

Love

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LOVE

Leann

I love the first scene in the movie, “Love Actually,” in which the commentator makes the point that when 9/11 occurred in NYC, the overriding feeling that people in burning buildings and hijacked planes shared with loved ones was not hate, it was LOVE. The messages that people left on answering machines or in final phone calls were not messages of anger or hatred; they were messages of LOVE.

At I-House, I love that I have witnessed friendships form across country and cultural barriers because residents have an opportunity to know each other as people rather than through the lens of media and political jargon. I care deeply for many of the residents and alumni I’ve known at I-House over the years. I love that I work daily in an environment where FRIENDSHIP and LOVE grow daily among people from around the globe and across the age spectrum, and where misunderstandings have an opportunity to turn into learning experiences.

I love that I work with college students who explore the many and varied expressions of love through their writings, poetry, and artwork. Wishing you moments to consider the LOVE in your life as you contemplate this newsletter.

Leann



My Jichan/Grandpa

Saki

I always was a grandpa's girl. He always welcomed me home when I came back from elementary school by preparing afternoon snacks for me every day. He taught me many things from fairy tales to manners. He liked singing and sang a lot of traditional songs for me. He liked drinking a lot, so I was very happy to share my first drink with him on my 20th birthday. He taught me how education is important and encouraged me to study in graduate school. I love my grandpa.

What I love about him is that he was always respectful and showed his gratitude to others. For the last five years of his life, he stayed in bed. He couldn't do anything without his family's help. I helped to get him out of and to his bed before and after every meal. I cannot imagine how hard it was for him not to be able to do anything without other people's help. Though he was in the tough situation, he never forgot to say "Thank you" to us: "Thank you for helping me with the wheelchair." "Thank you for coming back all the way from Tokyo to take care of me." "Thank you and I'm sorry for causing you trouble." I wonder how many times I heard "Thank you" from him even though I couldn't tell him even one "Thank you."

I know it's too late...but Thank you Jichan for making me who I am today, and I love you, Jichan.



Something I Will Never Let You Know

Peng Jiang (Jolie)

--- *To my boyfriend*

Something I will never let you know
is that your eyelashes are beautiful
When they flap as wings of a crow
a pond of water in my heart
is stirred without warning, smiling into ripples

Something I will never let you know
is that your arms are powerful
When they warm me by your body temperature
a solid castle rises straight out of the ground
standing firmly, letting nothing go through

Something I will never let you know
is that your lips are flexible
When they greet mine with long, sweet hug
I experience the electricity together with a taste of mint
dancing through my whole body, as the lead role in a musical

My big brother, little boy, sweetheart
with time and space, I dare to wage a war
And as you have probably realized
I'd never promised "forever" deeply in mind
to anyone before



To A Friend

Peng Jiang (Jolie)

In the cramped, dark mailbox filled with
ads

I came across your letter
It was like the first sun light at dawn
from a place out of reach

I came across your letter
My memory flooding
From a place out of reach
You were smiling

My memory flooding
It was also an autumn
You were smiling
and we walked shoulder by shoulder in
the rain of yellow leaves

It was also an autumn
Sky was as blue as sapphire above our
homes
And we walked shoulder by shoulder in
the rain of yellow leaves
The wind waltzed into our nose

Sky was as blue as sapphire above our
homes

When university days were approaching
we hardly saw each other

The wind waltzed into our nose
The cool temperature stabbed my nose
and it twitched

When university days were approaching
we hardly saw each other
What I did I didn't remember
The cool temperature stabbed my nose
and it twitched
We finally separated, to places thousands
miles away

What I did I didn't remember
I suddenly arrived here
We finally separated, to places thousands
miles away
California had no winter

