



UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

THE VIRTUES OF STUDY ABROAD: VOLUME V

APRIL 2018

Cover Photo: The top of Mt. Apsan, overlooking the outskirts of Daegu, South Korea below.

**“MAN CANNOT DISCOVER
NEW OCEANS UNLESS HE
HAS THE COURAGE TO LOSE
SIGHT OF THE SHORE.”**

-ANDRE GIDE

This publication, *The Virtues of Study Abroad*, is designed to showcase the merit of Study Abroad programs - especially how they contribute to the personal growth of students.

The following student works are intended to highlight the various personal characteristics that emerge and are strengthened by an international educational experience. Participants were inspired to share what they value most about the opportunity to study abroad. They wrote about traits many other study abroad students also say they gain: confidence, courage, curiosity, empathy, patience, perspective and perseverance.

This publication not only discusses the potentially life-changing personal and educational benefits of Study Abroad programs, but also how the University of Oklahoma's focus on international education makes these experiences possible. The variety and availability of programs speak to the degree to which educators and administrators value study abroad as an important component of higher education. Participation in such programs gives students the opportunity to practice intercultural communication skills, cultivate an openness to new experiences, and engage in a style of learning that inspires curiosity and a life-long love of learning.

We hope the following personal stories and observations resonate with those who have studied abroad, as well as prospective journeyers alike.

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The famous Sydney Opera House and Harbor Bridge, Australia.

At the highest point hikers were allowed in Wilsons Promontory National Wildlife Park.



1 [CONFIDENCE]

ANDREA RODRIGUEZ-SANCHEZ

College Degree Program: Biology
Study Abroad Program: Australia



Traveling abroad has always been an exciting experience for me. I have been traveling by plane to foreign countries since I was a baby. This should be second nature to me by now — or at least that is what was going through my head as I was saying goodbye to my family and preparing for my flight to begin my next journey. Before that day I traveled many times, all with my mom as my partner. However, this was the first time I was going to travel for six months all on my own. To my surprise, the feelings that surged through me were not overwhelming joy and excitement, but fear: fear of not knowing what was waiting for me across the world, fear of not being able to drive to my mom's house (because I was going to be 9,027.3 miles and an ocean away) and especially, fear in my abilities to do this on my own in a completely new environment. In the moment, I began to question my decision to leave behind all that I knew and felt comfortable with to go live in a completely

different country — Australia — where I had nobody. I let the tears roll down my face as I managed to say my last goodbyes and hop on the plane.

Once I was in the air, I started to calm down. I realized that everything my mom had taught me about travel was still with me — and it even seemed to be second nature. My tears subsided. *You are prepared for this*, I told myself. I could feel my perspective change yet again, from fear of the new and the unknown to excitement — and a bit more confidence in my knowledge and abilities.

It did not take very long for me to fall in love with Australia and the whole experience once I arrived at the university. From the start everyone was extremely nice, making it easier to connect and make friends. I never got tired of walking out of my old dorm building and through a “forest”

that led straight to my classes. The process of hiding from the magpies during their famously dangerous breeding season never got old, and neither did the constant reminders that all animals in Australia are bigger and more potentially dangerous. I will forever miss passing through the university's miniature rainforest in order to get to the science wing, which allowed me to truly appreciate the nature of an ecosystem that I had previously only heard about in class.

Though it was intimidating at first, I pushed myself to leave the friendly environment of the university and explore. I quickly learned the transportation system and visited other parts of the city, making and taking new friends with me along the way. And once all classes had

finished, I took a trip along all of Australia's east coast by plane and Greyhound bus. I learned to enjoy what carrying my two backpacks felt like as I got lost looking for my next hostel or the location of my tour. I even learned the vital skill of how to obtain the best bed and position at the hostel within the first night — something I had no idea was important until I ventured out into the Australian world. Within two weeks, I managed to visit eight different and magnificent cities within Australia, made over 20 friends from around the world, and experienced one of the most magnificent locations possible: The Great Barrier Reef without the massive bleaching.

In addition to all the traveling and new friendship, my Australian journey gave me more confidence in my academic career and the path I was



taking toward my future. I excelled in my classes and was able to communicate with professors that did research in the Marine Biology field (something extremely hard to find in Oklahoma). I learned about new species that I had not known existed.

