

SPECIAL ISSUE



FLORIDA STATE

NOMADIC NOLES

A magazine written & produced by study abroad students

FSU International Programs | Valencia, Spain

Letter from the advisor

As a co-instructor with Susan Hellstrom, I have been fortunate enough to teach six times since 2014 for Florida State University's International Programs in Valencia, Spain for the Editing, Writing, and Media Program. The two courses that students take are offered as a five-week study-abroad learning experience in the Summer B term, and we have taught a total of 82 students. Ten of those EWM-Valencia alumni contributed articles, photographs, and design expertise to produce this special issue of *Nomadic Noles*, the magazine that students in each class produce every summer.

Why a special issue is needed to replace our regular issue is no surprise. The COVID-19 pandemic has overwhelmed and devastated the global community for the past 21 months. People across the world have been forced into mandatory lockdowns, travel between countries has ceased at times, and opportunities have been suspended for college students at FSU and other universities to study in locations such as Valencia, London, Florence, Italy, and the Republic of Panama, among many other spots. Of course, losing a chance to study abroad does not compare to the losses many people have suffered. As part of the Valencia "family," we offer condolences and empathy to all who experienced tragic circumstances because of the pandemic.

The 10 former EWM Program students who offered to contribute to this special issue did so because they recognize what a privilege it was to be in Valencia, surrounded by the city's beauty and history, immersed in the Spanish culture, and welcomed by the kindness and friendliness of the people who live there. There are not words, really, to describe the depth of generosity and the width of open arms that the FSU Valencia Program team has offered the students and every faculty member who is lucky enough to spend time with them.

The writers in this magazine capture, in their words, what studying abroad meant to them. They also have taken those memories and emotions and found ways to express how the life-changing experience has given them the education, the perspective, and the confidence to accomplish goals for their post-Valencia lives. Two of the writers even submitted articles that lay out the steps necessary to perhaps one day return to Spain, seeking a longer stay than just a semester.

All of the contributors to this issue of *Nomadic Noles* deserve a thank you. But Savannah Tindall, one of the students who studied in Valencia in 2019, earns a special thank you. Savannah not only came up with the idea for the theme, but she also coordinated with the writers and designed the magazine. Thank you, Savannah, for all of the hard work you put into this project.

And thank you to all of the students who have studied in Valencia with the EWM Program over the years. During this unprecedented time in our lifetimes, the memories and emotions of sharing café con leches and sweet pastries—and just enough teaching—stand out even more now.

Jack Clifford

FSU Valencia Editing, Writing, and Media Program Instructor

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EWM Valencia alumni

2014: Monique Boileau, Emily Brooks, Beth Canova, Katherine Cornelison, Katie Feyko, Lina Gwynn, Allison Killip, Caitlin Lang, Kerri McCoy, Paula Nicole Meneses, Victoria Messina, Zachary Souza, Alexia Swanson

2015: Milagros Aburto, Claudia Gonzalez, Kathleen Keenan, Jennifer Knauf, Sarah Polissky, Erica Pope, Joseph Quintana, Corbin Ryan, Katherine Sinner, Sarah Tatum, Lauren Thompson, Rachel Townsend, Ashley Tressel

2016: Maryana Boatenreiter, Bianca Carbone, Helaina Cozza, Molli-Rose Glickman, Brandon Gonzalez, Jenna Kelley, Weesam Khoury, Gail Levy, Andrew Loeffler, Rosalie Peyton, Valeria Rey, Mackenzie Sadler, Alison Wilson

2017: Brittany Argote, Alyssa Blanco, Kamille Catala, Rachel Dranetz, Carter Floyd, Samantha Gettis, Taylor Goggin, Madeline Hoffman, Marc Hollingsworth, Amber Lewis, Madison Manley, Jessica O'Connor, Sarah Silva, Teaghan Skulszki, Ian Tramm, Brittany Wallace

2018: Danielle Brown, Tomas Cabezas, Audrey Caraher, Meg Croney-Clark, Mia Denney, Ashley Gray, Erin Groves, Alejandra Guzman, Lauren Martin, Lindsay Mead, Allison Notari, Maria Velez, Lexi Wendling

2019: Chloe Addleson, Melissa Kindma, Megan Magnole, Emma Jo McAuliffe, Rebecca McCandless, Caroline Murkey, Aziah Pless, Kelly Rico, Ericka Rivera, Miranda Sullivan, Savannah Tindall, Emily Voytecek, Jennifer Walker, Kayla Walston



Located at Plaza de la Virgen



Ciudad de las Artes y las Ciencias



Located at Plaza del Ayuntamiento

Photo credits

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All scenic photos taken by Savannah Tindall

Photos with people are submitted

by writer of the spread they appear on

Layout by Savannah Tindall

Reflections

*Writers for this section in order of their pieces: Caroline Murkey,
Savannah Tindall, Monique Boileau
Photo taken at the Church of San Nicolás de Bari*





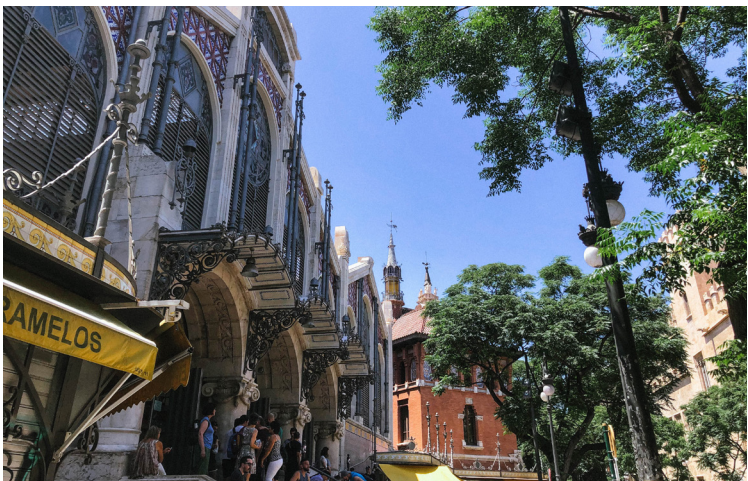
Not to be cliché, but studying abroad has changed the perspective of each of our contributors. By opening up to and immersing themselves in new cultures, students and teachers alike experience growth as they become more independent, openminded, and more. The experiences may differ between each student and professor, but each person who has participated in Florida State University International Programs' summer sessions in Valencia finds themselves reminiscing on their time in Spain. Read their reflections in the following section.

Discovering Europe to discover myself

Written by *Caroline Murkey ('19)*

Edited by *Savannah Tindall and Jack Clifford*

Photos taken at *Plaza de Manises, Ciudad de las Artes y las Ciencias, Mercado Central, and Plaza de Mercado*



“Can I help you, miss?” the train station employee asked me.

“Oh, no...well, actually, when can I board the train?”

I asked. He looked at me with furrowed eyebrows and then answered.