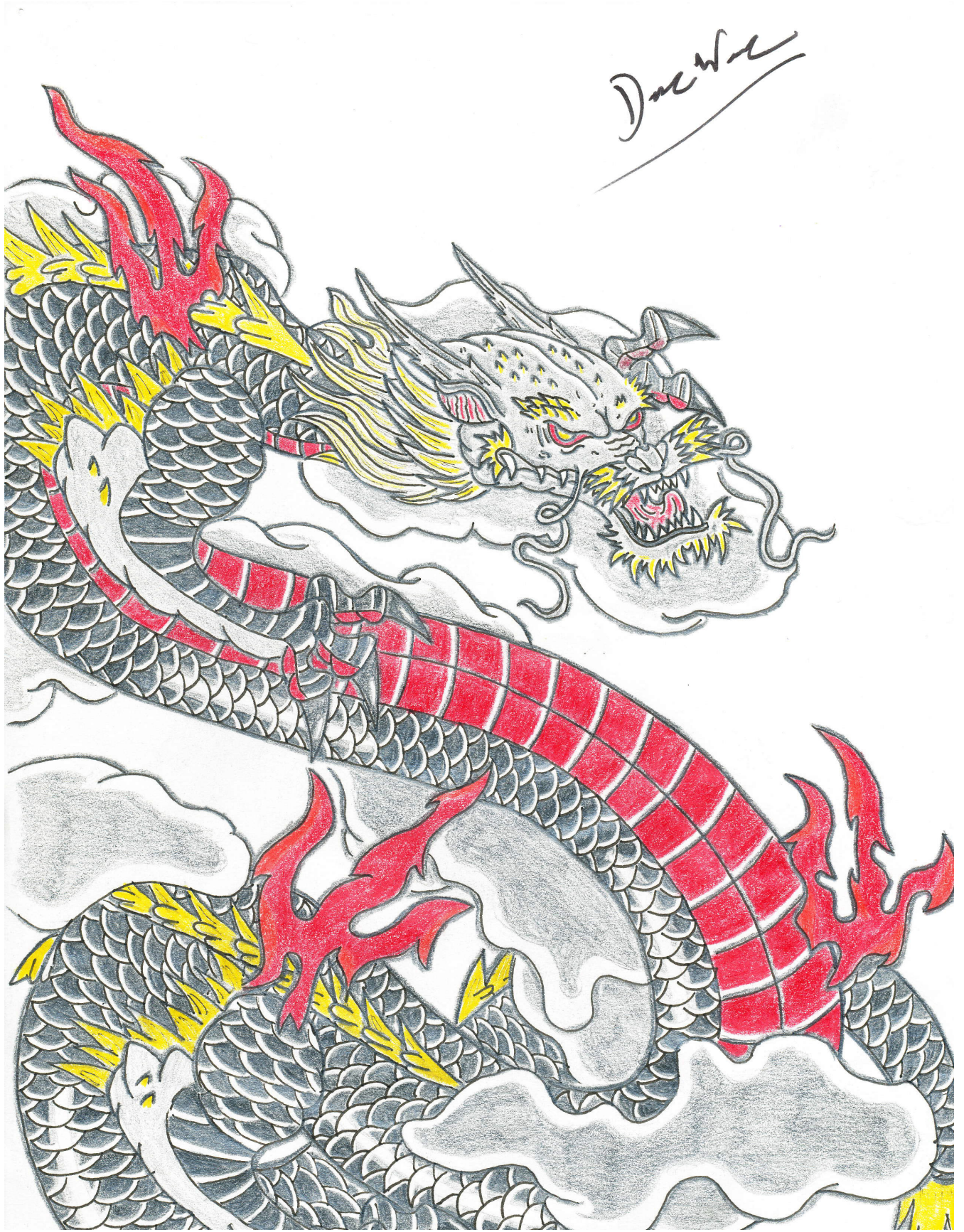
I suddenly arrived here
Met different people and became an En-
glish speaker
California had no winter

When you had sunk into my precon-
scious mind I came across your letter





Alex Lamperti & Crystal Manning



Dominic Woolridge

Ode to a Furry and Well-Whiskered Companion

Adam Skerritt

I have a confession to make. Quite simply, I am a cat person. Now, before I continue, let me clarify. I am not quite of the same breed that dresses them in clothes, and posts every moment of their waking lives on You-tube and in my emails, or would be perfectly content to take a dozen of them into my home. That is the definition of overkill. I am not even in the least bit likely to attend a cat show, or admire the intricate subtleties of those of the species that “can has cheeseburger”. I just adore cats and could not, especially when huddled by a warm fireside with a book, think of a better companion.

