphor for my whole Dublin experience: I left my earring in Dublin, where I also left a piece of my heart.

I came back to America a different person, a better person, and though I have yet to experience in America the euphoric sense that absolutely swallowed me in Dublin, I look forward to finding it again someday soon.

But until the day I go home: Cheers Ireland, t'anks a million Dublin, and best of luck to my VDP friends. I miss you now and I'll miss you forever. You brought me home, and for that, I will be eternally grateful.

First-Year Seminar Students
Write on Pilgrimage:

Beyond the

Dr. Lea Graham, reporting on her experience as Visiting Professor of English at the Marist Branch Campus in Florence

“An inch of surprise leads to a mile of gratefulness.”

Brother David Steindl-Rast



When I first assigned my Florence First Year Seminar students the task of designing, carrying out, and then writing about a pilgrimage, I was hoping to pass on some of my own enthusiasm for contemplative travel. The essays I received from these freshman far surpassed all expectations I had. The reflection, candor, and thoughtful research about their hopes and experiences were impressive and often poignant.

Salvatore Isola's journey between the Beatles' England and Florence's Accademia Gallery and Kristi Tolentino's travel to Greece address their frustrated expectations and their thoughtful tenacity at re-seeing their pilgrimage. Jennifer Durfey's voyage into language learning and Kimberly Woodward's imaginative yearnings for Dr. Who's London tell of their early hopes for their adult lives and map out where their learning has taken them. I hope you enjoy the following excerpts of these young and talented writers as much as I have.

From Music to Marble

By Salvatore Isola

It was a cold December evening, a time of year when the sun sets at an unreasonable hour. The year was 2010, my first year of high school, and I had just left the gym to grab my books before boarding the school bus for home. I stepped outside into the night. With the empty football field barely lit by an amber light, and with the crisp wind hitting my face, I stood there to take in the serenity. There was nothing but me and the world. Free of technology and free of people, I saw and felt, for the first time, pure tranquility and beauty.

Though high school was rich with memorable moments, I remember the exact details of that scene most vividly. I can picture that quiet evening on Ott Field more easily than I can re-experience the thrill of receiving A's on the tests I studied hardest for. Unlike those exams which required so much work for the reward, there was no preparation for an unexpected experience that captured my full attention and changed the way I see the world.

Author Sheryl Kujawa-Holbrook writes that sacred sites are visited by pilgrims as well as regular tourists who come for reasons other than for a connection to the spiritual. “Both tourism and pilgrimage...are social processes where the sacred traveler is engaged in a search or quest,” she said. “What most distinguishes the sacred art of pilgrimage from a tourist trip...is the characteristic inward journey” (Kujawa-Holbrook 44, 102).

From my base in Florence, I embarked on my pilgrimage to Liverpool with two expectations: to increase my appreciation of Beatles music and discover messages in the places I visited, just as I had in the

Beatles songs I listened to. “In pilgrimage,” according to Rebecca Solnit in her book *Wanderlust: A History of Walking*, “the journey is radiant with hope that arrival at the tangible destination will bring spiritual benefits with it” (50). That is what I hoped for.

Liverpool is crowded with Beatles-related sights which are not, I learned, in as close proximity as I thought. I regretfully confess that I joined a guided bus tour, the Magical Mystery Tour no less! Before boarding, I met a married Australian couple in their fifties who were joining the tour as well. They had journeyed all the way from Sydney, Australia, pilgrims visiting the places related to their favorite band. We shared stories that cloudy afternoon on the windy docks of the lime-green River Mersey. They found joy anew in talking about childhood accounts such as the release of *Abbey Road*, when people of all ages flooded record stores for an album like the monks of the Early Middle Ages rushed in to grab a relic off St. Augustine's dead body. Our shared reflections boosted my appreciation of The Beatles more than the tour or the sites themselves. That afternoon was the closest I came to an inward journey while in England.

The tour disappointed. In song, “Penny Lane” and “Strawberry Fields” are portrayed as transcendent places where daily life is cheerful and otherworldly enchanting. Penny Lane was a barren road, its street sign the only photo op. The Strawberry Fields of the song by that name were overgrown and abandoned, although the ruby red gates and pillars with fans' inscriptions in many languages spoke to their significance. A rushed tour where the protocol was: stop, get off the bus, take a quick look, get back on the bus, stop...included no time for introspection. I was like the disappointed traveler described

Bucket List

“How long the road is. But for all the time the journey has already taken, how you have needed every second of it in order to learn what the road passes by.” *Dag Hammarskjöld, Markings*

in Cousineau's *The Art of Pilgrimage: The Seeker's Guide to Making Travel Sacred*. I journeyed 1,200 miles and followed the guidebooks, and yet the enthusiasm I felt during this travel was minimal. Instead of a life-changing pilgrimage, I underwent a plain journey that provided me only with, as Rose Macaulay was quoted by Cousineau, a “pleasure of ruins” (Cousineau xxii). The pilgrimage I planned became just another place I could cross of my list. No inner transformation.

Sometimes the best pilgrimage is closer than you think.

Before London, before Liverpool, before walking along the Mersey with new friends, my semester started in Florence, where my first assignment was to “get lost” in Florence and describe the experience. Having procrastinated until the last minute, I left my comfortable apartment on Via San Gallo, and before long I was contemplating blowing off the assignment for another I had not yet started!

I saw a long line of people, garbed in clothing from dozens of cultures, that wrapped around the block. They were all drawn to the Galleria dell'Accademia, or Accademia Gallery, where Michelangelo's statue of David is housed. At this inconvenient locale outside the city center, the people in line looked like excited fans and autograph resellers waiting outside a concert hall to meet the performers.

Though my museum pass would grant me entry, the wait time was as long as you'd expect at a major attraction at Disney World, so I began pondering the idea of returning another time. Behind me, I heard the most familiar accent I know – straight out of New York. I turned my head, and rushing toward me calling my name was a man married to

my uncle's sister Doreen, with whom I have spent every Christmas since the start of the new millennium. Four thousand miles separate Florence and New Jersey, and there I was with family. Martin Buber's words, “All journeys have secret destinations of which the traveler is unaware,” could not have been more relevant. Despite my assignment, I decided that nothing I could find in Florence would be better than family time – an assumption that would be disproven within the hour.

The first audible attempt to articulate my reaction to seeing the world's most revered statue jumped from my lips – “wow.” David was standing in glowing grace at the end of an aisle. Beams of light from the glass dome built above him and light bulbs aiming directly at his face haloed the entire mammoth stature. He looked omnipotent. The awe I felt was reminiscent of that December night at my school, an unexpected moment in which I was suddenly struck by the beauty of what I was witnessing.

I could not take my eyes off David as I slowly paced reverentially up the aisle. As I inched closer, I felt consumed by a wild spirit that focused the entirety of my attention directly on David, even though I was surrounded from every angle by picture-takers snapping with each step they took in worn-out squeaking sneakers. I felt alone with the statue, which evoked more admiration than I had ever felt for a non-living object.

My real pilgrimage was to the Galleria dell'Accademia. I think I am the kind of pilgrim Solnit described, one who wanders without a set destination (133). Although there was little planning or journeying, the fundamental components required of a pilgrimage were all there: separation, associated with discernment for reasons

driving the journey; transition, related to the unknown; and incorporation, occurring when the pilgrim makes life adjustments (Kujawa-Holbrook 58-59).

My plan was a visit to The Beatles' Mecca, and instead at the Galleria dell'Accademia, I encountered one of those unanticipated moments that “steer the pilgrim in another direction” and underwent an inward journey, which revealed “feelings or issues that were initially unknown” (Kujawa-Holbrook 57). In my case, it was a love of art. I am now a fixture in museums, almost as permanent as the statues themselves – so much so that on a recent visit to Michelangelo's new Sacristy in Florence, the lights were turned off on me!

On the Magical Mystery Tour, I was a tourist surrounded by pilgrims; at the Accademia Galleria I was a pilgrim surrounded by tourists.



By Kristi Tolentino

Booking



When I was younger, books were my mode of travel. *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* summoned me to Hogwarts, where I cast magic spells in my mind. *Peter Pan* flew me to Neverland, where I embraced adventure and realized that we all need to grow up sometime. *Percy Jackson & the Olympians* let me fight Greek mythical creatures at the Acropolis and taught me that there is a hero in everyone. I was a book nerd, always reading something, always creating in my head the places books took me.

It was *Percy Jackson & the Olympians* that made me feel I had to go to Greece. Percy was a teenage demigod. From his father, Poseidon, he inherited powers over the sea. He lived with his mother, a regular person, in New York City. Percy was a star who took on quests and fought the evils of the mythological Greek world. During the fall break, I was finally able to visit Greece myself.



Our tour group had just gotten off a boat to be driven to the less-than-beautiful city of Athens, Greece. I couldn't quite figure out whether our tour guide had forgotten to check the temperature that day or thought he was giving a tour to businessmen. He wore a crisp white collared shirt and had a leather satchel slung over his left shoulder. His loafers were navy blue, his trousers perfectly pressed, and the look was topped off by tortoiseshell sunglasses. His attitude did not match his outfit. "Please,

if you are going to take a pictures, keep me out of them. I won't be happy to find my face on your social media networks," is something I heard exit his mouth more than once during that three-hour tour.

The guide's impossible attitude was as exhausting as the walk up the Acropolis. My excitement decreased at the same rate my irritation increased. This was not the pilgrimage I expected. I snapped pictures without taking a glance into the viewfinder. I drifted away from the group for a seat in the shade, alone. I people-watched instead of observing the historical Greek architecture surrounding me, which was quite pitiful of me. I don't think our awful trek up the Acropolis helped the surprising disappointment I felt once we reached the top.

We walked through smooth centuries-old marbled pillars. Some of my group members' mouths literally hung open in awe. I, on the other hand, had my eyebrows raised and could feel my teeth biting into my lip. "This can't be it," I thought to myself, but it was. Nothing but blue sky above me. The Acropolis was a disappointment, not helped by the scaffolding or the incessant talk of our tour guide.