“Ah, an American,” he said to me. “You can board anytime you like, as long as you have the right ticket.”

I looked back to the train that I was supposed to be boarding, the one with closed doors. The employee must have noticed my confusion, as he walked up to the train and hit a button next to the double doors, causing them to fly open, followed by a recorded voice from overhead saying, “Mind the gap.”

I smiled embarrassingly wide and boarded the train.

“You are trying to go to Brighton, right, miss?” he asked, referring to the seaside town 50 miles south of London, right before the doors closed. I smiled and nodded my head.

“I see, are you waiting for anyone in particular?” he followed up.

I responded with a small lie, “Um, yes. Just two friends,” which I did feel a tinge of guilt over, as he had been very nice to me. Still, I didn’t want to announce that I was traveling alone.

But that’s exactly what I was doing. I was going to Brighton completely alone, and I couldn’t have been happier about it.

The confidence I gleaned from this particular excursion followed me throughout my study abroad experience, even when I left England for Spain. In Valencia, I enjoyed exploring the city with only my hopes and curiosities guiding me. I allowed myself to experience everything I wanted to do, and more.

When I was a first-year college student, my transition from high school wasn’t the best. My home was in Maryland, where most of my friends stayed, and Florida State University offered hope for something new. I wanted to spread my wings and become the person I was always meant to be, like everyone says they do in college.

Unfortunately, roadblocks obstructed my path to becoming a full-fledged, spread-winged individual. Among many things, the reasons could be summed up with three words: I lacked confidence.

I couldn’t convince myself to talk to new people or to try out new activities, so I stayed in my dorm room and burrowed into my safety net. Anything that might have ended with me getting even slightly rejected, I refused to participate in. The spring semester was slightly better but pushing

myself to be social or to try new experiences didn't happen often.

Thankfully, my sophomore year was leaps and bounds better. I joined a sorority, I started taking classes that I was super interested in, and I meshed well with my roommates—one of them even becoming one of my best friends.

Since my first year was so isolating, though, during my sophomore year I tried to make up for it. I wasn't going crazy and partying every night of the week, but I simply refused to be alone. My schedule revolved around other people so much that I don't think I went to the grocery store by myself once during the fall semester. Any sense of independence I thought I had was gone by December of my second year.

I had convinced myself that in order to never become first-year Caroline ever again, I could never do anything by myself. As sophomore year was heading into the spring semester, I made the decision to apply to study abroad in England and Spain.

I had always wanted to travel abroad, and I didn't know of any time that would be better. Thankfully, I was accepted into both programs—the broad-curriculum London program and the Editing, Writing, and Media program in, Valencia, Spain. I would spend from early May to mid-June in England and then I would go to Valencia for the EWM program.

Thanks to my parents' generosity, I was able to attend both programs, and I bought my airline ticket for a flight to London on May 7, 2019.

When I first arrived in England, I picked right back up with my old habits. I stuck myself to my roommates and determined what I did based on what they planned. Wherever they went, I tagged along.

Then I heard Dr. Kathleen Paul, the director of the London program, give a small presentation. Not to steal her thunder—and, spoiler alert for anyone who wants to participate in a London program—but she told all of us that the program, and my experience within the time I spent there, rested in my hands.

I was the sole proprietor of my future experiences. I could choose to follow what everyone else was doing, stay in my dorm room and not experience London, or I could take my experience by the horns and do what I came to London to do—create memories.

Then came the opportunity to visit Brighton. I had heard about the area quite a few times through a couple of different outlets, and the town seemed very coastal and appealing. While Brighton is beautiful and there is quite a bit to see and do compared to some other places, the area is not the most bustling place. But after I had my epiphany listening to Dr. Paul and her philosophy, I bought a train ticket to travel on my next day off. Alone.

That day started simple—I woke up, got dressed, packed my purse, and missed the bus I was supposed to take—but turned into one of the best days of my life. After missing the bus, I caught a taxi to Victoria Station, where I had the interaction with the station employee before taking the train to Brighton.

Once there, I walked around the city, picked up rocks from the beach, got rained on, and again, almost missed my transportation. (I wish I could say that I got better after that,



but the number of times I had to take the tube in the direction from which I had just come, because I went the wrong way, proves otherwise.)

That day in Brighton proved I didn't have to rely on other people to determine what I wanted to do. At that point, I took my study abroad program by the horns and created what would be some of my favorite experiences of my life. The independence that I thought I had lost, was never really gone.

I brought that same mentality with me in Valencia. I didn't just go with what my roommates wanted to do without considering my own wants. I contributed ideas about how to spend our weekends or where we should go on excursions. I got to experience beautiful natural springs and exciting different cities around Spain. I took walks around Valencia and explored what the city had to offer.

Without the resurgence of my independence and confidence in myself, I doubt I would have been able to enjoy my time abroad as thoroughly as I did.

The London program director's impassioned speech and a semi-rashly bought train ticket ultimately helped that independence resurface.

Now, along with the many rocks that I lined my pockets with, I have a newfound sense of confidence in myself that was rediscovered in England and Spain.



The experiences of a lifetime: my journey studying abroad twice

Written by Savannah Tindall ('19)

Edited by Jack Clifford

Scenic photo taken at Calle de Serranos

As someone who has lived her entire life in the same city, I was determined to get out of Florida when I went off to college. I was scared that I wouldn't experience growth if I stayed in state, but I ultimately ended up deciding to go to Florida State University because it didn't make financial or academic sense to attend school out of state. Looking back on it, my fears were unfounded and I can't imagine spending four years anywhere else; I found forever friends and became passionate about my studies, I matured into a driven woman.

Not only did my experiences in Tallahassee have a profound effect on me, I had the amazing opportunity to study abroad not only once, but twice. As a double major in English-Editing, Writing and Media and public relations, I was lucky enough to partake in both the Florence Communications and Media and the Valencia Editing, Writing and Media Program. Had the global pandemic not hit in 2020, I would have participated in the Communications Program in London. Nevertheless, having the experiences I had in Italy and Spain helped me gain independence and confidence.



When I ventured off to Italy in the summer of 2018, I had never traveled alone, didn't speak a lick of Italian, was going to have random roommates for the first time in my life, and had never taken a communication class.

Getting off the plane, I was a bundle of nerves. What if I got lost all of the time? What if my roommates hate me? What if I failed my classes? This was the first time I had ever felt truly alone in my life, I was in a foreign place with no one I knew. With my fears swirling in my head, I walked on the cobblestone-paved streets and lugged my suitcase up the stairs and entered my apartment for the first time. I looked up at the ceiling in my living room and instantly fell head over heels in love; it was a beautifully ornate fresco.

I spent countless hours under that ceiling with my roommates-turned-best friends, eating gelato from the place downstairs, hosting potluck dinners with my peers from my communication program, and planning trips to visit different parts of the country. I was exposed to a new approach to life, one that was more focused on living in the moment and enjoying the process rather than just the satisfaction of completing a task.