Overall, my experience in Australia taught me how important it is to be confident in what you are doing and how you are doing it. While at first I was afraid, traveling on my own for the first time in a large country taught me that I could rely on all the information I have learned from past experiences. The confidence I gained throughout my miniature adventures continuously

helped me make friends with people from across the world — not just those from familiar places. Being the only Oklahoman student traveling in Australia at the time taught me to be positive, not fearful. I realized that if you are not positive in what you are doing, it is easier to miss fun and important moments in life.

If I had not gotten on that plane — if I had not had the confidence to pursue my passion of traveling to Australia and studying Marine Biology — I would have missed out on so much, both academically and personally. This experience has changed me in the most positive and advantageous ways.



The rainforest ecosystem at Monash University.

2 [COURAGE]

NIGH HERNDON

College Degree Program: Aerospace Engineering

Study Abroad Program: Puebla, Mexico



**“COURAGE IS ALMOST A
CONTRADICTION IN TERMS. IT MEANS
A STRONG DESIRE TO LIVE TAKING THE
FORM OF A READINESS TO DIE.”
- G. K. CHESTERTON**

I will not pretend to know anything about that life-threatening courage which Chesterton describes. No, my courage is much more of the ordinary sort. I am not a soldier. I am not a warrior. And I am not an explorer. I am, however, someone who will occasionally build up enough of that same courageous essence to do what is often referred to as “stupid shit” by my friends. It is a similar contradiction — within the setting of a university — that begins this story.

First-semester freshmen are expected to be filled with excitement, delighted by our studies and loving all things college. Now in reality, I have no idea why first-semester freshmen are portrayed this way, because it seemed to me that everyone

I met was dealing with more complex feelings. Were we filled with excitement? Yes, but it was a painful excitement — one that makes you a bit nauseous and longing for something more familiar. Were we delighted by our studies? Yes, but few students I met (myself included) were sure of our degree choices, and we struggled with the pressure of deciding our futures on the spot. Were we in love with college? Yes, but not all things college (having to clean a shared bathroom comes to mind). I was stuck in a rut. I dutifully attended my classes but felt as if I did not enjoy my time. It was as though my classes and my degree were getting me somewhere, just not somewhere that I wanted to be. I felt like I was dying from this first semester of freshman year.

One day I was talking to one of my longtime friends over the phone, and she mentioned a yearlong program (at another university) where she could study Spanish in Argentina and be fully immersed in the culture, learning a language and having the opportunity of a lifetime. I was immediately intrigued. Of course,

The Cross at Our Lady of Remedies, Cholula.



as a mathematics major at the time, no such opportunities made sense with my curriculum, as it would be difficult (if not impossible) to find the right upper division math classes at foreign universities. And while I had been forced into taking two years of Spanish in high school, my knowledge of foreign language was laughable at best. I knew that as a freshman, I would need a special petition to study abroad, and that anyway, I should stay in Norman to make friends and solidify those early stages of relationships. But I was enamored with the idea, even if it was unrealistic and unachievable. And so, on October 29th, I bought a plane ticket to Puebla, Mexico, departing just a little more than two months in the future. I had signed up for a program that seemed like academic and social suicide. I wanted to live.

Although it was cold in my home city of Tulsa, I arrived in Puebla that January to be greeted with perfect weather, blue skies and the constant busyness that life in a city of more than a million brings. As I moved from street to street, another world unfolded. Broken concrete walls surrounded the chaotic streets, all filled with unfamiliar cars and strange faces. Everything threateningly greeted me everywhere I dared to glance. The man selling food on the corner out of a brightly painted bicycle-like cart yelled at me; a large truck, like a strange ice cream man, blasted an incessant megaphone advertisement seeking out dilapidated items to repair and sell for a profit. I did not understand it all, but I did not need to yet. It was just the first day. In the face of such a strange new world that threatened to overwhelm, I took it all in anyway. I wanted to live.

At the beginning of my semester in Puebla, I was presented with the opportunity to student teach parts of a math class at a local high school. But once again, I was somewhat disappointed in myself because I had no experience teaching and knew very little Spanish. And while I do have two younger siblings, classroom management was something I had a limited (that is to say zero) knowledge of. And yet, I found myself standing in front of a classroom full of Mexican high school students about two weeks later. They were calling me “professor.” I wanted to live.



The Angel of Independence, Mexico City.