The books I read when I was younger pushed the boundaries of my imagination. The descriptions in *Percy Jackson & the Olympians* helped me visualize the Acropolis – the marble towers and inscriptions of ancient Greece covering the floor. At the apex, I had expected to be faced with the setting as described in the book I so loved. That is the problem with expectations. There's a good chance you'll be let down.

The Parthenon was supposed to be the beautiful Temple of Athena, built to honor the goddess for the protection she afforded the city. It was a construction zone. A crane sat in the middle of the temple. Scaffolding suffocated the pillars, and we were not allowed entry.

Our last day in Greece, I decided to visit the first Olympic stadium, an attempt at giving Athens a second chance. No expectations this time. I strolled out into



the crisp Athenian air, ready to complete my mission. I slid my headphones on, and pressed play on my "Fall Break Fun" playlist. I passed smiling tourists and early-bird shopkeepers, and then I stopped. I felt heavy, as if something were wrong. Maybe it was my usual, "I forgot something" anxiety, I thought, but a search of my cross-body bag killed that diagnosis. I walked a little further, stopping to take a picture of a street I hadn't noticed before, and then I had an a-ha moment. My headphones. I love music, but I realized that it was keeping me on the outside of the experience I sought. I needed to be present. Not only did I need to feel the Athenian air, but also I needed to hear the sounds of the city coming to life around me.

The stadium that hosted the first Olympic games in 1896 loomed before me. It towered over everything, yet suited its space nicely. I imagined the bleachers filled with 60,000 excited citizens and political figures. The stadium, called Panathinaiko in Greece, also has a nickname, *Kallimarmaro*, or, "the beautifully marbled." The smooth and creamy texture of the stadium gave me more chills than the last quarter of my high school's championship football game. Only four other people were in the stadium, making this trip back in history very personal. I walked the entirety of the bleachers, stopping every few feet to admire the different views. It was a part of Greece I never imagined, and never thought I would explore. I ran my fingers along the wall as I headed toward the exit, enchanted by my findings.

My feet brought me here, not a long-stored, pre-conceived notion based on a novel. My quest had led me to something totally unexpected, sometimes the best place to find yourself!

ITALY

I got my love of language from my dad, who has always been fascinated by foreign languages even though he is fluent in only one language besides English. He is well traveled, and I grew up watching him sit at the computer, speaking into a headset trying to learn French. Whenever I asked, "What are you saying?" his reply was always the same: "You are the most wonderful daughter in the world." Eventually I caught on!



When it was time to pick a language to take in high school, of course I chose French. I loved listening to my teacher speaking; the words flowed so smoothly and beautifully when she spoke. I couldn't wait for class to begin every day, and I couldn't get enough of language, so it wasn't long before I added Spanish to my schedule.

Taking both courses at the same time made me realize how enchanted I was by Romance languages. The sound of each is so different, yet the structure and some of the words are almost the same. Every night I said something in one of the languages to my dad, who responded in the same language after looking it up.



The decision to pack up and move to Italy to attend college for four years did not come out of the blue. I was really thinking about what I wanted to do for the rest of my life. Still, when I got to Italy, I asked myself, "Why am I here? What brought me to Italy?" The answer became clear. I am in

Florence to study Italian and become part of the country's culture. The beauty of the language drew me in.

Pilgrimage? Where would mine take me? I was not sure how I would fulfill the pilgrimage requirement of my program during my first year. My association with the word had a religious context and involved walking. I felt anxious because I could not think of a religious journey that would matter to me, and I knew there would not be time for a long trek somewhere.

My fear was quelled when I read in Cousteau's *The Art of Pilgrimage* his belief that pilgrimage is "a powerful metaphor for any journey with the purpose of finding that something that matters deeply to the traveler" (xxiii). So as soon as my friend Emma offered to bring me along to visit her family in Sicily, I knew it would be my pilgrimage. A new dialect to learn? I was beyond excited.

Emma's cousin Francesco began talking to us on the way to his home from the airport, and I could see Emma trying to process what he said. I, too, tried to sort out what he had asked, but I couldn't. Emma glanced over at me, waiting, because I am one level higher in Italian class. This was only the second time she

was visiting her Sicilian relatives in her life, and the first time there was a translator. So there I was, unsuccessfully trying to take the translator's place. Her cousin repeated his question.

I could almost make out a word that sounded like *viaggiare* (travel, journey). "I think he asked you how our trip was," I said. Emma tried answering, but got nothing back but a blank stare regardless of the many ways she tried to pronounce an answer. The family talked among themselves and finally, Francesco's face lit up. "Ahhhhhhh, *ho capito, ho capito!*" (I understand, I understand!), he said. For the rest of the ride I stayed silent, listening to the confusing language that is Siciliano.

I knew that Sicilian Italian was not the same as the language I was studying and that different words are used for certain items, but I was unprepared for how utterly dissimilar the two would sound. To my ear, Sicilian bore little relationship to the Italian I had been hearing for two months. It sounded slurred, fast, and more like Spanish than Italian.

It was incredibly difficult at first to pick out even the most simple words and phrases. By the third day, though, the language sounded somewhat less foreign, and I could get the basic gist of what was being said. When I finally gained enough confidence to speak, the looks I got made me feel as if I had three heads. The grandfather, turning to the nearest person, always said what I think translates to, "I can never understand what she says." Our communication gap was incredibly deep. So I kept quiet. I also called my dad for a little reassurance.

Paternal perspective

When he was in his twenties, my dad spent three years in the Philippines with the Peace Corps. He was placed on the small island of Camiguin, on the outskirts of the village of Manuyog, where he was the only American and almost no one spoke English. There was no



running water or electricity, and it was not an easy adjustment for him despite his enthusiasm. He has told me so many stories from that time including having to eat dog! He was even mistaken for a spirit person while he was climbing a mango tree.

His advice to me that day was to listen, take in everything I thought was being said about me, and then put it behind me. In the absence of language, he said, Emma's family really doesn't know anything about me. Without words, he said, I might even feel that I am almost losing touch with who I really am because it was impossible for me to express what I was feeling or thinking to anyone except to Emma. My dad told me that he never truly understood the people of Camiguin and their culture until he learned Filipino. He was in an awkward space between being a complete stranger and being accepted into the group.

Getting comfortable with uncertainty

In *Popular Stories and Promised Lands*, Roger C. Aden writes about the concept of liminal space that one goes through

during rites of passage, that period when a person has left his past behind but has not yet arrived at his destination. Will Brooker, too, describes a spatial shift with the passing of time because someone has not completed a rite of passage and thus, cannot stake a claim in a new place in the cultural territory (Brooker 13).

Right now I am in that place. I am having the "experience of being 'in between' worlds" (Kujawa-Holbrook 5). I am not yet fluent in Italian, but I am on my journey. Since arriving in Florence, I continue to learn every day. I can now speak in past tense, imperfect and conditional, and I always try to speak Italian whenever I go out. Some days I have really good conversations that make me think, "I have it." Other days, conversation is so difficult, I think I will never reach fluency.

I am balanced precariously between being on the outside of a culture looking in and feeling fully accepted as part of it. With time, I believe I will feel the language door swing open wide enough for me to get both feet over the threshold.



Dr.



At the end of the leadership weekend, our counselors drew a giant map of the United States on the worn-out asphalt of an old basketball court. We gathered around the map after sunset, each of us holding a candle to place near our homes on the map after telling the group a little bit about ourselves. Block Island is so small, though, it wasn't even a feature on the map.

When it came my turn I placed my little candle into the middle of the drawn ocean, far away from the warm glow of the rest. I stepped back and looked at my lonely

WH & Block Island Winters

In tenth grade, I was chosen to attend a weekend leadership conference away from my home on tiny Block Island, 10 square miles of land that sit 13 miles off the coast of Rhode Island. Well, maybe chosen isn't the right word. No one else from my small class would do it, and I was the last option! I was placed with other kids my age so that together, we could figure out how to lead others. It was fun, I suppose, but I didn't really know how to interact well with people my age. I often came off as aloof or distant, only because I was scared they wouldn't like me.

candle flickering in the dark. I remember, too, looking up at the billions of brilliant diamonds set in the black velvet night and thinking, if I could just get away from that lonely candle, maybe I would be okay. Had someone come down from the sky and offered to fly me away in that moment, I would have gone without a backward glance. Those faraway planets and burning spheres of gas and fire looked so welcoming. For that moment, the endless universe seemed less lonely than my one candle. Nobody swept me into the sky.



Life on Block Island

With just over 900 year-round residents, Block Island is a ghost town in the winter. The street lamps throw shadows on the empty streets and silent houses. It's possible and not uncommon to drive around the whole island and never encounter another human. The

winters are frigid, both in temperature and atmosphere. It's as if Block Island itself freezes during the winter, the ice creeping up to surround the island in a crystalline cage.

My school is home to a whopping 112 kids, kindergarten through twelfth grade. Students make the daily trek to the single stone building that serves as our daily prison. At one point my class was huge, at nearly 15 children, both girls and boys. However, the lure of life beyond the island was enticing, and one by one my class dwindled until ninth grade when just eight of us remained. The end of that year brought unsettling news. Kelsey, Haley, and Bella were venturing off the island, which left me as the only girl in a class of four other boys, one of whom was my twin brother.

Tenth grade brought lonely lunches and a silent winter. The island was especially cold that year, a poignant partner to my isolation. I felt like an island myself, surrounded by freezing seas that cut me off from the rest of my peers. Books became my escape, a way off my frozen home. I read series voraciously, *Harry Potter* and *Artemis Fowl* being my two favorites. Through their adventures, I lost myself; I wasn't alone in the middle of the ocean. I was on adventures that held the promise of something bigger, something better for me.