I tried new activities and new foods, I pushed myself to do things I never would have dreamed of doing, such as cliff diving. For the first time in my life, I felt like I had no one else to answer to except myself. That feeling of loneliness empowered me to embrace the culture around me like a sponge and become more independent and live for myself.

The following summer, I went to Spain with a newfound sense of self. Gone were my nerves; instead, I was filled with excitement for my next adventure and confidence to venture into the unknown. This time, I knew my roommate and we were both in the EWM program, so I felt not only comfortable with being in a foreign country but also with my courses. The transition this time felt seamless and I felt like I bonded this time with not only my classmates but also with people in the Broad Curriculum program as well.

On the days I did not have class, I spent my mornings at a cafe in front of the Torres de Serranos and watch people and reflect on my time in Spain. I was an early riser and since my schedule was different from my friends typically, I would go to museums by myself. While I felt independent in Italy, I took it a step further in Valencia and focused on what I wanted to get out of my experience. I lived in a studio apartment that was directly across from the Torres de Serranos which was always filled with hustle and bustle.

I loved sitting out on the balcony with my roommates and looking at different festivals and parades taking place; these experiences allowed me to take in a different culture. I never fully got used to the concept of a siesta, but I appreciated the idea of taking time to relax. I will admit, I never took a nap, but with the city closing up for a few hours, I became comfortable with taking a moment to just slow down and focus on myself.

To say both of my experiences studying abroad have changed me, as cliché as that sounds, would be an understatement. They opened up my eyes to different schools of thoughts, experiences I never would have pushed myself to do, and fueled my passion for my studies. Through the culmination of my time in Italy and in Spain, I have grown up and found myself. I am forever indebted to FSU's International Program and to the people I have met during my ventures.



Worldwide shutdown

Written by **Monique Boileau ('14)**

Edited by Savannah Tindall and Jack Clifford

Photos located at Calle del Santos Cáliz, Calle de Serranos

Check out www.instagram.com/phyllisstraussgallery/ to learn more about FSU's Bachelor of Fine Arts students' work, and www.carriennaade.com/ for Professor Baade's work

I studied in Valencia, Spain with Florida State University Art Professor Carrie Ann Baade in the summer of 2015. I explored Spain and my ancestral roots through the lens of art and painting. Carrie Ann pushed us to not only study the arts, but also to embody the lessons behind each painting and sculpture. Within every work lies a rich story of outward and inward exploration. Wars fought, lives born and lost, all in the name of culture and expression. Historical records remind us that when all hope is lost, and the night seems unending, artists will answer the call: to express, to create in the name of creation, to survive and act as a beacon of light and color when the world is blind. Art reminds us we are not alone in the struggle to understand our humanity, that so many before us have fought for the possibility of creation, to exercise our right as creative sovereign beings. This does not and cannot change in the face of a global pandemic.

I keep in touch with Carrie Ann and the students I studied with that summer. Some of us are here in the U.S., some in Europe, still others in Asia. No matter where we've ended up, one thing is certain: none of us expected what 2020 had in store, yet we continue to create. We continue to shine the light of art in the face of darkness, separation, and sickness. History requires a record of these times and we accept the challenge. We record our experience in light and color and sound and words for the future. I asked Carrie Ann to share her experience since March 2020, what it felt like to be in the European shutdown, and what reflections she has had over the past year.



You're a professor at FSU. What has been your role there? What do you teach and why?

Since 2011, I have been teaching regularly in FSU's International Programs summer offerings in London, Florence, and Valencia. In the spring of 2020, I had a special invitation, a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity really, to teach during the spring semester. This allowed me to attend my art openings in Poland and Spain. At FSU's main campus I am the Director of the B.F.A. program and a painting professor, while abroad I teach photography and a creativity class for nonmajors. It has been a wonderful experience working with an array of nonmajors, including business and pre-med. The arts and creativity are important to us all and sometimes I am the only art teacher these will ever have in college, so this became a special mission of mine to educate and open this world of visual arts to these students.

What drew you to the Valencia study abroad program?

Our campus in Valencia is unique in that you feel like you are a part of a foreign culture that is not merely a tourist destination. Valencia has its own culture and holidays like Fallas. The staff and instructors there are incredibly dedicated to the enrichment and support of the students. In the three times I have taught in Valencia, my expectations have been exceeded in terms of the quality and care our students receive, as well as, the cultural and academic experience they have. The students feel like they are at home there.

You were teaching in Spain when the COVID-19 lockdown began. Describe the city and the atmosphere during the days leading up to lockdown.

I believe I was participating in a project at CERN in Geneva, Switzerland, when things began to shut down. Overnight, this busy tourist destination and site for international science experiments was deserted by all but their core scientists. We were all traveling as this was our spring break. As we returned to Valencia, I taught two more classes before March 14, when Trump made his announcement causing a hysteria. Some of our students were gone before morning, then they were all gone by the end of the following week. Everyone in Valencia was devastated that they could not have their annual St. Joseph's day celebration, Fallas. The decorations for this huge event were up and there was much citywide consternation that this event would make many ill so they had to make the decision to close down this cherished event. The tourists left as the

hotels closed. I was there for nine days of lockdown. On the last day, I rented a bike and rode it to the sea; by the time I returned the shop was closing and would not reopen. We were all told to stay inside unless we were going to the grocery store. There were police on the streets to enforce this. I envied people who were allowed to walk their dogs.

How did you feel? What were your thoughts?

I was planning to stay to complete multiple projects that I was painting. I had works that needed to go to Paris, Poland, and Austria. I just kept looking around my Airbnb apartment thinking, I can't leave...there is no way to get 20 wet paintings out of here. I was earnestly hoping our lockdown would be four to six weeks and this would be perfect for me to paint as my contract for the apartment ended in June. However, within days, the owner of the apartment asked me to leave. I contacted the consulate and they said there was no such order, but eventually, I had to agree that if this was going to last

longer or if I was to die in the apartment—this would indeed create bigger issues. I had invitations from dear friends in Paris to evacuate and stay with them, but they had Covid by the end of the week. The Italian guy next door had just come home from Lombardi and he was coughing loudly; I had to assume he had Covid. I painted as hard as I could. The last days, I painted for 30 hours straight to complete what I could. I bought wax paper and put it in between the paintings so they would not stick together and bound them all up and shipped them. To this day, I still have a box of paintings stuck in Valencia that need to go to Vienna. Nothing is open or working normally, so my work is stuck. Europe is still experiencing lockdown.

How were students and the staff handling the situation?

Each day, I was in contact with our study center. They were very supportive yet everyone was in shock. No one knew what was really happening or how long this would last...we still don't really. Everyone was deeply disappointed.

What fears or complications came up for you?