Within our first week of living in Puebla, my roommate and I decided that at some point in the semester, we had to climb one of the three mountains that surround the city. Popocatepetl, Iztaccíhuatl and La Malinche loom over Puebla in nearly opposite directions and entice travelers like myself to a spirit of adventure. While they seem close, they are actually a lengthy drive away, and peaking at around 14,500 ft. elevation, they are more than 13,000 ft. higher than any point in our previous home of Norman, Oklahoma. My roommate and I needed time to get acclimated to the already high altitude of Puebla, learn a bit more Spanish and get a feel for how safe travel to the area would be before attempting this journey. And yet, five days after landing in Puebla, I found myself hiking up the side of La Malinche. I wanted to live.

Courage. “[A] strong desire to live taking the form of a readiness to die” (Chesterton 94). When I was in Mexico, just taking the first step in the morning outside of a safe, familiar space meant having courage. No, I did not need a readiness to die in a literal sense (Puebla is arguably the safest state in all of Mexico, even safer than many US cities). Instead, what I needed was a willingness to have all of my comfort, safety, confidence, familiarity, strength, etc. put directly in front of the firing squad, knowing that it just may be shot to pieces.

For what purpose? To live.

My Spanish would never improve if I was afraid, every time I spoke, that I would mess up. Courage.

My knowledge of the city would never become deeper if I stayed in my comfortable apartment. Courage.

My teaching would stagnate if I was worried about misspeaking or looking foolish in front of my students. Courage.

My appreciation of the culture would remain surface level if I was timid about what the locals may think of me. Courage.

My love and understanding of Mexican cuisine may have never existed had I worried I may not like it. Courage.

Each of these problems — and the solution of courage — was one I experienced during my study in Mexico. It was the constant dance I had to perform throughout the semester. Every move, graceful or otherwise, demanded a move in response. Each time, courage offered the next step, while that next step seldom looked the same as the last. It took the form of a spin, a twist or a kick, always masking itself as something new and exciting, enticing and begging me to live. The dance continues, and study abroad taught me the steps and the rhythm to which it beats: “If you want to live, be ready to die.” Courage.

Metropolitan Cathedral of The Assumption of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary into Heaven, Mexico City.



3 [CURIOSITY]

LIBBY SCHNEIDER

College Degree Program: Marketing and Sports Management

Study Abroad Program: England



St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

The future belongs to the curious. The ones who are not afraid to try it, explore it, live it and question it. As a kid, you question everything and want to know why, where and can I go there? Growing up, we see places on TV and the Internet where we never think we will get to visit in a lifetime — or if so, maybe only once. Taking the opportunity to study abroad gives you the chance to make your dreams a reality and open your eyes to so many things you never knew were there.

I recall the first day I arrived in England, and I thought to myself, “What did I just do?” Luckily for me, I was able to study abroad through the same program as my sister, who attends Kansas State University. As we met up at the airport with the other students and the international student support, I felt like I made a mistake. We got on

a bus and traveled to my new home for the next couple of months. When we arrived, I looked around and thought to myself, “Why did I do this? Can I please go back to the United States?” I sat there in my empty room, with my luggage scattered all over the place, and started crying.

That evening, there was a dinner with other international students at a cafeteria on campus. Though I didn't really feel up to it, I knew that I had to go (mostly because I was starving, but I also had to admit I was curious). It was the right decision. If I had not ventured out on that first day, my whole semester would have been significantly different. At this dinner, where I met students from all over the world, I felt suddenly like I made the greatest decision of my life. It was hard to believe I had been in tears earlier in the day.



Stonehenge.



But my venturing out did not stop with international student gatherings — my curiosity pushed me to go further. During the semester, I took additional trips around Europe. I not only visited some of the coolest places I will ever get to see, but I also met people from all over the world along the way. I learned about their cultures, why they spoke differently than me, what their families were like, the reasons they took two months to travel the world and many other amazing stories. I made a lot of friends while exploring through these different cities, many with whom I still stay in touch on social media.

One of my favorite trips during study abroad was when I went with my sister to Austria. As we both are HUGE fans of the Sound of Music, we went straight to Salzburg, where the movie was filmed. We even planned our trip with an extra free day

to let us determine what to do with our time. We decided to make a spur-of-the-moment trip to Halstatt, around three hours on transportation from Salzburg. Hearing about this “most beautiful city in Austria,” we had to see it for ourselves. We took a chance and were rewarded with such a great experience.