My muse, Dr. Who

One boring Friday night I was looking for something to do. With a list of contacts shorter than my grocery list, I was going to have to entertain myself. TV was not an option, as the current storm had taken out our reception, which was not likely to return that night. I had half-heartedly perused the books on my family's multiple bookshelves, but I had read most of them and wasn't in the mood to reread. The remaining option was Netflix, the instant movie and TV show provider that most Block Islanders rely on during the barren winters.

I mentally weighed the thrill of something scary and intense against the need to

be able to sleep with the lights out. I had heard of the television show, *Dr. Who*, because its pop culture references were extensive. I knew it had something to do with aliens, but I didn't know if I was really interested in that. However, it was that or *Paranormal Activity II*, and the last time I watched something that scary I screamed so loud my sister dropped her glass of water onto the wooden coffee table, and it took us an hour to dig the shards out. For her sake, I clicked on *Dr. Who*, not knowing at that moment how important clicking that little button was going to be for me.

Originally broadcast by the BBC in 1963, *Dr. Who* follows a man called the Doctor on his adventures across the universe with his multiple companions. The Doctor is not human; he is a Time Lord, a species with a talent for tricking death by regenerating into another body. I found it funny that the only place the aliens attacked was London. While they occasionally held a grudge against New York City or Cardiff, they had an affinity for modern-day London. To me London seemed so foreign, so far away, a distant planet. From Block Island the planets felt more familiar. At least I could see those.

Leaving the island

That fall I took a giant step off Block Island to study abroad in Florence for my freshman year, and in November I took a side trip to London, the city that had me so enthralled. I was in England. Me. I was still in the airport, but it was in London. I was exhausted, too tired and irritable from travel to really appreciate the sensation for more than a second, but for that second I was almost manic with glee. I was momentarily overwhelmed just as I was when I first stepped off the plane in Florence.

I got a cab (a London cab!) to my hostel, where I dropped my green army duffle, and set off to take a look around. I kept thinking, I am in London. *Dr. Who's* London. I smiled at everyone I passed. This place was the domain of the character who made winter on Block Island bearable and helped

introduce me to brilliant people and opportunities I never knew I wanted, but now could not live without.

My travel to London, although very short, only about a day and a half, was incredibly uneventful. I don't want to say I was disappointed, really, but in a way I almost was. I don't know what I expected to happen in such a short time. I realize how much of the journey was in my head, a pilgrimage through my memories, rather than actual present-day traveling. However, being in London led me to conclusions I didn't realize I had come to until I looked back at those moments.

When people ask me why *Dr. Who* is so popular, I think of something said by Steven Moffat, one of the writers of the rebooted series. It sums up why I love the Doctor so much, and why this show meant so much to me.

"When they made this particular hero, they didn't give him a gun, they gave him a screwdriver to fix things. They didn't give him a tank or a warship or an x-wing fighter, they gave him a call box from which you can call for help. And they didn't give him a superpower or pointy ears or a heat ray, they gave him an extra heart. They gave him two hearts. And that's an extraordinary thing; there will never come a time when we don't need a hero like the Doctor."

Dr. Who always gave people second chances, and he believed that everyone had a place including 16-year-old me, living thirteen miles out to sea. The Doctor gave me the idea that maybe, one day, I would get off that island and see the world. And I did.





DO YOU

By Prof. Brian Haughey and Prof. John Finnigan

ASPIRE?



Accelerated Summer Program – Italian Residential Experience in Finance.

Ah, Florence. Home of Michelangelo’s David. The Duomo. The Uffizi Museum. Sumptuous pizza. And Marist’s ASPIRE program in finance.

This summer, nine students – freshman to seniors – joined Professors John Finnigan and Brian Haughey from mid-June through the end of July for Marist’s inaugural Accelerated Summer Program – Italian Residential Experience (ASPIRE). They meandered through world-famous places, museums, and galleries including the Colosseum and the Vatican; tasted wine in Chianti; were awed by the dramatic coastline of the Italian Riviera and Cinque Terre; and soaked up the sun on the dazzling Amalfi coast.

Finance? Why would anyone choose to go to Italy to study finance?

While Florence is quite rightly a very popular destination for Marist students, some find it difficult to squeeze

internships, electives, and an entire semester abroad into their schedules. Students who participate in Marist ASPIRE can immerse themselves in the culture and food of Florence for six weeks while simultaneously earning seven credits. So having an extraordinary summer of sightseeing and study can also free up time for participants to take additional electives open to business students.

Freshman Sydney Williams chose ASPIRE because as an accounting major she would not otherwise have the opportunity to study abroad. **“Seven credits in finance – in beautiful Italy – helped me jump ahead in the requirements for my major, giving me the option of double majoring in finance and accounting. Six weeks is just the right amount of time – not as short as a spring attachment, but not as long as a semester.”**

Sophomore Owen Polzello agreed. **“Without ASPIRE I couldn’t have studied abroad. The beauty of a summer abroad program is that you enjoy the transformative experience of studying**

overseas but do not miss out on Marist campus life,” he said. The program offers great benefits to all business students, but Owen echoed Sydney in saying, **“It is a great way to get ahead in credits and possibly make room in your schedule for an extra minor.”**

In addition to the official trips to Rome, Chianti, and Cinque Terre, this year’s participants organized their own trips to Amalfi and Pisa. Sydney said, **“My favorite moments in Italy were those spent visiting other cities, exploring Florence, and eating the great food. Just grocery shopping at the Central Market felt so authentic, and we were immersed in the culture from the day one.”**

Year one of ASPIRE was a great success. We are looking forward to an even bigger and better program next year. See you in Summer 2017!





A Winning Combination for Those With a Passion for Global Sports Communication

By Dr. Keith Strudler, Associate Professor of Communication and Director of the Marist Center for Sports Communication

I'm going to tell you a story about my honeymoon in Greece, an odd way, I know, to start a piece about Marist's Certificate in Global Sports Communication based in Florence!

My wife, Andra, and I had just flown for what felt like a month from Houston to the Greek island of Crete, where we'd spend the first week of our honeymoon. We arrived at our hotel in the evening and took off on a walk, expecting serene beach vistas and the sound of waves massaging the shoreline. Instead, we encountered throngs of blue- and white-clad residents camped out anywhere there was a screen. With each passing moment, the island got louder – think Times Square on New Year's Eve – until the din reached a maddening crescendo later in the night. That is why we couldn't sleep on the first night of our honeymoon. Romantic, truly.

The genesis of this disturbance? Unbeknownst to us, Greece was playing in the finals of the Euro Cup, something as unlikely, say, as Van Halen showing up in place of my wedding band (they didn't). Greece claimed its first and only major title before or since. In fact, it was the first major international tournament in which Greece had won even a single game. So the relatively sleepy island of Crete went nuts, as would be expected from its wilder island cousins Mykonos or Ios.

Sport is truly a global commodity. In the US, we fancy the Yankees/Red Sox rivalry as the ultimate in fan passion. Yet it likely pales compared to historic soccer (or rather, football) rivalries that cross cultural and geographic divides. And certainly, different parts of our world enjoy and consume sports in very different ways. A simple perusal of an Italian newspaper makes that clear; a visit to a European sports stadium will fill in the picture in even more detail.

Marist's Certificate in Global Sports Communication

Currently offered exclusively in Florence with Marist's Branch Campus affiliate, Istituto Lorenzo de' Medici, this spring-only, four-course 12-credit certificate program represents hands-on experience covering, studying, and living in the world of global sports. The program welcomes students from all majors and concentrations as well as students from other universities, allowing for a rich and diverse conversation.

Each course dives into a different area of the global sports media complex. In Global Sports Marketing, students learn marketing and communication strategies used to promote and monetize sports across the world. Global Sport and Film examines how sports are represented in film and television.

Sports Reporting. Each student is assigned an Italian sports beat, a great opportunity to build a portfolio, strengthen reporting skills and understand the context in which Italian sports exist. Lastly, all students take Sports, Culture, and Communication, which is also offered at our Poughkeepsie campus, allowing certificate students additional elective credits while in Florence.

For Marist communication students, three of these classes can count as upper-level communication electives. With students from across the world, each class will be a great forum for an international exchange of ideas around sport. Courses are taught by instructors who work in the global sports communication industry, including one who led communications for an Italian national sports team and another who covers Italian sports for international publications.

A small number of students may opt to complete an internship in Florence, which can replace one of the three upper-level courses in the certificate sequence. And students in the certificate program will have the opportunity to take a weekend trip to a sports-specific site like Olympic Headquarters in Lausanne, Switzerland, or the International Sports Hall of Fame in Rome. More importantly, students will see how interconnected the global sports communication industry truly is. American sports are broadcast across the globe, and American sports fans are loyal viewers of international sport. This is the future of sports media and communication, an industry unbound by geographical divides.

Marist Global Sports Communication Certificate students will take a large step into the competitive and fully globalized world of sports media and communication, where traditional borders are eroding in search of new audiences and revenue streams.

To learn more about Marist's Certificate in Global Sports Communication, contact Marist International Programs, at international@marist.edu.





Small Town, Big Experience in Southwest Germany

By Amy Majkrzak

A nine-hour plane ride, and I am in a world without a McDonald's or Starbucks. A place where few people speak English. I learn quickly that it is wise to follow the rules of the road. Cross the street when the light isn't green, and you might find yourself the target of disapproving glares, if not a ticket. I am in Reutlingen, a magnificent town of 110,000 about 30 km south of Stuttgart and within easy traveling distance of the majestic Black Forest.

Right in the heart of the city sits its treasure, Reutlingen University, or Hochschule Reutlingen (ESB), an international business school well known and respected throughout Europe. In fact, one of every four students comes from a country other than Germany. Reutlingen residents welcome students with open arms and hearts, often joining in when spirited chants begin in the middle of town. The international students, including those from Marist, bring cultural diversity to the town.