By March 19, I was working diligently to get a flight out of Spain. There were no longer any flights left out of Valencia. An FSU student of mine, Melissa, was studying at UPV. I told her it was time to go. She was certain she wanted to stay because her UPV teachers said if she left that she would lose all her credit and there would be no refund. I told her we would figure that out later—we

needed plane tickets home. We needed to take a train to Madrid now as this was the closest working airport. Each day, our tickets were canceled. We rescheduled five times. Then, all the hotels closed. If we left our apartments, we would be homeless once we shut our doors. The trains now only left once a day, this would mean we would need to sleep at the airport for a 7 a.m. flight. We met at the train station. We had our bags, the food from our apartments, and cleaning supplies. We had no masks. We were two of five people on the train. Once we arrived in Madrid, the entire city was closed down. This was impossible to comprehend as I had been there two weeks earlier and this city of 3.5 million people and an industrial center was closed down. It was a cold and grey day made more ominous because there was not a single person anywhere. My student and I had to separate because we were not allowed to be in the same taxi. If this was another city, I thought: this is how people disappear. We got to the airport safely. Then, there was an announcement that the borders were closing. There were no more flights between continental Europe; we were no longer able to use our tickets to fly to Amsterdam. The only chance was to beg the airlines to change our tickets so we could fly to England, whose border was open. After hours on the phone and many people who did not believe me, we were able to get the last two seats out of a very full flight to London. I was not sure if we would get stuck there or if we would be able to travel from Atlanta to Tallahassee. If this had not happened, we would have been trapped at the airport like hundreds of others. They were showering in the bathrooms and sleeping



on the floors. I carried a spray bottle with bleach so we could clean the floor we slept on. We changed and threw away our clothes in the morning. I had sores on my hands from bleach by the time we arrived in London. There were more before we arrived home on March 23.

Have you found a way to channel these emotions in your artwork?

I returned home to find our house had flooded and all the floors needed to be replaced. My husband was very ill and needed multiple surgeries and treatment. The dog died. I was unable to paint for seven months in order to tend to our responsibilities. Yet, I completed the semester with our students online. I took over my program at FSU and helped all my students with their online exhibits and examines. We were online all through the summer cleaning up the messes from spring and preparing to be fully teaching digitally in the fall. I quickly finished a zoom meeting in order to drive my husband to the ER more than once. I don't think I have had time to process these emotions.

Do you have any funny or happy memories of quarantine?

Sarcastic funny works, too. I started the semester of teaching in Valencia, with this statement: How do we slow down time? How do we ever read the books we wish to read? How do we ever have time to journal? Or draw? Or breathe?

It was a little like an incantation. I think we now know how to slow things down. How many of us took or could take these opportunities, I don't know? I have now written 100,000 words of a memoir. I have returned to painting after all our calamity but just since January. Yet, there were many days of the pandemic where brushing my teeth was the major accomplishment of that particular day. There was so

much stress within and outside our home. I know I am not the only one who had trials and obstacles...I have been on the phone helping many friends and family members. Most of us are doing the best we can.

Has it been harder to find inspiration to paint and to teach? Or has all this insanity been good fuel for creativity and problem-solving?

Our lives have moved to the digital format. I challenge my students who are making objects or paintings that they need to find new and inventive ways to share their work online. It is very challenging to sustain this lockdown and have art. The arts and their institutions are greatly impacted during this time. There is no theater. There are very few exhibits. America has less funding and support for the arts than European countries. The arts are facing some incredible challenges.

What advice do you have for students and artist now?

If you can learn how to breathe, practice it now. If you can read the books you mean to read, read them now. If you can be creative, thoughtful, and caring, practice it now. I am sure the world will be up and running at a breakneck pace, and we will never have these long moments of nothing again. Try to see it as a luxury and not a burden.

Studying abroad can open students' eyes to an entire new world full of opportunities. For students who are looking to stretch their time abroad indefinitely, the following pieces provide tips for living in both Spain and Europe. Additionally, some alumni of Valencia's Editing, Writing, and Media Program have taken the leap to live abroad, and you can read first-person accounts of their experiences.



Extending your Stay

*Writers for this section in order of their pieces: Taylor Goggin, Jennifer Knauf
Photo taken at Calle del Padre Huérfanos*





From studying abroad to permanent resident

Written by Taylor Goggin ('17)

Edited by Savannah Tindall and Jack Clifford

Photo taken at Plaza del Ayuntamiento

I believe I speak on behalf of hundreds of Florida State University graduates that the Valencia, Spain, study abroad program is simply life-changing.

I immersed myself in the program for a six-week summer semester in 2017. I made amazing friends, traveled all over Europe, and learned a new language. It's impossible not to fall in love with the Spanish lifestyle and customs. On top of that, the program is located in a beautiful, historical part of Valencia with endless activities to partake in.

I simply knew I had to go back to Spain and stay long-term. To preface, working in Europe if you do not have citizenship is difficult. You must find a company willing to sponsor you, which conveys the notion that you are an advanced worker in a position unable to be filled by anyone already in the European Union. The company usually covers the costs of your work visa, which averages around 20,000 euros. Marriage, investing in real estate, and family heritage are other ways to grant citizenship.

However, Spain's economy is already struggling and unemployment is on the rise especially now due to the pandemic. Because of these reasons, I was feeling quite discouraged. Three years later, I am working to become a permanent resident in Spain, and I am ready to spill the beans for others looking to make it long-term in Europe.

My first recommendation is to apply as a Program Assistant for FSU's International Programs. They have locations not only in Spain but also in London, Italy, France, Germany, Russia, and Switzerland. Working for IP is an amazing first step to getting your foot in the door. FSU has a team that helps with the whole visa process and eases your transition into living abroad while still being surrounded by fellow Noles.

If you are looking to throw yourself into a new environment and travel, these three resources are for you: Workaway, Worldpackers, and WWOOF. These websites are based on "work-trade" experiences where you work for a certain amount of hours per day in exchange for free meals and a place to stay. The work comes in various forms: living with host families, working at a school or hostels, house sitting, working on sustainable projects, sailing, and so much more.

WWOOF, which stands for World Wide Opportunities on Organic Farms, is strictly farming. I was fortunate enough to take part in WWOOF in Hawaii and had the most enlightening experience meeting people from all over the world. All these resources are an awesome, economical way to travel without breaking the bank.

Another way to make it in Spain is by furthering your education or by securing an internship opportunity. This website con-

nects universities, students, and companies together in order to provide wide-ranging internships in every field. Additionally, there are numerous master's and doctoral programs offered in English that attract thousands of students each year.

For example, FSU alumnae Katherine Sinner, who also has an article in this magazine, applied to Parsons New School for a Masters of Arts Fashion Studies program in New York City but was accepted to the Paris campus. A beautiful surprise in disguise. Due to Paris' high cost of living, though, Katherine had to think fast about her housing situation. After some research, she found a website called aupairworld.com. This popular "work-trade" opportunity in Europe pairs individuals with families abroad in exchange for their help with picking up their children from school, taking them to extracurricular activities, and teaching them English. Activities range from family to family.