Studying abroad gave me a whole new sense of appreciation and curiosity. Throughout the 2017 spring semester, I experienced things I had never done or seen before. I made friends, took pictures and created memories that I will cherish forever. My semester would not have been the same if I had not followed my curiosity. If I have one piece of advice to anyone out there, then, it is to be curious. Question things, explore the world and do not ever lose your sense of wonder.



4 [EMPATHY]

CRYSTAL NEILL

College Degree Program: Math Education

Study Abroad Program: Uganda

This past summer, I traveled to Gulu, Uganda with the Colleges of Education, Business and Engineering to work at St. Monica's School for Girls. I expected to learn more about teaching in other cultures, to gain a more nuanced understanding of global issues and to see a new country, but I did not expect the relationships I formed there to change me so fundamentally.

St. Monica's has a vocational school and a school of basic learning for women who missed out on education, either due to displacement by conflict or being taken as child soldiers. We lived on campus and were constantly in contact with the women who attended both schools. The first week, I met a girl named Maya in the catering program at the vocational school. She is 19, the same age as me. We're the same size, both incredibly sassy and love to laugh. We have big dreams, and we work hard. I'm still not sure who's more stubborn, but it's probably her. Maya and I formed a strong relationship in just three weeks. We talked about our lives, our families and our preferences. We shared what it was like to live in our countries, the good things and the problems. We laughed about boys and complained about our parents.

Despite our commonalities, we found differences in our realities. As we became more familiar with each other, she opened up about her struggles. My dad doesn't have a second wife, and I don't have to make huge sacrifices to go to college. If I disagree with an adult who has authority, I will not be struck on the cheek. I don't get malaria twice a year. Although her family is middle class, she has to work much harder than I do. She taught me how to do laundry, and I scarred my hands from scrubbing because I'm so spoiled with my washing machine. When she worked in the restaurant or served us dinner, she had to be quiet and submissive. It felt so strange to see the girl who had been laughing at me just a few hours earlier suddenly keeping her head down and not making eye contact. As similar as we are, societal structures still put up barriers between Maya and me. However, through our friendship, I was able to see her perspective on the obstacles she faced and the mistreatment she bore. We broke down these barriers and replaced them with a foundation of empathy.



Left: Artwork in Ivan's gallery in Gulu's main market. His work spoke to the strength and resilience of Africa.
Above: Teachers, students and OU students at the Women's School of Basic Learning. These women are refugees from South Sudan and survivors of the conflict in Uganda. They are deeply committed to learning.



Girls from OU and the vocational school enjoying the afternoon together. They loved doing our hair and laughing at our accents.

Although I had previously felt sympathy for those struggling in Uganda, who I had learned about from reading books and watching videos, actually forming relationships with Ugandans brought me into the deeper dimension of empathy. Maya showed me that we are all more similar than different, that our humanity defines us more than the color of our skin or the hemisphere we live in. The refugee women I worked with, who were determined to get an education in defiance of those who had stolen their childhoods, put faces and strength to the abstract global crisis I could otherwise so easily ignore. The artist at the market, brimming with new business ideas, showed me on his canvases the complex beauty of his culture, how issues and problems are interwoven with lives and cannot simply be yanked out by a passerby.

The last night we were at St. Monica's, some of the OU students and I went into the girls' dorms to spend time with them and say goodbye. We taught them to play truth or dare, and for a while we were all just young women laughing together and sharing our thoughts, dreams and feelings. When the time came to go, there wasn't a dry eye around. Maya and I talked about visiting each other, but we knew there is no way to tell what life will bring. The next morning, we said, "Bye for now" and hoped it was the truth. Whenever I wear my dress that matches hers, I remember that around the world, no matter our nationality, race or status, people are more similar than we think.



4 [PATIENCE]

TANNER SATTERTHWAITE

College Degree Program: Engineering

Study Abroad Program: Brazil

When people hear that I was born and raised right here in Norman, Oklahoma, it is often clear that they assume I am not well traveled or cultured. What they do not know about me, at least at first, is that I've spent over two years of my life in one of the most exotic, fascinating, strange, alien, peculiar and downright unfamiliar places on the entire face of the earth. While there, I woke up every day knowing that I was going to see, taste, feel, hear and smell things that I had not yet experienced in my 20-plus years of living. Indeed, seeing a family of six all riding on a single moped, smelling the stench of open air sewers running through the city, seeing pigs' heads hanging on hooks in open air markets and tasting durian, the world's "stinkiest" fruit, were all things that I never imagined I would experience in my lifetime, let alone the very first day I was in this wonderful country.