Many foreign students at Reutlingen speak English even more eloquently than some native English speakers! I met

one of my best friends, Andre, who lives in South Africa, when I ignorantly asked if he spoke any languages besides English. He responded with a laugh, "You mean Afrikaans? My native tongue?" I would be lying if I said I never experienced another "foot in mouth" moment in Reutlingen!

I fully immersed myself in the people studying at Reutlingen, and this opened my eyes to how wonderfully different each culture is. I tasted beers with Germans, ate cheese with students from France, learned how to "properly" cook spaghetti thanks to an Italian friend, and drank tea with British kids. Students come to Reutlingen for its international flavor, and the university provides a unifying experience and context for all.

Beyond the classroom

Reutlingen University offers a myriad of courses that are sure to intrigue. There is lots of class discussion, and professors present case studies and examples that are relevant, current, and global in perspective.

One of the truly exceptional courses I took was International Case Studies in

the automotive field. This class initially focused on the world-class German automotive industry and then broadened its scope to global automotive industry operations. Coming to the course with very limited knowledge of this multibillion-dollar industry, I learned a great deal – especially because we were not bound to the classroom.

We toured and were briefed by experts from BMW, Audi, VW, and Mercedes, a hands-on, in-person approach that is so much more satisfying than relying primarily on a textbook. My interest in the automotive industry and the role of the automotive sector in the economy and society has grown so much! While this course was my favorite, I found all of my Reutlingen courses engaging, something anyone considering studying abroad should consider.

During a school break, I traveled to Berlin where everyone speaks English and history practically jumps out at you: The Holocaust Memorial. The remainder of the Berlin Wall. A stein of beer coupled with currywurst, topped off with a discussion and a walk along the East Side Gallery, a 1.3-km section of the Berlin

Wall that still stands, and you will be rendered speechless.

Reflections, and a little advice for studying abroad

Challenge yourself. While there is comfort in going to a city where English is spoken, a country where communication is more of a struggle can be very enriching. There is also something extraordinary that comes with going to a smaller city and mastering it. I will never forget Reutlingen and the people I met there. I went abroad and made friends for life with people from all over the globe: Finland, Egypt, Mexico, and many more amazing places.

For the opportunity to meet so many unique people under one roof, I am forever thankful to Reutlingen University and Marist College. Both exposed me to more than I could ever imagine and made me a stronger and more international citizen. For that, again, I thank both!
Ich liebe dich!

PS. There may not be a Starbucks in Reutlingen, but there is a Brooklyn native who opened his own coffee shop in town!



Finding Home

By Derek Rose

My homesickness subsided after two days. Just 48 hours into my semester abroad, Dublin took hold of me—my heart, my imagination, my words.

Those first two days were riddled with confusion, exhaustion, and anxiety. But imperceptibly, as dusk fell into darkness that second day, I began to feel effortlessly at home in Dublin even though my real home was 3,000 miles away.

Traveling shows us that home is not a place on a map or four walls and a roof; it's an idea we carry inside of us, regardless of where we go. I was aware of how fortunate I was to have found a home in Dublin, as there are thousands of people living there without one. Sadly, Dublin is not the exception in this regard, but the norm.

Following the financial crisis, homelessness skyrocketed in many major European cities as well as the United States, and several years later, the issue persists. It was not something I often thought about at home, a small town in upstate New York where the cow population rivals the human population. I had not seen homelessness up close, and it startled me. I soon found a chance to make a difference. One of Marist's study abroad affiliates, the Foundation for International Education (FIE),

hosts a conference on student government and leadership every other year. Fortunately, my semester abroad coincided with the conference and I met the requirement for attending: Examine the concept of social justice. So, just a few hours after learning about the conference, I decided to make a short video detailing the issue of homelessness in Dublin.

I sauntered about the city, passing several homeless people, but I was too nervous to approach anyone. I didn't want to offend or embarrass anyone. After a half hour or so, I saw a woman nestled in the corner of a doorway, absently rattling a coffee cup. I mustered up the courage to approach her.

Frail and wide-eyed, she looked as nervous as I felt. A blue sleeping bag was wrapped around her shoulders, but she was still trembling in the biting January cold. Lisa was 31, although she looked much younger than that. After learning her name, I uneasily reeled off the quick pitch I'd memorized in my head.

"Would you speak with me a few minutes?" I asked, explaining what I was hoping to accomplish. "You can stop me at any time," I assured her. She responded in quick nods: "Yes, yes, okay." I recorded our conversation on my cell phone. "How long have you been homeless?" was my first

question, to which she responded, "Just over a year. I got kicked out of my father's house and have been homeless ever since." "What is the hardest part about being homeless?" I asked uncomfortably.

Her answer was fast and concise: "The cold." And then my final question: "Do you believe in social justice, that the world is fair?" "No, definitely not. Not for a second," she replied. "With years of pain in her voice, she said: "Nothing is fair in this world, everything is hard."

Then I spoke with David who, like Lisa, was in his early thirties. He took me through his life in the pauses between drags on his cigarette. He bolted from foster care at 14 and has been homeless since then, using any money he comes into to feed his addiction. He showed me a cluster of tiny puncture marks on his left forearm as proof. Like Lisa, he said there was no such thing as social justice. "It's because of the way some people look down on others just because they don't have as much. And it's got to do with all the fighting in the world as well."

After I thanked David and told him the interview was over, he asked if I would talk with him a little longer. It was weeks, he said, since his last conversation with someone.

We talked beneath the first breath of streetlamps, while darkness began falling over Dublin.

Our conversation replayed in my head as I walked back to my apartment. Along the way I passed another homeless man, slumped against a brick building with shards of broken glass glistening around his feet. One more interview, I thought, if he were willing. He was a burly man with a wide Irish jaw line that could likely be traced back generations. He was the oldest person I interviewed, and the least coherent. I started asking him the same three questions I had asked the others, but I froze when I learned that we shared the same first name.

He told me about the job he used to have, the wife and two sons he used to have. And he told me how he lost it all because of drinking, but in that moment I heard very little. There are real lives behind the statistics, real people suffering. Speaking to three homeless people – especially one with whom I shared a name – brought out that reality in full, undeniable color. Later that night, lying in a bed that was still new to me, in a city that was still new to me, I was once again struck by how truly fortunate I am to have a home.



CONFESSIONS OF A

BY LESLIE DIAZ

TRAVELHOLIC



“Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things you didn’t do than by the ones you did do. So throw off the bowlines, sail away from the safe harbor. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore. Dream. Discover.”



I heard those words from H. Jackson Brown's book *P.S. I Love You* at my Freshman Florence Experience (FFE) orientation, and they still resonate with me today.

Fast-forward to my senior year. My college experience has trumped everything I imagined. I am on the executive board of Toastmasters. I became an orientation leader. I made lifetime connections with professors. I met my best friends. But most importantly, I studied abroad.

From the minute I stepped onto a transatlantic plane with more than 40 strangers, I fell in love with touching down in a new environment in a few short hours. I could not stop! I have spent more time abroad than stateside. From first trip to last, people's reactions to my wanderlust moved from excitement and joy for me to – in some instances – confusion and even disgust.

**“Do you not like this school?”
“Again? Didn't you do that already?”
“Do you even go here?”**

Before my freshman year in Florence, Italy, I was really ready to get away. All of my friends were going their own ways, and I'll admit that part of me was running away to leave the past behind. I was ready for college, another country, and a fresh start. The Freshman Florence Experience (FFE) was my escape, a spontaneous decision that changed me forever.

A freshman in Firenze

In Florence I became an adult in ways I would not have had I stayed in the US. Cooking, laundry, and housekeeping were my responsibility. Leaving the suburbs for an urban environment mandated that I quickly adapt to a faster pace, crowds of people, and busy streets. I had to be able to communicate with people who did not speak English, so I immersed myself in Italian culture and language courses. Adjusting is the word that best defines my first semester.

By second semester, I felt I was a true Florentine. I knew which side streets to take to avoid tourists, which gelaterias offer the most sumptuous gelato, and which nights were the best for being out on the town. I learned how to balance coursework and a social life. And there

were incredible trips outside Italy, too – a month in Dublin with my family during winter break; camping in the Sahara Desert; watching a performance at the Vienna Opera House.

A junior in Taormina, Sicily

My sophomore year at Marist College was great. I made tons of friends and found a place for myself on campus. I wouldn't trade that year for anything, so I knew that going abroad for my junior year was not about running away from something.

Experienced as I already was at living abroad, my second departure was harder than the first. More anxiety. More uncertainty. Maybe it was because I felt a wrench at the thought of leaving a campus I love. But I want to work in Italy eventually, and to do that effectively I have to be fluent in Italian and have strong interpersonal skills in a culture different from my own. How lucky I was to have many people to say goodbye to as I left for my semester in Taormina.

My host family, such special people, made the semester for me. They took me in as if I were one of their own daughters. They fed me, took me to concerts, lent me clothing, danced with me, and invited me into their extended family. I became fluent in Italian partly because of their limited English. I would return to Florence for its extraordinary places, but I would return to Taormina for the people.

Hello Asia

A third semester in Italy was tempting, but at the recommendations of faculty, Marist International Programs, and several program alumni, off I went to Asia with Marist's Asia Study Abroad Program (ASAP).

Nothing compares to this program. In 106 days I traveled to more than 21 cities in 14 countries, picking up bits and pieces of various Asian languages. I visited more than 10 international companies and the US Embassy in Mongolia, crawled through a Vietnam War tunnel, and camped at Mount Everest Base Camp 1. Among the lessons learned: Accept ambiguity, respect time, and be spontaneous. I also learned that I could pass for Burmese!

I 100 percent recommend ASAP to



anyone who thrives on challenge and understands the value of leaving one's comfort zone. A word to the wise – the program coursework is quite challenging, but it is also engaging and ultimately highly rewarding.

In reflection

I recall a night in Florence when my friends and I were at our favorite pizzeria, Gusta Pizza. With the pizza being *molto delizioso* and only five euro, it is no wonder the line always trails around the corner. That night my friends and I shared a table with a French couple, business partners who had only one night in Florence.

