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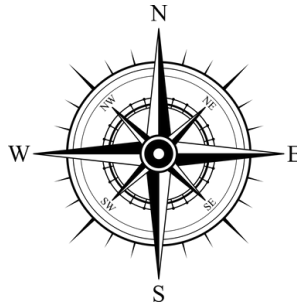
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# THE GLOBAL REVIEW



A STUDY ABROAD JOURNAL



# EDITOR'S NOTES

*The Global Review* is dedicated to chronicling and sharing the creative outcomes of student study abroad experiences through photography, creative nonfiction, poetry, and other artistic mediums. We believe that a creative lens encourages students to look more closely at the personal impacts of their studies abroad and helps them to discover new perspectives. *The Global Review* is meant to celebrate the ways that traveling fuels learning, empathy, cultural awareness, and creativity. We hope this publication encourages those who have studied abroad to further reflect on their experiences and inspires those who have not studied abroad to do so. Though the journal was founded by Southern Utah University's Office of Learning Abroad, the opportunity for publication is open to anyone who has taken part in a study abroad program outside of their home country.

The journal is published every September.

Interested in subscribing or submitting content? Visit our website at [www.theglobalreview-study-abroad-journal.com](http://www.theglobalreview-study-abroad-journal.com)

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*The Long Room of the library at Trinity College in Dublin, home to the Book of Kells  
-Madison Snarr  
Ireland*





# FOR ÉIRE

*I wrote these words as I was hiking through Killarney National Park. Whether I intended for these words to serve as song lyrics or as a poem, I was moved to express them nonetheless. This is my reflection on my time spent in a place I've always wanted to visit; a place I have come to call home. In this piece, I have written about the places and feelings that touched me the most on my travels. Ireland is a beautiful place with a beautiful history, and I hope to one day return home to her.*

Left my heart in an old stone stable house  
She lies among the wildflowers  
Sings craic with the rain in late hours  
At night, she sleeps on a pillow  
Made of mossy-laden stone  
It is here, she has made her home

I wanna die on the causeway,  
Be buried in Glasnevin  
With the echoes of a pub song and amber porch lights  
Feel the Kerry winds carry her song through the valley  
My heart remains here  
Oh Éire, my love

My heart, she sits on a corner in Dublin  
She took the bus there early this morn'  
For a cup of spice and memories, a bowl of light and warm  
With the drone of the lilting fiddle  
It's here, she's feels at home

I've known Éire for a while, didn't meet her until May  
Always wanted to see her, always hoped she'd let me stay  
Éire, she's an emerald girl  
She changed my life, showed me her world  
I hope one day  
She'll have me again

-Madison Snarr

(Photo: The cliffs of Kerry on the Ring of Kerry)  
Ireland



*Exploring Psychological Thought Across Europe*  
Alex Lacroix





# HIGH LOW BUFFALO



"My buffalo today was definitely our Uber driver. I don't know why we keep getting the nutty Uber drivers, but today was the absolutely craziest....."

Kenzie went on to detail all the ways that their Uber driver had taken wrong roads, delivering her and her fellow passenger students to their clinical activity at a local Brazilian hospital an hour late. The rest of us sat in the sun-warmed water of the hot tub, listening to her tale and thinking about which of the day's events we would name as our own Buffalo. The sun had set and the area back by the hot tubs wasn't lit. Somehow the dark made it easier to share

*"Something good, something bad, and something unexpected."*

emotions and experiences. In the near distance and down the wooden steps, the waves of Morro das Pedras beach sounded a rhythmic and calming backdrop as each student took their turn to list the highlights of their day.

High Low Buffalo. It was something we had started doing on the second day of the trip and everyone had quickly become attached to the activity. Always in the evening, we would meet in one of the hotel gathering areas to discuss our day and compare crazy stories. Something good, something bad, and something unexpected. It became a meaningful way to summarize and share what was important to us.