There is a reason Cambodia is affectionately known as the "Kingdom of Wonder." When I tell

others about my adventures there, I refer to it as "The World's Last Frontier."

Once you know this about me, you will understand why my sense of adventure is at an all-time high. Whether at home or abroad, I rarely sit still and am not afraid to explore and get lost along the way. I simply want to explore all that this world has to offer. So when I found out that my schedule and finances would allow me to travel to Rio de Janeiro to study abroad, I was ecstatic. I had heard of the infamous favelas dotting the hillsides of Rio, of the masterful dancing of the samba in the streets and the alluring open-air markets tucked around the city. I was excited and ready to experience it all. Everything seemed perfect — but there was one thing that held me back.

Traveling in a large group was new for me. Never before did I have to wait for people hopping on and off buses. Never before did someone



Rio as seen from "Christ the Redeemer."

else's lack of adventure stop me from seeing what was around the corner. Never before was I bound to someone else's schedule as I planned out my day. In the classroom I was learning about all that Rio had to offer, only to go home to my hostel and hope others were up for an adventure.

I had to learn to be patient. But after a slow start, I finally found my adventure buddies. Like me, they were excited and willing to see what the city was all about!

One of our first adventures came when we heard about a beautiful library, tucked away on one of the side streets next to the city's largest market. We were committed to finding it, and planned to set out for our adventure. It took an Uber ride, a subway ride, lots of walking in circles and lots of attempts to ask native Portuguese speakers questions (in the Spanish we knew) before we finally stumbled upon one of the coolest libraries

I had ever seen! In fact, it was just the sort of adventure I liked. We felt lost and confused as we arrived on the steps of the library just 15 minutes before it closed, but the journey was worth it. We admired the stacks and stacks of bookshelves towering over three stories high, accessible only by ladders, balconies and trips up steep staircases. It was reminiscent of the libraries animated so vividly in the Disney movies of my childhood. My friends and I all agreed that the view was nothing short of jaw-dropping.

My experience with travel and adventure, both in Cambodia and in Rio, has taught me that patience pays off. My process of making new "adventure buddies" required patience and effort, as did our adventure to the library. Was it worth it? Absolutely! It was not long before my newfound friends and I sought after and conquered more adventures, and I know I will continue to seek new ones throughout my life.





5 [PERSPECTIVE - A PHOTO ESSAY]

ALENA BUCZKOWSKI

College Degree Program: Public and Nonprofit
Administration

Study Abroad Program: Daegu, South Korea



Left: Gorgeous works of art that are Korean temples. Each building in their temple complexes is masterfully painted, with traditional colors and symbols going back throughout the centuries.

This is a picture taken from the top of Mt. Apsan, overlooking the outskirts of Daegu below. The hike to this point took about three hours.