Katherine provided some insight for future au pairs.

"For people seeking opportunities in the EU, becoming an au pair is actually a great entry point," she says. "It is acknowledged that an au pair will be a student or young person from another country. But I recommend conducting Skype interviews with families before making any commitments. You will not be compatible with every family. And as working with children can be stressful in itself, overall compatibility is very important."

In short, whether you're looking to work for International Programs or any of the previously mentioned work-trade opportunities, or to further your education, or to plant your roots and grow in Spain or another country in the EU, you now have numerous resources at hand. While I certainly wish I was knowledgeable about these options upon graduation from FSU, I am more than happy to now share these helpful resources.

Traveling abroad is an eye-opening experience I recommend every person take. Traveling anywhere reconnects people to the precious moments of life, pushes people beyond their personal boundaries, and gives people the opportunity to learn new languages and experience new cultures. It's a growing experience like no other.

I will close with this heartwarming Anthony Bourdain quote: "Travel isn't always pretty. It isn't always comfortable. Sometimes it hurts, it even breaks your heart. But that's okay. The journey changes you; it should change you. It leaves marks on your memory, on your consciousness, on your heart, and on your body. You take something with you. Hopefully, you leave something good behind."

Six things you should know before moving to Spain

Written by Jennifer Knauf ('15)

Edited by Savannah Tindall and Jack Clifford

Photos taken at Valencia Cathedral, Centre del Carme, Calle de Quart, the Church of San Nicolás de Bari



No. 1: Make sure you have a valid passport.

A valid passport must have been issued within the past 10 years and needs to remain valid for at least three months after your projected return date.

No. 2: Find out if you need a visa and which one you should apply for.

While everyone needs a passport for international entry into Spain, the rules vary on when you need to obtain a visa and which visa you should apply for. Spain is part of two agreements that allow easy travel between the participating countries:

— The European Union is a political and economic union of 27 countries that allows citizens to live and work in any of its countries. So, you don't need a visa to live in Spain if you're already a citizen of an EU country.

The Schengen Area is a group of 26 countries that allows free travel to residents and tourists alike. This means that you don't need a passport or visa to cross between countries once you've arrived in Spain.

Although the U.S. is not part of these agreements, it is one of the countries that doesn't require a visa for initial entry into Spain. This only permits up to 90 days for tourism and business purposes. A visa is required for foreign internationals to work, attend school, or to reside in Spain for longer than three months.

However, visa-free entry into the Schengen Area is scheduled to change by the end of 2022 when the European Travel Information and Authorization System (ETIAS) will introduce the ETIAS Visa Waiver. This will be a simple online application, mandatory

for all foreign internationals to enter the Schengen Area. Again, this is valid only for tourism, and an additional visa will be required for a stay longer than 90 days.

The purpose of your stay determines which visa you should apply for. Perhaps the fastest and safest way to obtain a visa is through employment, which allows non-EU citizens to work in Spain. Other visas include the student visa, self-employment visa, non-lucrative visa for retirees, and the investor visa, also known as the Spain Golden Visa.

No. 3: Research the process and required documents for the visa you are applying for.

Visas are applied for at the Spanish Consulate within the applicant's home country and must be done in person. You first need to research the process and make an appointment on the

For many people, under the current obstacles and struggles we face, a change of scenery has never looked more appealing. Unfortunately, the world has never felt farther away. The collective desire to travel has become more persistent, and many of us, like myself, think it's about time to reacquaint ourselves with the world.

But where to go? And how to get there?

Of all the places I've visited, Spain is one of the most welcoming. I traveled to Valencia some years ago to study in the EWM Program with FSU's International Programs and I fell in love with the architecture and street performers. Spain is the perfect mix of city, beach, and history. There's also excellent public transportation, low rent, and easy access to other European countries.

I dare say that most people could live in Spain and never get bored.

Regardless of your reasons for wanting to move, one of the most popular countries to travel to is Spain. Between the art, architecture, food, beaches, and nightlife, Spain has something for everyone. Who knows, if you move there, you might just bump into other U.S. citizens who had the same idea. In fact, after a bit of personal research, I discovered that the reality of moving to Spain is relatively easy, and there are even a few different ways to go about it. The general process should look something like the six points listed below.



Spanish Consulate's website in your state of residence. Appointments fill up quickly and are usually only available a few months in advance.

The Florida Consulate of Spain is located in Miami. This location is not to be confused with the Vice Consulate of Spain in Tampa, which does not accept visa applications.

Several official documents are requested as part of the application process, and unless these documents are already in Spanish, they will need to go through the process of notarized translation. This process can be lengthy and should be started as soon as possible.

Once you present your documents and application at the consulate, you will be interviewed and your application will be sent off to be reviewed.

No. 4: Travel to Spain.

There is a strict timeline to follow once your application has been approved. You will have 30 days to pick up your documents and 90 days to enter the country.

No. 5: Register for a Foreign Identification Number.

Once you have entered the country, you have another 30 days to register for a Foreign Identification Number or Número de Identidad de Extgranjero (NIE). This is required for any foreign international staying in Spain for longer than three months. The application needs to be submitted in person at the local police department, and officials will ask for your passport data and the province you have decided to move to.

Even if having an NIE wasn't a re-

quirement, you wouldn't get far without one because it is necessary for many activities, such as opening a bank account, finding employment, registering for healthcare, and getting a driver's license.

No. 6: Renew your visa.

Your visa frequently needs to be renewed, so keep an eye on those dates and don't let the document expire. If obtaining Spanish nationality is your ultimate goal, you can apply for permanent residence after having lived in the country, uninterrupted, for five years. You can apply for nationality after 10 years. While this is a lengthy wait, there are certain conditions that can reduce this timeframe, such as applying for nationality through your ancestry or by marrying a Spanish national.

Alumni follow ups

Writers for this section in order of their pieces: Kerri McCoy, Ian Tramm, Maryana Boatenreiter, Katherine Sinner
Photo taken at Plaza del Ayuntamiento



When participants of the Editing, Writing and Media Program leave Valencia, it doesn't mean they leave the International Programs group. Rather, they become a part of the alumni base and are able to connect with other alumni whose interests and journey may mirror their own. Now, after graduating from Florida State University, these alumni discuss their ventures in their new lives and the lessons they still use from their time in Spain.



Moving abroad during a pandemic

Written by Kerri McCoy ('14)

*Edited by Savannah Tindall and Jack Clifford
Scenic photo taken at Plaza de Manises*

I think we can all agree that COVID-19 has been a journey. It is rare that the entire world experiences a collective tragedy. Almost overnight, some of us went from our happy lives to unemployed, and I am no exception. However, my life changed for the better when I decided to move to Asia mid-pandemic.