Sometimes we gathered for High Low Buffalo in the dining room of the hotel while we ate chocolate and strawberry pizza from Estrella Pizza, our favorite restaurant. Dessert pizza had become a nightly indulgence. Often we would hold High Low Buffalo while soaking in the hot tub. Once we held it under the pavilion near the pool after they surprised me with a birthday party, complete with balloons and cake. I hadn't expected that and it brought me to tears, listening to them as they slowly and painfully sang Happy Birthday: "Parabens pra voce, nesta data querida...." glancing at their phones for the Portuguese lyrics.



Soon it was Brock's turn. As always, he listed his High and his Buffalo and then was at a loss to come up with a Low. He was never able to think of something he could label as "bad" that had happened. He shrugged. "It's all good, all of it. I'm loving all of it," he goodnaturedly admitted.

I wished I could be more like that. As much as I was also loving the trip, I could still think of things I wished were different.

The trip had filled me with awe. I had traveled to this area of Brazil twice before and wasn't sure if this trip would be as good as my two previous adventures. I wondered if maybe bringing along twenty students would change it. Maybe I would get tired of being the one responsible for everyone. And there were definite moments of the trip that I wished I could mentally check out. Sitting at the end of the table at Bokas Lagoa Restaurant after a long day touring hospitals and health facilities with the whole table of students looking expectantly at me, waiting for me to work out the problems with our dinner order with the waiter when I only had a limited ability with Portuguese..... let's just say that experience did not end up being my High of the day. And when we hiked out to Lagoinha do Leste beach, it didn't occur to me that some of the students may not be as used to hiking as I was, nor did I remember to tell them to bring enough water or wear good shoes. As we reached the end of the day, I'm almost positive some of the more sore-footed students were plotting to tie me to an araucaria tree and leave me to be eaten by the capybaras.





But these were nursing students. Exacting and careful. Used to taking care of other people. Used to keeping the rules and deferring to their professors. It made for a pretty painless trip for me and the two other nursing faculty members. When I texted the students that I had found a guy with boats to take us to Campeche Island and everyone was to meet at a nearby beach in twenty minutes, they had been sitting at breakfast.

Their phones started dinging with the group text and I heard later that they all immediately stood up to go collect their belongings and start calling Ubers. Back in Cedar City, if they were late to a nursing clinical they risked being ejected from the program. It never occurred to them that those rules might not apply in far flung Brazil. And they were great. Every single one of them. When a sudden wave knocked Sam's glasses off her face and she couldn't see a thing without them, she was apologetic for the trouble. Our hunt for another pair of prescription glasses for her ended up being a High for the day. And when we visited the nursing department of the University Federale de Santa Catarina and their faculty presented for hours and hours on their current research, not one student excused themselves for a needed 45-minute restroom break. Which is what I would have done if I weren't in charge. Those faculty presentations became many of our Lows that day.