We talked for hours, and as dinner wound down, the man nostalgically said, **“Oh, how I wish to be young again! When you are 19, you have no worries.”** He looked to his business partner for agreement, but she had no nostalgia for 19. **“I have done everything I've wanted so far. I am happy with my job, my personal life, everything. At age 50, I am ready for the next chapter in my life.”**

Just as H. Jackson Brown's words stay front and center in my mind, I will always remember the wise words of that French woman whom I met by chance in a pizzeria! I want to experience so much and learn from every experience, a mindset encouraged during every semester I spent abroad.

I am 21 years old now, and thanks to Marist I have traveled to 27 countries, mastered a language, made friends around the world, and matured into a better person.

Children with Fire and Blowpipes in Florence

By Eileen Curley
Associate Professor of English

As the Piazza della Santissima Annunziata came into view, I felt a spitball fly past my head. The controlled chaos of marchers, some with lit lanterns and many more with blowpipes, had wound its way across the city and now approached the ceremonial end of the procession. Stalls sold food, speeches were attempted, and mere moments into the first speech, the social structures that had governed the march seemingly collapsed.



The first few rows of onlookers at least faced the stage, but behind them, the Piazza was full of wanton destruction. Spitballs flew, lanterns caught fire, and few of the marchers near us seemed to be paying the presenters any heed. Festa della Rificolona, the annual lantern festival held on September 7th, had turned destructive.

The contemporary festival has its origins in the arrival of merchants and farmers to the Piazza the night before the religious festival honoring the birth of the Virgin Mary. The modern lanterns harken back to those used to light the roads on the way into town. Children and adults carry them on long sticks – homemade and store bought – lit by LEDs and candles. Some were lovingly crafted and fiendishly guarded during the march; others suggested a child's love of Hello Kitty, while still others were clearly intended for sacrifice.



The blowpipes marchers carry for the purpose of destroying the lanterns during the event also reveal personal investment and modification. Large clumps of clay or putty were stuck on the pipes, locations optimized for rapid use, though some preferred pre-rolled balls taken from pockets or cups. One young girl combined these prevailing trends by lining her pipe with dozens of spitballs, pre-formed and easily accessible. Pipes were joined together to create double-barrel action. A few industrious teens had triple-stacked pipes, though the shot accuracy of those used near me suggested they might have been more for show than efficacy.

The festival incorporates long-standing rituals into a modern Florentine touristic framework. The procession pauses for ceremonial actions, and while these moments were generally accorded respect during the route, only so much order can be maintained in a participatory evening event populated by locals, tourists, and children up past their bedtime and equipped with spitballs and live fire.

The marchers included those who intended to engage in this ritual performance and others, like my colleague Professor Campisi and I, who joined the growing throng as it crossed the Ponte Vecchio – an acceptable and encouraged action. For those well versed in the history of the event, the ritual aspects would resonate; for us, the evening became a fascinating exploration of sanctioned subversion. For all, La Rificolona served, as rituals and festivals often do, to build community by removing barriers and permitting chaos for a while.

No longer simply tourists watching a festival pass by, we marched along amid the crowd, clapping, attempting to join in on the song choruses, and trying not to get in the way of the sound equipment cart. We had crossed a boundary – a liminal threshold – and we were in a world between Florentine and tourist, between participant and onlooker, all the while part of the mass of humanity moving slowly toward the Piazza. The group picked up more and more people as we marched, including a local protest group that added a political element to our section of the procession. We were all part of a broader liminal community – all of us acting out of bounds on a weekday night, marching through streets generally reserved for traffic, speculating about blowpipe mechanics in this temporary procession that moved past the city's major landmarks, singing and spitting clay balls at lanterns held aloft by small children, some of whom clearly adored their lanterns.

One of the major ritual components of the festival which directly involved the crowd of marchers – the procession of the lanterns – needed to be completed with minimal interruption; the occasional shot was heard as we walked from the Ponte Vecchio to the Duomo, but the spitballers generally kept their blowpipes at their sides in these early moments. The event would not reach its proper and symbolic conclusion if the kids managed to destroy all of the lanterns before we got to the Piazza. The tradition to which we were paying homage needed to be honored and completed. But, as we moved closer and closer to the end point



of Piazza della Santissima Annunziata, the kids grew restless and surreptitiously took aim more and more frequently and with less and less chastisement.

Even the children holding the lanterns presented a potential threat: they marched for kilometers holding aloft live fire in paper lanterns on sticks taller than themselves. At all times the potential for fire loomed over our heads, quite literally. Parents intervened when fire seemed likely, adjusting sticks or carrying tired kids or their lanterns. Thus, even the disorder was orderly, and these threats were mitigated by the reality that the social rules governing behaviors during the event ensured the lanterns would arrive mostly intact.

Thus, as with many festivals, the subversive breakdown of decorum in the Piazza was, quite clearly, sanctioned. How much are the children really misbehaving when the adults are coaching them on their blowpipe form? The young teen who had launched the spitball which whizzed past my ear was gently scolded, not for nearly hitting people but for not aiming well; as we walked along,

the adult with him quickly entered into a full-blown lesson on physics and geometry, complete with elaborate hand gestures and demonstrations.

Such teaching moments were commonplace throughout the march. Adults regularly took a young child's stick to model aiming and blowing techniques. Children who shot at distant lanterns were redirected to closer ones. One adult advised a young girl on the best size clay balls to use. A dad steadily fed his daughter ammo from a small cup in his hand. A woman propped a small boy on her shoulders so he could have a better vantage point. A couple at the Piazza crouched down and offered target-selection strategy to a group of younger children who had been indiscriminately blowing with reckless abandon and glee; they were happy to just send spitballs flying, but the goal was to hit the lanterns.

By teaching and guiding the children during the march, the adults were sanctioning their behavior and preparing the kids for the subversion to come, if occasionally reminding them not to shoot at the lanterns held by very small children – at least not until we reached the Piazza. By offering advice in the Piazza, adults orchestrated the subversion, encouraging the children to act out of bounds in ways that would normally be forbidden outside of the festival event.

No wonder people did not pay attention to the speakers at the Piazza. In minutes spitballs were flying freely and society would have seemed disrupted, except that we all just spent kilometers preparing the children for their breakdown in the social order. A group of teens near us flirted with each other through some not-so-stealthy guerrilla spitball attacks, seemingly successfully as the volleys were returned and a playful chase ensued.

A couple of younger children choked up when their precious lanterns were hit; one was counseled about the need to let the lantern be attacked – to let society have its moment of symbolic and ultimately harmless destruction. A second child was consoled as the lantern went up in flames; the folks nearest it stood and rather matter-of-factly watched it burn for a while before stamping

it out. After all, while they were needed to guide the group symbolically to the Piazza, lanterns that had been quite clearly cherished and protected for kilometers were willingly sacrificed to the blowpipes, their ritual task complete.

A boy next to us eventually grew so frustrated with the poor aim of his lantern attackers that he lowered the lantern so that it was only four feet off the ground. Still, many of the spitballs missed their marks, despite a complete circle of blowpipe owners and a few parents continuing to offer tips and take their own turns. That resilient lantern was still in one piece and on its holder when we eventually left the festival. And indeed, the spitballs were so small that even when they made contact, they would make a pencil-tip-sized hole in the lantern, if they were capable of breaking through the lantern paper at all.

Thus, while the blowpipes offered the promise of subversion and destruction throughout the procession, the lanterns, and accordingly the festival and the society that sponsors it, could survive and continue because the subversion was only temporary and was bounded by the ritual. The destructive threat, while real for the paper lanterns, did not extend to the society outside the festival grounds. Instead, the entire community joined in celebrating – and orchestrating – the subversion, which proved to be just as symbolic as the lanterns.





Venice Biennale: Studio Art and Art History

Feast on Contemporary Art and Create Your Own



Course Dates: June 2 - July 2, 2017

Travel Dates: June 2 - July 2, 2017

The Venice Biennale is one of the most prestigious art exhibitions and cultural institutions in the world. Since its foundation in 1895, it has been in the avant-garde, promoting new artistic trends and organizing international events in the contemporary arts in accordance with a multi-disciplinary model which characterizes its unique nature.

The Venice Biennale: Studio Art and Art History Program is a four-week combined studio art/art history program offered jointly by Marist College and the Istituto Lorenzo de' Medici (LdM). The program offers students a unique opportunity to explore and immerse themselves in the world's oldest and most prestigious art exposition, drawing inspiration from the city of Venice and works of global contemporary artists featured at Biennale sites.