I graduated from Florida State University in 2015 with my bachelor's degree in English with a concentration in editing, writing, and media. I obtained my Teaching English as a Foreign Language (TEFL) certificate during my final semester with the intent of leaving all of my youthful troubles behind and move to Europe where I would live happily ever after.

Needless to say, that didn't happen. Instead, I became a teacher in the United States. I landed a job teaching English at a charter school in Denver. I was thrilled to be near the mountains in a place that seemed almost as foreign as what Europe would have felt like. I was 20 years old and didn't know anyone. I drove to Colorado by myself with only as much as what my tiny Chevrolet Malibu would allow. My life wasn't much, but I was miles away and felt as though nothing could stop me. It was the summer of 2015 and the world was my oyster.

I have learned so much over the past five years. For one, teachers are extremely overworked and underpaid no matter where they are. Friends come and go. It is easy to get carried away with spending and alcohol consumption, but that's life, and you learn. Over the past five years, I've learned so much. I know it's cliché, but I'm a different person now. I almost don't even recognize the bright-eyed 20-year-old I used to be. I got myself out of debt, I started a career, I got married, and was right on track to buy a house when life chose other plans.

Coronavirus hit. My husband and I, like so many others, lost our jobs. We were sitting around for months collecting unemployment and feeling sorry for ourselves.





But then I remembered this certificate I paid so much money for long ago but never used. The reason I got into education to begin with.

I approached my husband with the idea to teach English abroad. We regularly travel and have visited four continents together. We were depressed at the thought of never exploring internationally again. EsCafe.com surely had the answer to all of our problems. What better time than now to move abroad, leaving the pandemic behind, to teach children across the world?

I write these words now from arguably the safest country in the world—a country where there hasn't been a locally transmitted COVID-19 case since April 15, 2020. That is saying a lot considering I am only 90 miles across the sea from China where the virus originated. I have started a new life in a place where I am able to teach five days a week without the threat of disease in my classroom. My students and I are required to wear masks, of course, and we happily do so be-

cause we are so privileged to live in a country where we can visit shopping malls, movie theaters, and night markets without batting an eye at the thought of infection. The foreigners here are more concerned about the health of my family back home, and our loved ones can sleep better knowing that we are in a safer place.

Moving across the world was the hardest thing I have ever done. I never thought I would use my TEFL certificate. I was quite content knowing that I could work my way up the ladder in America and eventually earn a decent enough wage to become a homeowner and maybe even start a family one day.

Now, I relish in the life I live knowing that I have universal healthcare at my fingertips during a time when I worry about my friends and family visiting the grocery store in my home country. I will return to the U.S. one day—maybe even within the next year—but for now, we are content, grateful, and so privileged for the opportunity to be here.

Valencia, the Peace Corps, and my family of strangers

Written by Ian Tramm ('17)

Edited by Savannah Tindall and Jack Clifford

Scenic photo taken at Jardín Botánico

The date was December 31, 2019. I had just said “Good night and Happy New Year” to all of my coworkers and friends at an office party. We all worked for the local municipality at which I split my time with five local schools.

After the party, I rode my bike down the small dirt path that leads to my home in the village. By the time I arrived, my host family had already begun their festivities, eating and drinking and singing karaoke. Despite being the only nonlocal national for miles, I could not have felt more at home.

Before being invited to become a member of Thailand’s 131st Peace Corps cohort as a Youth in Development Volunteer, I was accustomed with the unique experience of existing long-term within a largely foreign environment. I was raised as a military brat, and I lived most of my childhood years outside of the contiguous U.S.—my parents even still today reside in what I call my hometown of Vicenza, Italy. For those with similar upbringings, the feeling of being dropped into a long-term arrangement surrounded by unfamiliar faces in an unfamiliar culture with an unfamiliar language is not unfamiliar.

Having this background would instill a Peace Corps position with certain desirability, as it represents more of that familiar unfamiliarity, though perhaps pushed to the Nth degree.

By the summer of 2017, when studying abroad in FSU Valencia’s EWM Program, I had already decided that upon graduation I would pursue a position with the Peace Corps. At that time in Valencia, I drew comparisons in my mind between my experience abroad as a student and how I anticipated Peace Corps service to be. The study abroad program was largely a collective experience. I lived and spent much of my time among fellow students exploring the beautiful Spanish city, studying, laughing, and spending evenings at local bars with them. I imagined Peace Corps as a much more individual journey.

Rather than fellow Americans surrounding me in an urban environment, I instead anticipated needing to establish myself solo in a rural area as one of the few, if only, native English speakers. Rather than having the excellent FSU Valencia teaching staff readily available to support me through any struggles I might face in my new locale and adjusting to the stressors that might accompany such an endeavor, I would have to rely solely on my own pre-curated toolbox of skills to effectively adjust and find success in my work.





As it turns out, I was surprised to find out just how much of a truly collective team effort Peace Corps service can be for the volunteers.

The initial three-month period of any Peace Corps volunteer's service is spent in Pre-Service Training or PST. During that time, all cohort members are placed in the same village and housed by a local national host family. In those 90 days, volunteers are provided with rigorous language training, job-specific seminars, workshops, and teaching practicum experiences that prepare for what daily life will look like once they are placed at a permanent site for the remainder of their 24 months of service.

This period of time, while certainly stressful, was pleasantly reminiscent of my time as a study abroad student. I spent most of my time in the company of other volunteer trainees and Peace Corps training staff, studying, exploring the village, and building relationships. In the hours not spent working, I was with my PST host family, honing my language skills with my host mother and father, and listening to the stories of my host grandparents, and tutoring/running practice lesson plans with my younger host siblings. I also immersed myself in Thai culture by attending various festivals, ceremonies, and daily rituals.

Interestingly, I've found the host family dynamic to be very much the inverse of the way a traditional family functions, or at least insofar as how my own family functions. In the traditional setting one feels bonded to a family member through shared experience, which in turn informs trustworthiness and reliability. The host family dynamic instead requires the immediate establishment of a seemingly unmerited trust and reliance, which only then later leads to meaningful shared experience.

These short few months fundamentally altered my perception of what my coming years of service would represent. In that time, I made lifelong friends, both American and Thai, who would continue to make up my support network long after we had all moved on to our permanent sites, and even beyond.

Following PST and the official swearing-in ceremony, volunteers are assigned to permanent sites, a bittersweet moment for all. Though excited to finally begin the true bread and butter of the service period, the thoughts of leaving behind the support of other volunteers and their host families saddens everyone. Much like the relationships built and maintained through my time studying abroad, however, the relationships and support I found during that preliminary phase followed me and continued to offer guidance and strength throughout the primary portion of my service. Despite being the only volunteer at my permanent site, I still felt the comforting border-transcending presence of those relationships and the value they offered.

Ultimately the most important aspect shared by both Peace Corps Service and studying abroad is the garnering of the meaningful and lasting relationships that are found along the way. Even now, after the abrupt and indefinite worldwide evacuation of all Peace Corps volunteers back to the United States amid the ongoing COVID19 crisis—and with the return date yet uncertain—I find those relationships continuing to support me in ways I never could have expected.