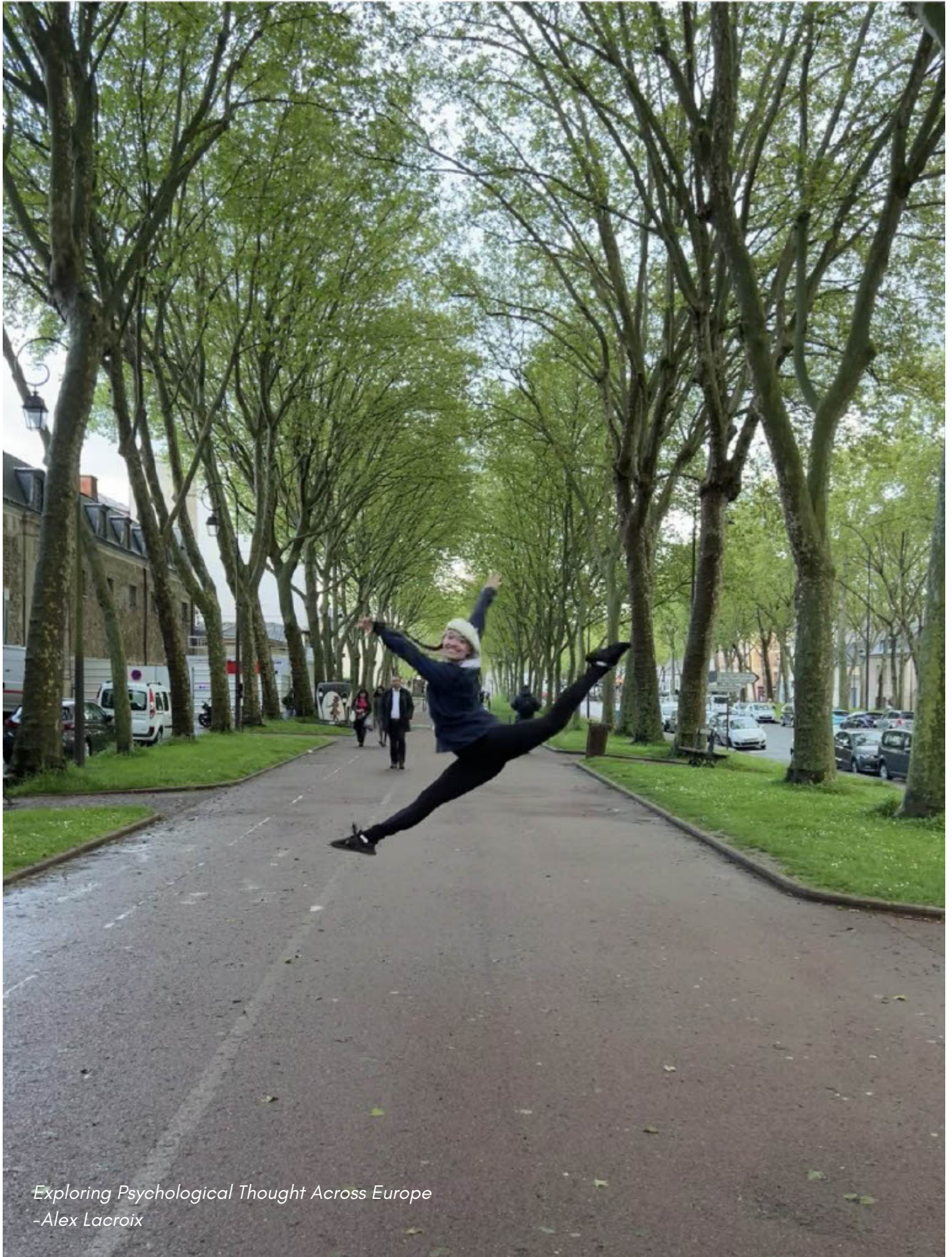
On the last day we listed our High Low Buffalo for the entire trip. Choosing my High was easy. I had planned on the trip being educational and I had hoped it would be fun, but I hadn't realized how great it would be to go with those students, nor had I anticipated how much I would like and love and enjoy them. The students. They were my High.

That beach, though, was a close second.

-Suzie Campbell  
Brazil

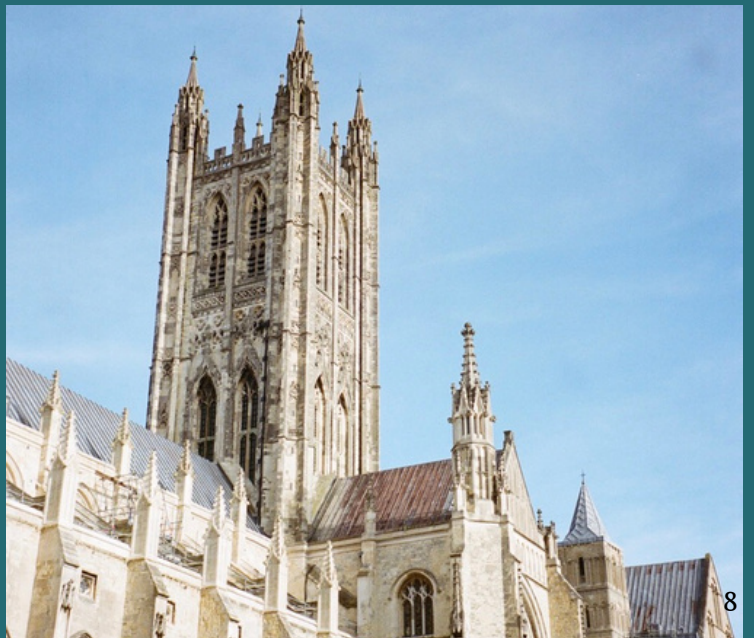






*Exploring Psychological Thought Across Europe*  
-Alex Lacroix





-Soren Wood  
United Kingdom



# FRAGMENTED SCENES OF A SHATTERED GREEK SEA LINE

-Eleora Ryan  
Greece



FIRST Rule I LEARN THE NIGHT I LAND IN GREECE:  
PRETTY GIRLS DON'T LIGHT THEIR OWN CIGARETTES.