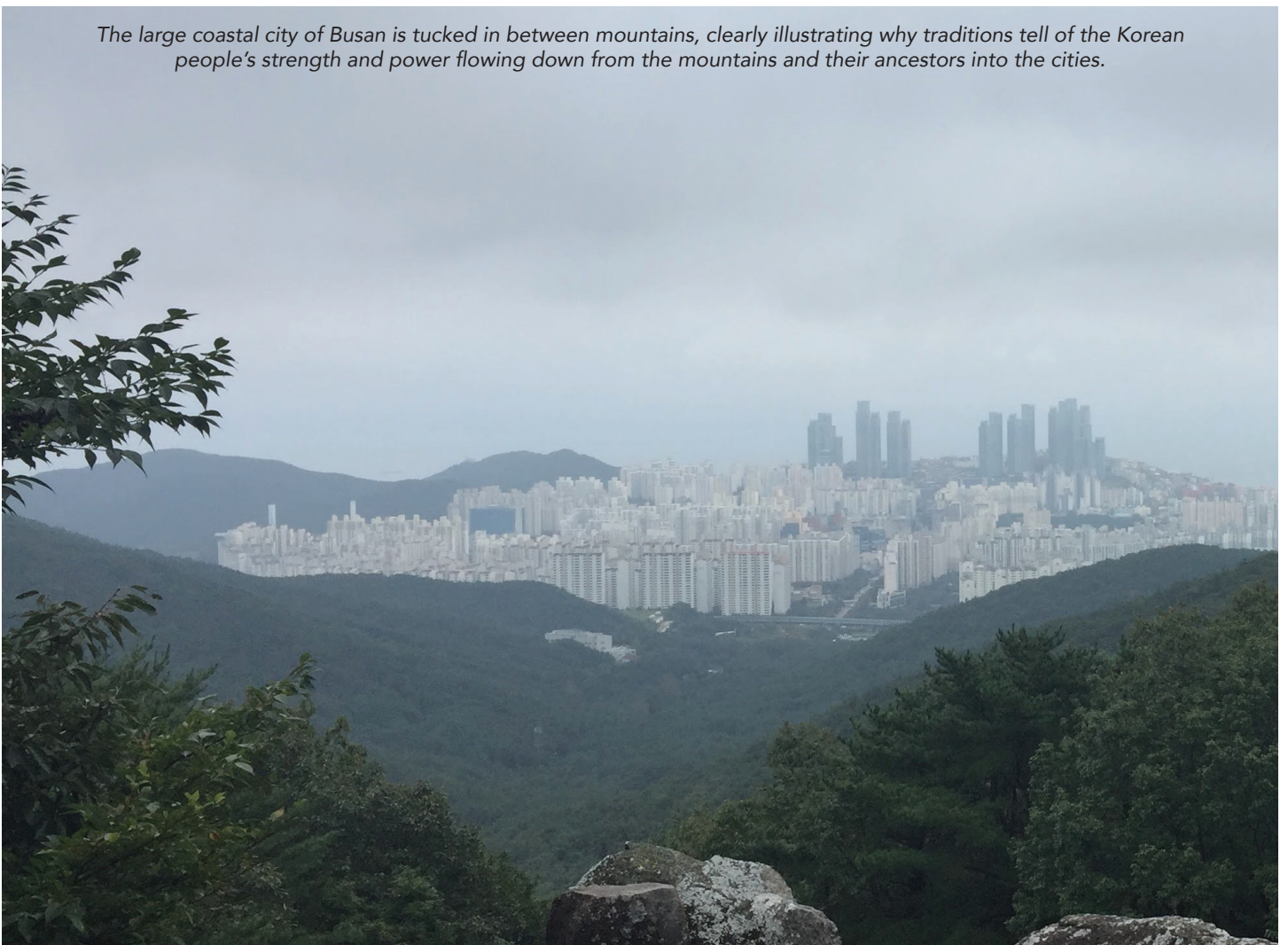
This is a ship yard in Busan. I took the picture because this density of ships and travel containers went on for a long stretch of the coast in this area.



This is the view from the upper level of an uncommon temple complex located on the coast of the peninsula. Most temples in the country are located on mountains inland, for various traditional cultural reasons.



The large coastal city of Busan is tucked in between mountains, clearly illustrating why traditions tell of the Korean people's strength and power flowing down from the mountains and their ancestors into the cities.