Growing Up

Written by Maryana Boatenreiter ('16)
Edited by Savannah Tindall and Jack Clifford
Scenic photos taken at Centre del Carme and
Torres de Serranos

I think about what I learned on Florida State University's English-editing, writing, and media track often. I have many great memories of working in the department's Reading-Writing Center, studying rhetoric, and reporting for the *Nomadic Noles* in Valencia, Spain. This program taught me how to research, to analyze audiences, to tell stories, to ask difficult questions about rhetoric and the impacts of tourism while studying abroad, and most of all, that our skills can be used for change.

If I were writing this article before the Covid-19 pandemic, I might spend more time reflecting on my experiences in the EWM program. But, as I'm writing, we're stuck in the deep end after a year of international trauma. Historic injustices have begun gaining the attention they've always deserved, our country's governance seems at the brink of collapse, and the job market is more grueling than ever. People around the country are grieving on too many levels to count. Most days it's impossible to process the depth of grief that is here with us. So, I'm not here to tell an inspiring story about my success, but to share something real for anyone going through a difficult time personally or professionally right now.

After I graduated from FSU, I slid right into graduate school. I was inspired to keep learning. Looking back, I should have taken a year off, but a "break" wasn't in my vocabulary back then. Don't get me wrong, learning to teach writing and researching composition and rhetoric was a deeply important experience, but I needed some time to regroup after. When I started, I was sure I'd get my doctorate immediately, but my exhausted brain and body had different plans. My biggest takeaway from graduate school was that working with students is immensely meaningful and exciting. I felt honored and terrified to be trusted with such a responsibility because it's also an incredibly difficult job, especially as a new teacher in a new place.

The end of graduate school was anticlimactic. I was burned out. I moved to Denver to look for anything that wasn't more school. I knew I wanted to work with students, but I was lost in the wild Denver job market. I was in the thick of it all—shoveling my last bit of energy out to work as a cashier and adjunct writing instructor just to scrape by quite miserably. I applied to be an advisor, a writing center director, a full-time instructor, a learning specialist, but I kept hitting dead ends.

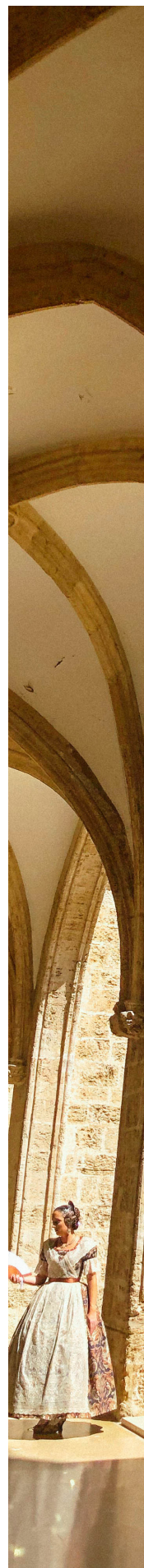
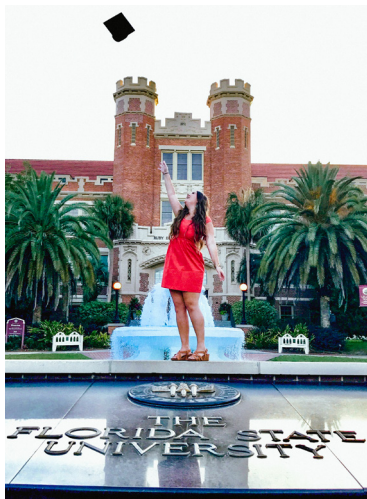
I was nearing the end of my underwhelming savings

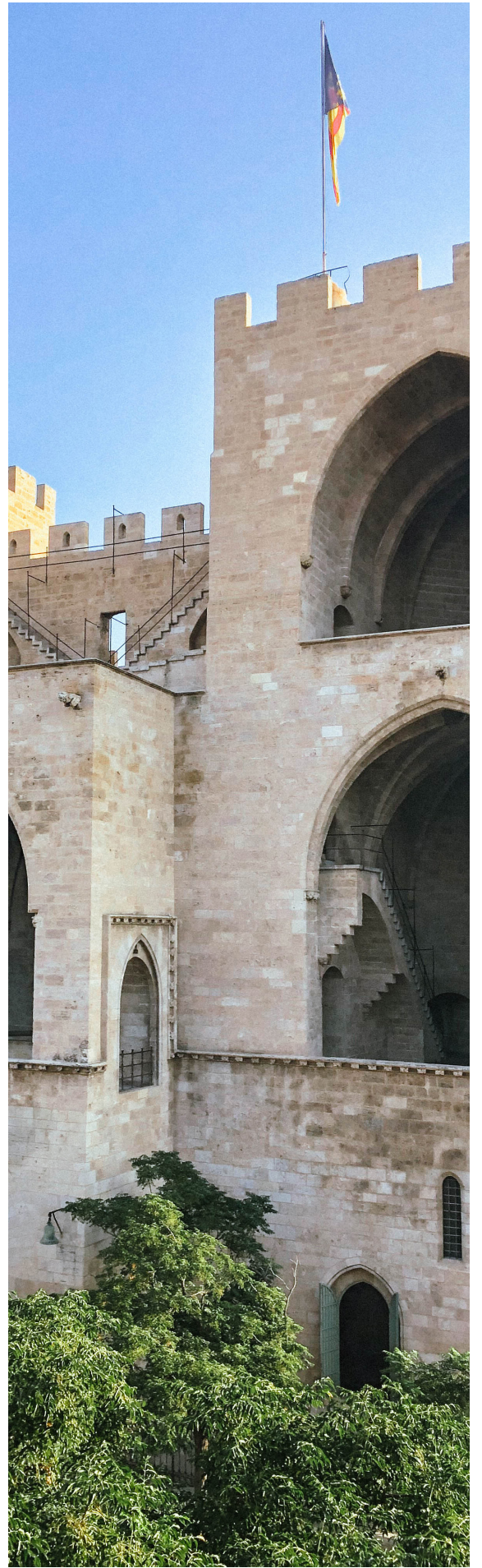
account, and I was beat from working seven days a week. When you're looking for work for a whole year, friends and family often say, "don't give up" or "you'll find the perfect job when you least expect it." But at some point, those words grow even more infuriating with each passing day. Like, can't I just wallow and refresh my email in peace?

I have to admit that some of this frustrating advice wasn't far off from my experience. After almost a year, I found a job working as a communications specialist at an education policy nonprofit. This job—that I didn't know existed—presented an opportunity to work for students instead of with them. Although I'm not teaching right now, I'm highlighting resources that help policymakers make informed decisions to support students, and I feel proud that the EWM studies led me here. I'm managing a blog, editing, supporting writers, and learning about how education policies impact schools and students. I can't discuss my job search process without recognizing my privilege as a white woman on the job market and the responsibility white folks have to redistribute wealth and power to folks who've been excluded from institutions, so I hope those of us that can create change from the inside, do.

