

Dear Class of '55,

Words cannot describe how big of an impact your generosity has had on my education. I am so thankful for my opportunity to study abroad, and that truthfully may not have been an opportunity for me if it weren't for the financial aid I received.



Traveling abroad hadn't even been a consideration for me, or at least not a serious one, until a year before we left for Nepal. I was walking out of lunch one day, when my friend dragged me down to see the off-campus studies fair happening in the commons. We were walking around and visiting the tables, listening to all of the amazing stories from students who had taken trips before. While my friend was talking to the geology professor about his trip to New Zealand, I found myself wandering over to the Anthropology table. I hadn't even taken any classes in the department before, but while talking to the professors about the trip to Nepal, I became fascinated, and decided that maybe studying off-campus could be fun. I took one of their flyers with information on the trip, walked back to my room, taped it on the wall above my desk, and went online to register for Anthropology 101. 365 days later, I would be in Kathmandu.

Neither of my parents had ever traveled abroad before, so I was diving right into this experience blind. I read dozens of articles online about what to expect, packed my bag, and set off for the opposite end of the world. I learned to navigate strange places and learned an overload of information about a new culture. Our first day in Nepal, we celebrated a festival called Holi, which is the Hindu celebration to begin spring by throwing and spreading colored powder on everyone