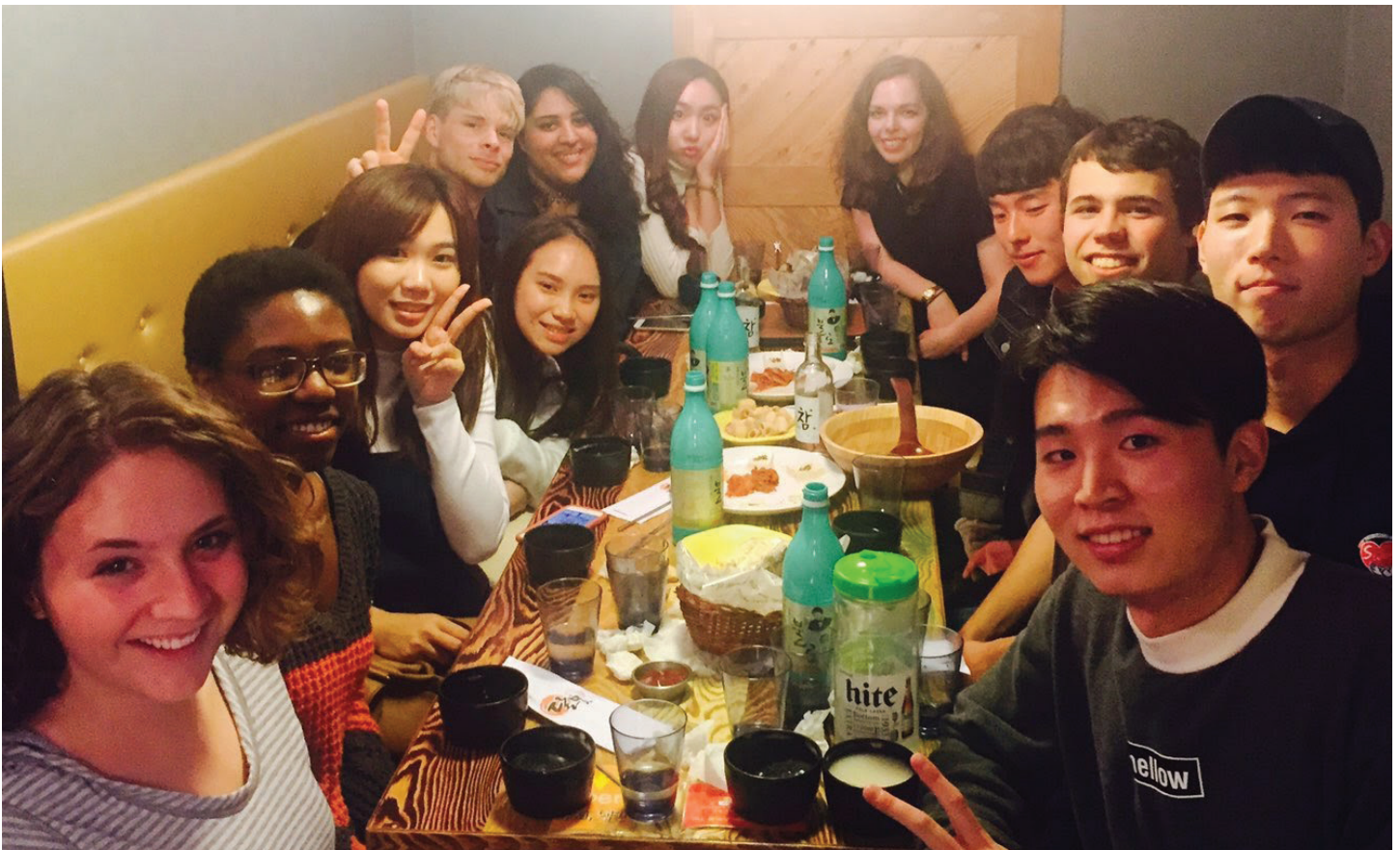
My friend (left) and I (right), taking a picture with a Confucian monk in a rare temple complex that was half old traditions and half new.



Buddha statue.



A very traditional meal including soup in stone bowls that is served still boiling, kimchi (a fermented cabbage side dish), pickled sprouts, gently fried whole fish, fermented black beans, a spicy peanut-based spread and chopped greens.



This is a typical weekend night. Many people crowded around a table, sharing snacks and bottles of Soju, as well as bowls of Makgeolli (served cold, almost like a Slushee, ladled out to small wooden bowls to drink from).

Prayer flags in Gansu Province.



7 [PERSEVERANCE]

RILEY MCGILL

College Degree Program: Human Relations and Chinese

Study Abroad Program: Journey to China

I'll try my best to set the scene. It's Tuesday, June 6th, and the members of my study abroad trip and I just got to the city of Dunhuang. If you've never heard of it (I hadn't until I went there), it's a small city in China outside of the Gobi Desert. Comparatively speaking, the windy, arid climate of the area was much nicer than the moist heat of the cities in the eastern half of China, which was a relief. To be quite honest, China was getting the best of me at that point. I had just shaken off a case of dysentery that I picked up in Xi'an, the result of either unsanitized tap water or a less-than-reliable buffet I ate at in Beijing a week prior. (It could have been food poisoning, but dysentery sounds more distinguished and after all, it's my story.) At this point I had been abroad for over a month, and was just a week into the Journey to China Program (I spent the spring intersession in Italy). However, throughout that travel I had washed my clothes maybe twice, a problem that was becoming hard to ignore.