I don't have any sage advice for you, but if I've learned anything from my experience, I would say to give yourself some rest from the grind. Reject the hype to work yourself into the ground for the role you've always dreamed of. I did that, and I never even got there. I think it's completely valid to be angry that this is the world new graduates are entering right now. I wish it wasn't. But, remember that the EWM program prepared us to communicate effectively, to analyze, to research, to write, to report—we can be journalists or librarians or writers or producers or graphic designers. Or maybe we have to choose something that supports us to respond to the capitalistic demands our country puts on people just to survive.

Something that keeps me going these days is remembering that language matters, peoples' stories matter, and our ability to share important words with the world—in whatever form we choose—is powerful. Wherever you land this year or next, I hope you get to share something with the world that is important to you, but only if you feel up to it. Either way, I hope we can all take care of ourselves and the communities that need it most.







A new Parisian life

*Written by Katherine Sinner ('15)
Edited by Savannah Tindall and Jack Clifford
Scenic photo taken at Plaza de la Virgen*

Sometimes all it takes is one leap to change the rest of your life. Making one important decision can have the greatest impact on the outcome of your life.

My decision to study abroad in Valencia, Spain, for Florida State University's Editing, Writing, and Media Program was that choice for me. Not only was that my first time leaving the U.S. to explore a new culture, but that experience sparked something inside of me.

Spending the summer of 2015 in Valencia made me realize that we live in just one part of a vast world. I felt a change upon returning to Florida at the end of the summer. Everything was all so exciting, and I couldn't stop talking about my experiences. At first, I chalked it up to the cliché of the young girl who experiences Europe for the first time. My friends were probably exhausted by my stories.

Fast forward about six years to the winter of 2021; I'm now writing this article from my apartment in Paris. When I graduated from FSU and entered the workforce, I was still feeling that internal shift. My professional aspirations weren't working so well for me, and I simply didn't feel right in my life. Things seemed stagnant.

So I made another leap: I applied for graduate school with Parsons New School. I was accepted into their Paris-based school for a Master of Arts Fashion Studies program. After finding out, I rushed to get a student visa, sold my belongings, and moved to France with nothing but two suitcases and my best friend (Benny the pug).

I secured a job as an au pair to two children. An au pair is a job in childcare which is similar to nannying. However, the au pair will either live with the host family, or the family will provide a small accommodation for them. The children's parents pay the rent on my small studio apartment and give me a bit of spending money each month. Being an au pair has allowed me to manage living in Paris as a student with a budget.

I arrived in Paris in August 2019. Paris was gorgeous, as expected. The architecture, the statues, and the bridges over the Seine river took my breath away. Countless museums displaying artwork by Van Gogh, Renoir, and so many more fill the city. A charming cafe culture of afternoon coffees and pre-dinner apéros with friends is a part of life. I often visited the Luxembourg Garden, which seemed as though it were designed by royals. It left me awestruck that I, a mere person, could be allowed into such a beautiful landscape.

Paris really took my heart.

However, for every good moment in my new city, there were surely some bad moments trailing behind. The language barrier intimidated me at first—sometimes it still does. The only French words I knew were *oui*, *bonjour*, and *merci*. Moving to another country is scary enough, but not having an understanding of the language makes every situation feel like a challenge.

That issue has probably been my biggest struggle here. I didn't understand the labels at the grocery store. Calling



companies to set up my electricity and my WiFi was a daunting task. I often relied on Google Translate. Communication with my dog's French veterinarian was a struggle.

Additionally, the French bureaucracy is unlike anything I have ever experienced. Things happen very slowly here.

And eight lonely months passed before I made any friends outside of my school. During the spring of 2020, I finally began making friends and learning bits of the language. I felt settled.

Then came Covid-19 to shake us all up.

The Fashion Studies program was built to be hands-on and collaborative. We visited the storage building of the Palais Galliera to personally experience the clothes worn by French royals centuries ago. We curated gallery exhibitions and created projects with brands such as Isabel Marant.

But after the first surge of COVID-19, there were no more of these experiences. My school's campus shut down and we were forced to resume classes via Zoom. There were computer lectures and that was all.

Now we are in February 2021, nearly a year after the pandemic first struck, and our classes are still held on Zoom. The pandemic robbed us of our education, among many other life moments.

Not only is school a challenge, but France has implemented incredibly strict measures to guard against the virus. To date, we have experienced two lockdowns (and a third is currently being discussed).

The lockdowns were strictly enforced. Police patrolled the streets. Everything was closed. The streets were dead silent, which felt eerie in comparison to my warm memories of the lively Parisian streets.

Upon leaving our apartments, we were required to fill out an "attestation" telling police the purpose for being outside. The only accepted reasons for leaving our apartments were for essential reasons: grocery shopping, doctor/pharmacy visits, walking a dog, exercising, or aiding a sick family member. The city felt like prison.

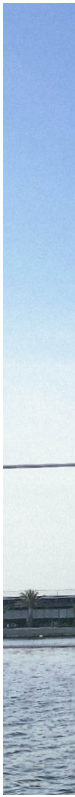
Though we are not in a lockdown at the moment, we have a 6 p.m. curfew. So, for those who work during the week, the situation certainly doesn't feel much better than the previous lockdowns.

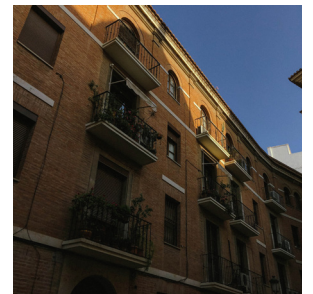
Enduring a pandemic in a foreign country has tested me in new ways. The distance from my friends and family in Florida has made the situation even more difficult. I briefly considered returning home to the States, but a part of me feels grounded in Paris now.

I'm not ready to give up yet.

None of us—Americans, Parisians, Americans in France—know what the future holds, especially in the world's current state. We have all lost something, made sacrifices, or simply struggled to grasp this new way of life.

But even now, confined to my little Parisian apartment after 6 p.m., moving to Paris was the best decision that I have ever made. I have never regretted that leap.





Thank You Valencia...

Written by Savannah Tindall

Photos taken at Valencia Cathedral, Ciudad de las Artes y las Ciencias, Museo Arqueológico de la Almoina, Mar Mediterrània, Plaza de Lope de Vega, Centre del Carme, and Torres de Serranos



For the memories we had to look back on of exploring while we were stuck inside. For broadening our horizons and opening our eyes to an entire new way of living. For allowing us to become better writers and editors through the EWM Program. For introducing us to tapas, paella, patatas bravas, and more. For connecting us with forever friends. For helping us grow in ways we never could have imagined. Thank you for leaving a lasting impact on us all.



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