Program Highlights:

- Explore contemporary art and culture through a combination of onsite lectures, studio art workshops, and critiques
- Develop a body of studio work in an assigned studio space
- Enjoy access to museums such as the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, Galleries dell'Accademia, Scuola San Rocco, Punta della Dogana, and the Biennale festival
- Explore the city of Venice as well as its outlying islands and other significant sites in the Veneto region

For more information and to apply, please visit:
marist.edu/international/ourprograms.html

Application Deadline: February 28, 2017

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Patrick Hake
Sara Harding
Jessica Hatzidakis
Lauren Hauck
Shannon Hauth
Marykate Hayes
Benjamin Hayes
Jessica Heckman
Ariana Held
Christine Higgins
Gabriella Houser
Nora Jarvis
Zoe Johnson
Eleonore Julmice
Joshua Kallen
Michelle Kamel
Jennifer Keen
Christina Kelly
Hailey Kisseberth
Rebecca Kraus
Rachel Krauss
Colby LaCouture
Claudia Lent
Richard Liao
Courtney Magnusson
Alexandra Martin
Christopher Minck
Luke Mirabelli
Robert Mitola
Jillian Moffa
Steven O'Meara
Stephanie Ottomanelli
Paul Paribello
Nicholas Perla
Christopher Piccirillo
Samantha Policano
John Prisco
Nicole Rae
Kristen Raimo
Maranda Riccione
Michelle Romano
Austin Rose
Lauren Rubis
Lauren Sepa
Allyson Serniak
Nicolas Shearman
Monica Sigler
Jourdan Sloane
Alexis Spall
Spencer Strange
Jake Tedesco
Erika Thompson
Matthew Trotta
Catherine Tucci

Joseph Valenza
Isabella Velez
Kayla Wegner
Kelly Whalen
Jennifer Whittaker
Natalie Zaleski

Japan

Christina Grabowy
Alexander Hochberg
Weon Yuan

Morocco

Brennan Weiss

Spain

Elizabeth Cingari
Tara Boeshore
Kourtney Bucklin
Cameron Christoffel
Kerry Coughlin
Anthony Crespan
Tyreik Davis
Cassidy Donovan
Erin Kane
Kailey Lyons
Annemarie Morris
Victoria Mule
Meagan Nejaime
Shannen O'Brien
Danielle Peluso
Elisa Rigaglia
Felipe Siebrecht
Rachel Slovak
Alexis Wagner

Thailand

Skylar Senning

United Kingdom

Nicole Amoral
Mary Babin
Dylan Boesch
Lylia Bolin
Andrew Brown
Lisa Bryzk
Emily Burns
Megan Callanan
Nolan Carl
Melissa Carlay
Brittany Carpenter
Amanda Carpenter
Brendan Carroll
Jessica Catucci
Marc Cenicola
Briana Chapman
Alexis Chomat
Nadine Choucri

Monica Couvillion
Cassie Dauer
Kelly De Lancey
Shannon Dempsey
Owen Dingelstedt
Laura Eberhard
Brooke Else
Blair Engeldrum
Savannah Esposito
Charles Farrell
Anthony Ferrentino
Julianne Fiori
Alexandra Flood
Christopher Gerckens
Jaye Giglio
Rachel Gordon
Alexa Hallas
Charles Harrison
Chloe Havercroft
Ashley Johnston
Kaitlyn Kelly
Melissa Kennedy
Ashley Kenny
Jenna Kirschner
Kathryn Kupec
Sharon Kwak
Amera Labib
Lauren Lhotan
Colleen Logan
Kevin Lowenwirth
Noah Madden
Michael Martine
Victoria Marzano
Amber McComb
Meredith McCormack
Julia Meinster
Tatiana Miranda
Brittley Montanaro
Megan Morelli
Ashley Myers
Caryn Nienstadt
Erik Nilsson
John Peyton
Rachel Pfister
Jamie Phillips
Megan Poyntz
Jessica Pugliese
Willis Rayton
Stephanie Romeo
Samantha Sayegh
Breanna Schiavone
Madison Sikorski
Erika Sollie
Savanna Staccio
Matthew Struble
Christopher Terry
Courtney Vanni
Luke Varites

Lisa Ventimiglia
Devin Walton
Kathleen Wilhelm

Spring 2015 Semester Programs

Asia – ASAP (Multi-Country)

John Cortese
Joseph Costello
Maasai Ephriam
Patrick Fennessy
Ethan Hahn
Kathryn Kupec
Aline Leclair



Spencer Malm
Brandon Leor Tehrani

Australia

Richard Horn
Deanna Imfeld
Michael Masone
Sierra Morris
Oliver Najnigier
Kimberly Poss
Jorge Rodriguez Novas
Catala
Kathryn Schmalz

Austria

Kaitlyn Devrous

Costa Rica

Lucia Abouzeid

Cuba

Soribel Nunez

Czech Republic

Elizabeth Hicks

France

Michelle Bedard

Emily Bogner
Rebekkah Colclasure
Caroline Crocco
Christine Duxbury
Bonita Fowler
Jillian Gasarowski
Anna Gorki
Megan Krysh
Katie Labozzo
Rebecca Neeb
Devon Oliver
Dorothy Paul
Anne Preis
Alyssa Roche
John Scott
Katherine Thomas

Amber Urena
Shelby Wilson
Dayton Woods

Ireland

Hanna Ciechanowski
Jenna Daniels
Samantha Fiala
Julianne Fiori
Grace Kollar
Derek Rose
Marissa Zuleta

Italy

Catherine Adams
Lauren Banzer
Mariella Bilello
Athena Bogdanos
Morgan Browning
Anna Carbone
Maxie Cataldo
Kristin Chauvin
Kaitlin Clark
Rachel Colwell
Alexa Comuniello
Melissa Conlon
Elena Conte
Stephanie Cotumaccio

Thomas D'Antonio
Hannah Dayan
Kelly De Lancey
Louis Di Virgilio
Nicholas DiGruccio
Madeline Dondero
Lauren Evangelista
Lauren Farella
Jordyn Gisbey
Matthew Harrison
Danielle Hasandjekaj
Grace Henderson
Ingrid Hohenforst
Emily Houston
Molly Judge
Regina Kent
Ashly Kim
Amie Kovarik
Thomas Lake
Katelyn LaRock
Amy Lavigne
Emily Leavitt
Katherine Louie
Diana Maldonado
Meghan McLoughlin
Sarah Mnich
Paige Moran
Emily Palmer
Kimberly Patota
Ryan Pavlicek
Daniel Peabody
Melissa Peachman
Bridget Philbin
Emma Pochintesta
Christopher Pollack
Kevin Quinn
Hollie Randall
Marie Ronda
Kieran Runne
Catherine Sabatino
Daniel Schykerynec
Jennifer Shaw
Courtney Shaw
Catherine Slepian
John Strickler
Benjamin Sukonik
Jamelia Thompson
Kaleigh Tierney
Lillie Tuthill
Francesca Vasta
Natalie Vayda
Jacqueline Venuti
Katrina Wiesner
Molly Woods
Kyle Zwiazek

Malta

Haylee Carvalho
Elena Eberwein

Morocco

Brennan Weiss

South Africa

Chad Saettler
Lucy Watson
Stephanie Winn

Spain

Cameron Christoffel
Sarah Durrant
Kristie Fazio
Adriannah Glynn
Rachel Gould
Alexander Kovacs
Gabrielle McPhee
Shannen O'Brien
Rachel Slovak

The Netherlands

Claudia Chieco

United Kingdom

Vincent Agrifolio
Kylie Balogh
Emilyann Belfiore
Kaitlin Bond
Karli Bruno
Caroline Burt
Mina Chen
Molly Cunningham
Michalyn Curran
Jillian Fletcher
Kristen Forgeue
Brian Gabuzda
Nicole Giambagno
Carissa Guglietta
Estrella Irizarry
Connor Keefe
Kimberly Kenny
Sara Kinsey
Brian Lampert
Christopher Lempka
Julianne Miller
Samantha Monroe
Monica Murphy
Teresa Musumeci
Melissa Parker
Kristi Pentecoste
Anthony Proto
Siobhan Reid
Mary Rice
Talia Rossi
Meagan Ryan



France

Micaela Sanger
Christopher Sciancalepore
Alexis Seijas
Courtney Shultz
James Sior
Amanda Stagnaro
Jennifer StJeanos
Joseph Theall
Kelsey Zapora
Christopher Zillig

Fall 2015 Semester Programs

Australia

Nicole Bellamy
Jordan Carter
Alexandra Damianos
Brandon Heard
Rachelle Hoppel
Mahra Lawrence
Brianna Liguori
Samantha Resnick
Kaitlyn Roberts
Christian Wiles-Lafayette

Barbados

Alexis Watson

China

Camilla Bowden
Grace Rugen
Helena Walker
Shelby Wilson

Cuba

Eury Fabian
Julia Mezo

Czech Republic

James Barry
Casey Clarke
Lydia Denis

Germany

Jacqueline Autuori
Caroline Cole
Emma Collins
Lourdes Colon-Fuentes
Dominique Davenport
Molly Elliot
Emma Gage
Cecilia-Anna Gigante
Bryn Gorberg
Jennifer Horner
Morgan Imossi
Eilis Kennedy
Ana Leon
Alyssa Longo
Kara Millington
Christina Moore
Aubrey Nardone
Jessica Pellegrini
Shaira Polanco
Kathryn Rizzo
Leah Weiss
Kristen Wong
Paige Yates
Brenda Yazujian
Susan Zhang

Ireland

Amy Majkrzak
Emily Sveden
Sophia Brana
Abigail Brosnan
Cailin Byrne
Mary Kosewski
Ryan Lehrkinder
Jenny Loughlin
Megan McCormack
Carrie Rapp
Danielle Richardson
Emily Russo
Ryan Slaney

Italy

Sarah Allen
Olivia Aller
Kimberly Arison
Michael Arnold
Alexis Batulis
Alexandra Booth
Rebecca Bosley
Alison Boyle
Therese Bradbury
Kayla Brannigan
Emily Burnham
Allison Butz
Samantha Caffrey
Gabrielle Carriero
Marissa Casazza
Natalie Castello
Christina Cella
Gianna Consilvio
Kayla Crowe
Jack Curcio
Kaitlyn Curley
Victoria Dearden
Ashley Degel
Robert DeLuca
Elizabeth DeVoe
Leslie Diaz
Frank Discolo
Brittany Dolan
Sara Dowd
Caitlin Dulin
Irene Elias
Brianna Epstein
Kimberly Foster
William Fulda
Colleen Gaughran
Sarah Gelbard
Marissa Giannantonio
Joseph Guida
Emma Guidi
Erica Gusick
Elizabeth Howe
Killeen Hynes
Anya Ioffredo
Daniel Ippolito

Janine Janes
Madison Kenyon
Mary Kilgallen
Michael King
Alden Knife
Brian Knight
Allison Landers
Taylor LeBright
Sean Leonard
Katherine Lorello
Shan Lu
Daniel Luise
Kevin Lynch
Matthew Maffa
Brianna Magamas
Keely Major
Victoria Malatesta
Alyssa Malvarosa
Christina Manca
Melissa Mandia
Olivia Manley
Danielle Margiotta
Michelle Martino
Nastassia McGlothlin
Lisa Melchionda
Laura Miller
Allison Moran
Kayla Newman
Allison Nixon
Gregory Nixon
Kinlin O'Brien
Rhiannon O'Callaghan
Alanna O'Connell
Michael Padula
Anna Pastina
Frank Pecorelli
Juliana Pokorny
Lauren Powell
Clare Reilly
Olivia Richardson
Frances Roden
Bryanna Santaromita
Christy Santoro
Anthony Sarra
Amanda Sblendorio