and you grabbed my hand  
and you  
and i

danced in a way i had  
never felt myself

MOVE before

fluid, melting, freezing,

for what if one of us  
mayhaps had fallen? what  
then would we have done,

my firework girl?



it is my last sunset in Greece, which i watch from a  
place whose plaque names Greg's Bench For Philosophers &  
Dreamers, letting myself take it all in, letting it soak into  
my eyes, my brain, my soul, my consciousness, refusing to close my  
eyes until they have watered up so much that the beginning  
mountain i was staring at a moment ago is now the beginning  
of a water color painting - only colors & blobs daring me to  
try & give them some definition or some shape, but nothing i can  
put on paper could tell these mountains or this bench  
what they have given me  
in this lifetime.



My teaching will be so much deeper when I can talk about the travels that I've done and the lessons I've learned. I'll be able to share my perspective of diving into new cultures. I believe that learning about other cultures and people makes each of us better people. Having the opportunity to encourage students in this way is priceless.

*-Jaycee Carter  
Norway*







*Fjord Near Bergen  
-Jaycee Carter  
Norway*



*Stonehenge  
and  
the "Elgin" Marbles of the Parthenon  
-Kellie Meyer  
United Kingdom*



As an Art History/Anthropology major with a minor in Museum Studies, hands-on experience is invaluable. Books, photos, and videos can't recreate an in-person interaction with a work of art, a piece of history, or an ancient site. My trip to London with the Department of Art and Design not only took me to see the very works I'd been studying my whole career but offered a whole new insight on how museums outside the United States work and differing perspectives of provenance and ownership of artifacts and artworks. This trip provided ideas which led me to my thesis/capstone project focusing on "the art of death," inspired by the various forms of remembering the deceased from large monuments found in Westminster Abbey to paintings, to mummies and scripts for the afterlife in the British Museum and burial mounds at Stonehenge.

I would like to thank the Department of Art and Design and the Office of Study Abroad at SUU for this unique experience and furthering of my studies.



# TOMORROW MAY RAIN

I created the Instagram account @tomorrow.may.rain to leave some of the travel spam out of my main account and because, quite frankly, I can't get into the journaling thing. The title came from a Beatles song named "I'll Follow the Sun". I felt like the song fit my journey perfectly. I quickly realized that it was fun to pair each post with a Beatles song. It may have started as an excuse to share my love for the rock band, but it quickly turned into a chance to use meaningful songs to say what words couldn't.

## Side One



1. **I'll Follow the Sun** - this was my "theme song" in a way. As excited as I was to be going across the world, there was definitely a part of me that knew I'd be missing memories with the people I loved over the next few months.
2. **Eleanor Rigby** - played in my head every time we passed a cathedral - and there were lots!
3. **You Really Got a Hold of Me** - London wormed its way into my heart real fast.
4. **Julia** - a peaceful song about a woman of the sea. Or something like that. For me, it was just a lovely little sea-side song.
5. **Mother Nature's Son** - NATURE!!! Even though I missed my mountains.
6. **Magical Mystery Tour** - what a silly little song. Sometimes I felt like the whole trip was just a whirlwind of a wild ride. But there was something magical about transporting myself all over magical Europe.
7. **With a Little Help from my Friends** - did I meet the coolest people? YES! And it would've been so much more boring without them.
8. **Across the Universe** - this song speaks to my heart. It reminds me that we're all connected and that beauty exists all around the world!