At that point, I made it my mission to return to clothing that was somewhat clean. No hotels I had stayed in thus far had an operating laundry system, so I was an expert at "bathroom sink" laundry. The problem was that I had nothing to hang up clothes with — I needed a clothesline. The city of Dunhuang was small in comparison to the other cities we had seen so far, and I had already been around town. With this in mind, I decided to go out and try to find a string or rope suitable for the task. I grabbed my phone and my earbuds, and I was on my way.

I began walking down a street, hoping to come across a store that looked like it had rope inside. My presence on the street was quite fascinating to locals, and most walking on the sidewalk would either stare as I passed or ask to take a picture with me (during my three weeks in China, I took no less than 150-250 pictures with locals). When I found a possible rope vendor, I would walk around the store and try to find the goods. If I was unsuccessful, I would find an employee

McGill at the MuTianYu section of The Great Wall of China.





Sunrise in Xiahe county, Gansu Province.

and ask “你们有没有串?” which translates to “Do you all sell string?” This question was usually met by confusion, and the employee would ask me to repeat myself. I would then say “我需要挂衣服” (I need to hang clothes), and the employee would usually lead me to the area where stores sold clothes hangers. At that point, I would assume the store didn’t sell what I was looking for and move on to the next store. This process continued for about 90 minutes, and the cycle became more than monotonous. It felt like I had been everywhere in the city by the time I finished.

The most taxing aspect of the process was the language barrier and how tough it was to maneuver. Chinese is a tonal language, which basically means your vocal pitch changes the meaning of the syllable you’re speaking. This makes for a hard transition for American students when communicating with native speakers. It’s more than just learning words; it’s trying to restructure the cognition process English creates. So, despite my understanding of how to format my speech and what I was trying to say, I’m sure at times I simply misspoke.

It was getting late and I was a decent walk from the hotel when I decided to throw in the (unwashed) towel. I began walking back, and before long the hotel was within view. As I was about to walk through the revolving door, I noticed a back alley with vendors and shop owners I hadn’t seen previously. I decided to give it one last shot and check it out. I saw a small shop that looked like a junk store — the kind of establishment well represented in Oklahoma. I walked directly to the store owner and said my usual line, which was again met with immediate rejection. I decided to at least look around before returning home, but couldn’t find anything worthwhile.

As I was walking out of the store, however, the lady I had spoken to earlier came up to me with a dog leash. She said in Chinese, “Is this what you wanted?” I looked at her and realized I didn’t need to give a grammatically flawless monologue about my need for laundry, I just had to use what words I knew well to the best of my ability. I began to simply describe aspects of the close line to her “更长” (longer), “小一点” (smaller). She seemed to understand what I said,

and returned with my prize. In an instant, the hour and a half I spent walking around the city of Dunhuang was all worth it. I had my clothesline; the mission was completed. Ironically enough, the store owner informed me that I had been mispronouncing the word for string and my sentence was transformed into “你们有没有穿” (do you all sell wear?). Priceless.

I visited five countries last summer, but of all the souvenirs I brought back to the states, the clothesline is easily my favorite — I even keep a portion of it in my wallet. People tend to think about perseverance as working toward a goal

in a straight line. You may get knocked down, but you can stand up and continue walking on the same trail you were on. I think in many instances it's a matter of “working smarter, not harder.” Sometimes when you get knocked down, you get the best angle of a problem and realize the situation requires a crawl instead of a walk. The pursuit of a clothesline may seem like a trivial allegory for perseverance, but it taught me something invaluable. Even in the face of constant rejection, the slightest change in approach may lead to success.



Summer Palace, Beijing.



BEGIN YOUR JOURNEY

Visit the Education Abroad office at the University of Oklahoma to speak with an advisor and begin planning your study abroad experience. Study Abroad 101 sessions are held throughout the academic year. OU offers many study abroad opportunities, such as the OU Study Centers in Arezzo, Italy; Puebla, Mexico; and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, which offer both semester and year-long programs in language, culture and more.

OU also offers summer Journey programs across the globe led by OU professors with linguistic, historical or political expertise in the given area. The cost of such programs is generously subsidized by multiple scholarship options, including the Presidential International Travel Fellowship, which OU President David Boren created to make international travel and study abroad opportunities available to more students.

Go to studyabroad.ou.edu to begin your journey!

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Yangguan pass, Dunhuang.







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