Erin Seery
Stephanie Sjaastad
Kelly Smith
Christina Souza
Jessica Steinacker
Christina Summers
Nicole Tackley
Lauren Tartaglia
Paige Tartaglia
Lauren Traina
Corinne Varacchi
Rose Marie Vigneron
Caitlin Whittaker
Sarah Wojtowicz
Tiffany Yong
Christina Zuraw

Japan

Christos Pietris

Polynesia

Eleanor Thompson

South Africa

Curtis Brauner

Spain

Talya Acosta
Bianca Albanese
Nicholas Albornas
Leeana Batungbacal
Kelly Bischoff
Joseph Cafaro
Alexander Carlin
Marlin Colon
Grace Cunningham
Jack DePalo
Lucas Evans
Erica Falco
Eileen Grabas
Paul Grech
Chelsea Guarino
Bernadette Hogan
Nicholas Karatzas
Anne Kibrick

Marlene Krajewski
Lindsey Ramos
Meghan Rooney
Vincent Sanchez
Julia Sangiorgio
Dominick Santise
Kendal Till
Evan Toucey

Thailand

Dominique Alexandre
Ruby Cribby
Cecilia Gonzalez-Gordon

The Netherlands

Madeline Garcia

United Kingdom

Haley Breen
Hannah Carr
Danielle Cristiano
Joseph Daly
Olivia Davis
Kristina DeMatteis
Jenna Dickinson
Cristina Drimbarean
Alessandra Faglione
Harrison Felman
Angela Fierst
Christopher Gardner
Michael Gasiewski
Daniel Goodstein
Kersten Haff
Kyra Hawrysh
Nicole Higgins
Dennis Humenn
Katherine Janiszewski
Sara Kiter
Melissa Kleiman
Edwin Lee
Genevieve Martin
Colleen McDermott
Brittany McEwan
Timothy McGrath
Hannah Miller
Brooke Miller
Christina Moffa
Jillian Mooney
Bronte More
Elizabeth Mullen
Nicholas Muller
Erin Murtha
Katharine Osborne
Julia Parris
Bekah Polonsky
Joanna Puccio
Clare Reilly
Gabrielle Revis

Joseph Salonia
Andrew Salvesson
Tucker Scheld
Gabriella Schonhaut
Taylor Seupel
Lauren Sibole
Catherine Silvernail
Emily Sperber
Heather Strein
Kaela Sullivan
Claire Taylor
Patrick Tobin
Shelby Tuper
Ethan Turkeltaub
Caroline Vizzi
Mary Vodola
Samantha Walker
Alexandra Welsho

Spring 2016 Semester
Programs

Argentina

Alexis Millington

Asia – ASAP (Multi-Country)

James Ball
Amelina Castillo
Janine Costello
Olivia Davis
Devin DeLosSantos
Leslie Diaz
Joscelyne Figueroa
Christopher Forte
Nash Giacoma
Nena Giandomenico
Shareef Jarbawi
Perry Kehmna
Richard Mannarino
Shelby Parette
Emma Rich
Lauren Sibole
Nicholas Stearns
Mckenzie Warren

Australia

James Authier
Joseph Beldner
Hunter Berg
Kaitlyn Davison
Devon Dawson
Samuel Lenhart
Raquel Medina
Christopher Miles
Colleen Oldmixon
Jaime Rodriguez-
Novas Catala
Chantel Soranaka

Arianna Sundstrom
James Williams
Michele Ziobro

Austria

Drew Palumbo

Czech Republic

Matthew LaPlante

France

Lauren Blair
Dominique Davenport
Daniela Garcia-Vanegas
Emma Harrison
Naja Innis
Annika Leitch Lodge
Diane Li
Lindsey Rand
Andrea Suarez Navarro
Elyse Thomas
Corinna Wong
Lan Zhou

Germany

Fiona Dwyer-McNulty

Ireland

Emily Crowley
Allison Dellicarri
Aaron Gaberman
Molly Gamache
Elizabeth Gassman
Marisol Koorhan
Colin Krick
Hannah McInnis
Meghan Nosal
Briana Plantyn
Sarah Shatas

Italy

Elizabeth Adams
Marie Affatigato
Michael Almquist
Zachary Ambrosino
Adriana Belmonte
Nicole Benedetto
Alena Bergmann
Michael Bertelle
Katelyn Boylan
Michael Bracco
Nicole Burgagni
Gina Cacchioli
Ann Callaghan
Sarah Cannon
Hannah Carr
Zacharey Cerruti
Alexandra Chipolone
Victoria Civisca





Jensen Cox
 Nicole Curry
 Kristen Dalli
 Kaitlin Daniels
 Nicole Davidson
 James Decker
 Jacqueline DeLeo
 Kevin Dingelstedt
 Michele Doyle
 Gabrielle Eberle
 Shauna Flanagan
 Angela Floratos
 Emily Franko
 Chelsea Gabriele
 Jonathan Garland
 Gabrielle Gerber
 Jonathan Goldberg
 Liza Goldberg
 Cara Guerin
 Genevieve Hauck
 Michael Hines
 Anya Ioffredo
 Morgan Kelly
 Shannon Kirkness
 Dana Klarer
 Juliette Loccisano
 Danielle Lomando
 Shan Lu
 Alyssa Luc
 Margaret Lyman
 Morgan Lynk
 Kathryn Mahoney
 Courtney Martere

Amanda Martini
 Devon McCaffrey
 Courtney McHale
 Alexandra Menke
 Joseph Mihans
 Gabriele Miller
 Jillian Minello
 Kelsey Murphy
 Victoria Noto
 Sara Ogorzalek
 Krista Piccotti
 Jessica Recce
 Tyler Robinson
 Anneliese Saltarelli
 Christopher Sanfilippo
 Kristen Semple
 Michael Shea
 Emily Sperber
 Olivia Spiridigliozzi
 Jessica Stanzione
 Halli Stewart
 Lauren Suran
 Raymond Tetreault
 Lauren Tobin
 Nicholas Tormey
 Meghan Vaccaro
 Michael Wallace
 Jillian White
 Ethan Wiltse
 Molly Wirth
 Paul Ziter

Japan
 Saori Kishi
 Amber Wang

Mongolia
 Bethany Yeo

Morocco
 Rebecca Neeb

Portugal
 Amanda Durney
 Brandon Fernandes

Samoa
 Darriel McBride

South Africa
 Abigail Ritson

Spain
 Alexander Carlin
 Mckenzie Cloutier
 Francisco Cruz
 Nikolas Dobies
 Samantha Flores
 Marley Leary
 Jessie McFee

United Kingdom
 Kyle Bell
 Katherine Burek
 Molly Costello

Gabrielle DeRario
 Jacquelyn Desjardins
 Joshua Englander
 Christopher Gardner
 Nina Godfrey
 Autumn Kish
 Kimberly Marsden
 Elizabeth Miller
 Katie Milligan
 Elizabeth Murphy
 Jennifer Schiavi
 Amanda Schlegel
 Nicole Souza
 Erin Taylor
 Meghan Trausch

**2015 Faculty-Led
 Short-Term Programs**

**Dominican Republic
 Spanish & Technology**
 Dr. Kevin Gaugler
 Dr. Carolyn Matheus

John Barry
 Max Bender
 Brenda Cabrera
 Alexander Carlin
 Allison Clark
 Kimberly Coterwas
 James Crowley
 Mariah Dolan
 Anthony Galazzo

Brendan Hegarty
 Elizabeth Hume
 Daniel Jast
 Matthew Maffa
 Andrea Martin
 Daniel Martino
 Frank Mitarotonda
 Steven Morrison
 Brandon Oh
 Michael Pair
 Andrea Palma
 Benjamin Pousada
 John Randis
 Joseph Schmidt
 Ryan Stavella

**England, France, &
 Spain Communication
 and Culture**

Dr. Subir Sengupta
 Prof. Arien Rozelle

Samantha DePietri
 Katherine Greenbaum
 Kayla Hefter
 Robert Jotantos
 Jordan Kowalski
 Marion Schwaner
 Rose Shannon
 Chase Smith
 Vincent Tepedino

France
From Atelier to Marketplace
Prof. Radley Cramer
Prof. Melissa Halvorson

Cara Benevenia
Gianna Consilvio
Jenna Dickinson
Kersten Haff
Alex Popelsky
Sarah Trousdale
Helena Walker

Hawaii
Culturally Responsive Education
Dr. Doreen Saccomano
Dr. Ryan Kinlaw

Jessica Benvenuto
Lauren Centurioni
Jessica Fallon
Katherine Husted
Kaitlin Keefe
Chloe Liu
Jessica Monaco
Kristen Ramirez
Alicen Shaw
James Silva
Megan Toner
Kathleen Tucker
Asher Zink

Italy
International Business
Dr. Joanne Gavin
Prof. Dana Gavin

Laura Acciarino
Steven Arraiano
Nicole Bateman
Taylor Burke
Victoria Civisca
Michael Codella
Nina Dalessandro

Daniel Ferretti
Jillian Greenan
Sam Greene
Kyle Heubner
Karisa King
Matthew Loeb
Nathaniel Lungarini
Aaron Mandell
Casey Markowitz
Amanda Moccia
Jaclyn Murphy
Kevin Nicholson
Anne O'Donnell
Kaitlyn Pedalino
Joseph Pulver
Kaitlyn Roberts
Tana Roslan
Jennifer Schiavi
Jenna Snyder
Lauren Tartaglia
Nestor Taylor
Jade Unmann
Jillian White