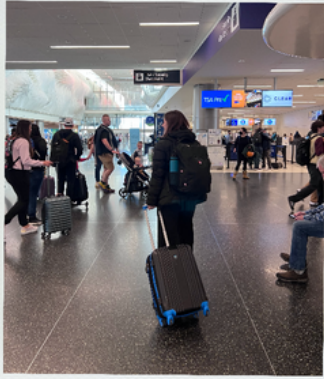
## Side Two

9. **Ticket to Ride** - I've got a bit of an obsession with public transportation. That's all.
10. **Revolution** - we checked out the John Lennon wall in Prague because - duh! I had to choose a Lennon song, and it just so happens that "Revolution" fits because the wall is all about local/global causes.
11. **Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da** - okay this song is just cute and so are all the little England towns and markets.
12. **Savoy Truffle** - FOOD!
13. **Michelle** - another cute little tune - this time about a French girl. A perfect choice for my Paris adventures.
14. **Sun King** - fun fact: Louis XIV (who lived in Versailles) was called the Sun King. So many castles/palaces with expensive touches.
15. **Her Majesty** - we happened to hit London on our way out at just the right (or wrong?) time - AKA King Charles' coronation. There isn't a song called "His Majesty".
16. **In My Life** - leaving England might've been harder than leaving Utah thanks to all the awesome relationships I was able to build. I've always loved this song because it reminds me of all the wonderful people who have entered my life.

-Leona Lombardi  
United Kingdom



# TOMORROW MAY RAIN



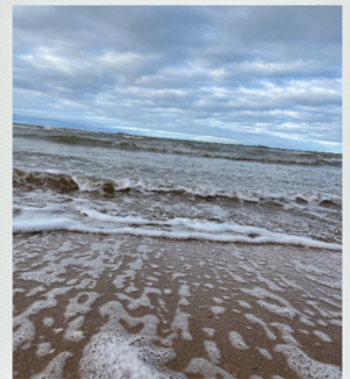
i'll follow the sun



eleanor rigby



you really got a hold on me



julia



mother natures son



magical mystery tour



with a little help from my friends



across the universe



ticket to ride



revolution



00-10-27, 06-12-23



Savoy truffle



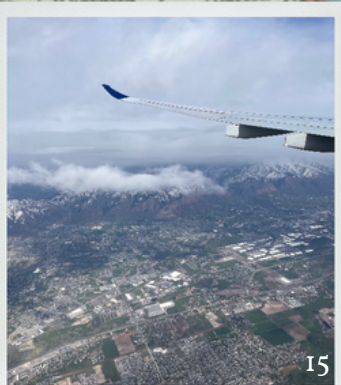
michelle



sun king



her majesty



in my life



## Britain's oldest door

is tucked into a walkway in Westminster Abbey with a small sign denoting its date as 1050 A.D. It is 950 years old, crafted from oak, and when

you stand next to it, the door is just your size, only a head or so above your 5'2" height. Your friend takes a picture of you with it, remarking

that it suits you well as she wanders further down the hall, and you pause instead of following, taking the time to admire a door in London,

centuries old but somehow made for you.



## Anticipation

When you call your parents about Europe,  
you rehearse what you need to say in your head,

letting it loop and loop as the dial tone  
plays in your ear, and when they finally pick up,

you start by saying *I'll be fine* and *I'm an adult*  
because you know they worry about the world,

about abductions and murder and the scares  
of Covid, the wars raging everywhere they turn,

the treatment of women, the language barriers,  
the overwhelming pressure of allowing their daughter

to venture into the subliminal world without them.  
You say the cheesy things as you pace your room

because you know they know you're right—  
you can't stay sheltered at home forever.

You spout detail after detail into the phone  
until you finally quiet and allow them to speak.

Silence, and then a breath, and then a voice—  
*You'll be fine*, they echo, *You're an adult*.

—Shauri Cherie  
United Kingdom and Norway





*Skyline of Paris from the top of the Arc De Triomphe*  
-Jordanelle Mugridge  
France



*Mustek Prague*  
-Jordanelle Mugridge  
Czech Republic



*Englischer Garten Park in Munich*  
-Jordanelle Mugridge  
Germany





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