Italy
Venice Biennale Art Program
Prof. Edward Smith
Prof. Richard Lewis
Prof. Donise English
Prof. James Luciana

Amanda Borosavage
Elizaveta Deviatkina
Laura Eberhard
Benjamin Evered
Laura Formisano
Ellis Gibbard-Maiorino
Grace Henderson
Kelsey Lahey
Tania Larsson
Juan Felipe Lopez
Hernandez
Melanie Pak
Lucinda Rex
Melissa Shaginoff

Italy
Writing & Literature
Prof. Tommy Zurhellen

Marissa Casazza
Christina Coulter
Paul Fix
Teasa Foster
Amy Gioco
Brian Graff
Carmen Henriquez
Joseph Kuhn
Marisa Maccaro
Rebecca Murphy
Emily Palmer
Shaira Polanco
Katelyn Powers
Zachary Russo
Jennifer Schumann
Jordyn Seignious
Alexander Sideris
Caitlyn Sullivan
Dakota Swanson

Japan
Visions of Japan
Prof. Richard Lewis

Jonathan Avila
Mia Blas
Mackenzie Campbell
Regina Castiglione
Olivia Davis
Devon Dawson
Kelly Dynan
Lauren Emory
Nicholas La Roux
Vincent Li
Ty Nakama
Christina Ramos
Nicholas Stearns
John Sullivan
Jacqueline Trauring
Stephanie Valenzuela

Mexico
Field Biology
Dr. Luis Espinasa
Prof. Amy Cahill

Melissa Andrews
Nicole Bartolo
Kristina Bystrak
Courtney Cousineau
Julia Czarnecki
Anna Doxsey
Alexa Kovlakas
Chantal Lizzi
Alexandra McCahill
Stephanie Moriarty
Shannon Rafferty
Anna Rains
Alyssa Scott
Samantha Soprano
Kelly Von Der Lieth

2016 Faculty-Led Short-Term Programs

Dominican Republic Spanish & Technology
Dr. Kevin Gaugler
Dr. Carolyn Matheus

Lauren Aliberti
Reyhan Ayhan
Robert Bornn
Bryan Chester
Christopher DiDona
Jenna Ficula
Sarah Henderson
Meaghan Houlihan
Christian Isolda
Kelly Jones
Mark Lozinski
Kelly McDonough
Mackenzie O'Brien
Lauren O'Reilly
Michael O'Rourke
Ryan Rendeiro
Brittany Ross
Connor Scott
Nicholas Tamburri
Irena Tampakis
Danyelle Ubertini

England & France Chemistry of Fine Art
Dr. Neil Fitzgerald
Dr. Anne Bertrand

Elizabeth Bouyea
Courtney Cousineau

Alicia Crisalli
Michael Dorazio
Marianne LaCalamito
Rosemary Molloy
Heather Nolting
Maria Ricciardi
Kayla Smith
Samantha Soprano

England & France Romantic Visions
Prof. Richard Lewis
Prof. Tom Goldpaugh

Morgan Baker
Devon Bakoledis
Brian Binns
Amanda Bradley
Kimberly Dautel
Molly Demitrack
Brianna Ferriter
Lauren Glick
Emily Hollenbach
Jennifer Orr
Dakota Swanson
Lindsey Tortora
Rachel Tyson
Kimberly Woodward

England & Scotland International Business
Dr. Joanne Gavin
Prof. Dana Gavin

Brian Alter
Barbara Aprilakis
Nicole Bateman
Matthew Blades
Jacqueline Blass
Stephen Blyth
Emily Cray
Francis D'Angelo
Janna Eljamal
Dylan Galimi
Amy Gartelmann
David Gavin
Mary Elizabeth Guida
Matia Hayden
Karisa King
Laura Kronbichler
Cory Lais
Samantha Leenas
Jacqueline Madonna
Jared Masinton
Gabriela Morris
Christina O'Neil
Michael Sanzo
Ariel Shulman



Eileen Marie Sico
Michael Sico
Renee Stagnaro
Mariana Vasquez
Nicholas Veglia
Kayla Yantz

France

From Atelier to Marketplace

Prof. Radley Cramer
Prof. Melissa Halvorson

Melissa Anzecchini
Blair Beckham
Meghan Byrne
Alexandra Gallo
Emily Hall
Asia Johnson
Alyssa McLaughlin

Galapagos

Field Biology

Dr. Luis Espinasa
Dr. Andrew Ryder

Delaney Callahan
Melany Cruz
Anthony Finocchiaro
Alexandra Infante
Joseph Kopp
Cara McGuinness
Katherine Parker
Mary Pelella
Jenna Robinson
William Ryan
Solomon Sloat
Robert Vahos
Emily Williams

Germany, Austria & Hungary

Judaism: History, Literature & Culture

Prof. Steve Sansola
Dr. Joshua Kotzin

Jonathan Boozer
Kiersten Fallon
Rebecca Fornaro
Lloyd Kaplan

Gabriella Leamey
Brandon Litwin
Elena Pelka
Benjamin Purvin
Molly Scott
Jennifer Seidl
Kendall Tomulich
Chanel Vitale

Hawaii

Culturally Responsive Education

Dr. Jennifer Powers
Dr. Kari Morrison

Maryclare Bacha
Serena Bailey
Margaret Brinkworth
Kaitlin Bruckner
Nicole Cupo
Jenna DiPadova
Giana DiRico
Aoife Flanagan
Jennifer Galiani
Ha-Young Jung
Ashley Mrozik
Erin Perkins
Christiana Provenzano
Tina Rapaglia
Elizabeth Schlusser
Kelsey Seiferth
Danielle Shine
Amanda Tepedino
Evan Weinstein

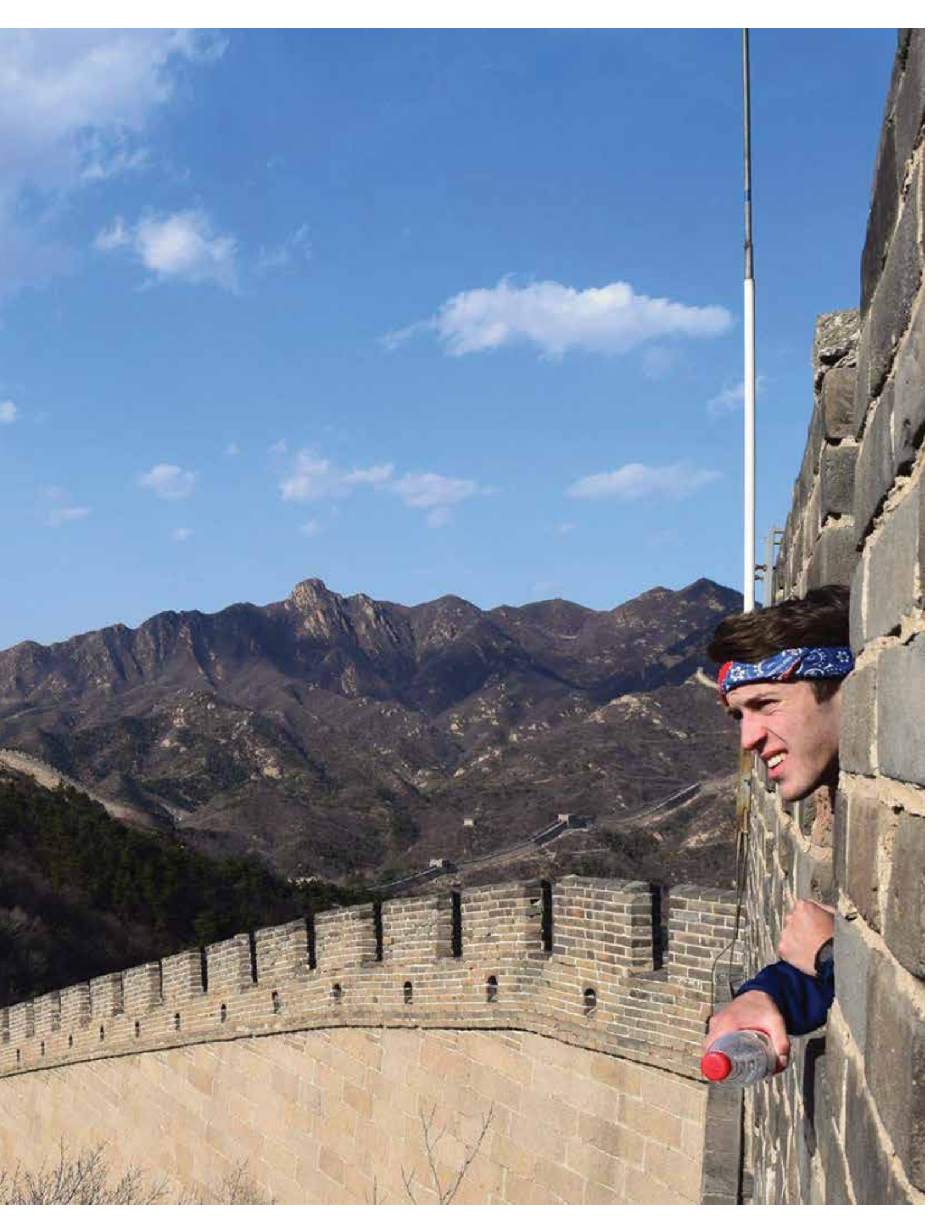
Italy

ASPIRE Finance Program

Prof. Brian Haughey
Prof. John Finnigan

Vincent Donatucci
James Loeber
Matthew Marotti
Ryan Murphy
Peter Ohanesian
Owen Polzello
Sean Terwilliger
Mary Vange
Sydney Williams







MARIST
INTERNATIONAL
PROGRAMS

“Something hidden.
Go and find it.
Go and look behind
the ranges – something lost
behind the ranges.
Lost and waiting for you.
Go!”

Rudyard Kipling, *The Traveler* (1898)