As you may have probably figured out by now, I have a cat back home. His name is Puddin-Head Wilson and he is a delight. His laziness surpasses all creatures; I have passed whole days without seeing him move an iota (unless I hold a favorite toy or snack over his head) and he has often preferred me to carry him to his food bowl, even as a kitten. At 21 lbs., his girth is remarkable and a grand sight to behold. Yet, what is truly remarkable about him is his abundance of mirth, love, and contentment. He chases moths with unrepentant delight and glee, and nary can a stray bird or squirrel pass by the house without his curiosity following it. If I am sitting in a chair in the evening, he sees it as a welcome invitation to sit upon my lap all night long, and paw mercilessly at my face until I focus my attention on him. (As much as I pet him, he is one of the few cats that will return the favor.) And, of course, Christmas is never complete without him playing with the wrapping paper and sitting in the boxes that we have so freely cast aside. For a cat that is considered quite old for his age, it is almost as if he has not stopped being a kitten.

Communication has not exactly been easy. Having a conversation with my family over the phone is one thing. Having my younger brother put me on speaker and talk to the family pet is quite another. Until I gain the abilities of Doctor Doolittle, I will have to be satisfied with catching him off guard and slightly spooking him. Nonetheless, I look forward to Thanksgiving back home and having, for at least one night, a warm, fluffy companion to accompany my reading and glass of eggnog.



I love travelling

Misha Aggarwal

I have been fortunate enough to have traveled to several places. Living in England has allowed me to travel to Europe very easily as we can take our car via the Eurotunnel to France and drive. In Europe I have been to Belgium, France, Luxembourg, Germany, Italy, Spain, Ireland, and Majorca. Other countries outside Europe that I have been to include: India, Kenya, Egypt, Dubai, USA and Turkey.

Even though I was born and raised in England I have visited India every year since I was born, as that is where I am originally from. We always visit my family in Delhi, the Capitol, but every time we go we also plan a trip to a new part of India that we haven't seen so can learn more about our country. Being able to speak Hindi fluently allows me to mix in with the locals and meet new people in order to learn more about the culture of that particular place.

When I was 17, I opted to go on an expedition trip to Kenya for a month with an organization called 'World Challenge'. The trip was sectioned into three main parts. The first part was called 'acclimatization' which involved trekking in different parts of Kenya so that we got used to the weather conditions and the weight of our rucksack. Then, my most significant achievement yet, was climbing mountain Kenya which was 5000m high. My group and I were also involved in volunteer work in a local orphanage in which we helped to build a playground and decorated their classrooms to make it a more stimulating learning environment. Before going on the trip, I was very apprehensive as I had never before been away from home for so long. However, after the trip I felt as though I was a completely different person. I learnt how to cope in tough situations such as pitching a tent in icy conditions, sleeping in -10C, trekking in heavy rain, and handling the pressures of being in a group of a total of 18 other girls as well as cooking and finding accommodation.

In the future I would love to travel to Australia, Morocco, Middle East, Latin America and Russia. I would also love to travel to the East Coast of America, for example New York as I have only visited California and Texas and am interested to explore the other states.



Anna- Marie-Josephine Hobson

I am five years old and have just managed to spill my entire content of coke on the floor. Coke, a very rare treat in our family. As the toxic brown liquid seeps to the floor it doesn't take long before all that's left is an ugly wet patch beside me and, I begin to feel that familiar despair of tears bubble in my throat, I try purposefully to push it back, maybe because I am embarrassed or I just don't want to expose my tears in public. As I look across, I see my sister, a year and a half older than me, without hesitation, and before any grown-ups have time to assess the situation she walks over, she lifts my now horizontal lying glass and fills it to the half-way point with her own drink.

As we witnessed each other's childhood, we became guardian angels for one another, gossiping about our parents, or holding each other's hands as we complained about going on another hike. She told me elaborate stories, painting my imagination with beautiful pictures. I cried when she cried and we giggled together under the blankets as we disobeyed our prescribed bedtime. We filled each other's glasses so innocently. As we moved through our lives, I could always look beside me and I knew there was someone there, one person who could understand what could be like to be me.

As now I sit waiting for Skype to load, and begging for a half decent connection, I am grateful for the love that is tied in sisterhood, as I am not only waiting for my sister, but also my best friend, and the most important person in my life.



Leslie Avelar

Let me be your heartbeat
The tired muffling you do on your own
Just won't do your body any justice

Let me be in you
Like the impression you have carved in me
In my thoughts and in my prayers

I want to flow in your veins
Circulate in your chest, pumping outward
From deep within I want to live your life



Diego

When I was growing up in California as a six year old, my childhood revolved around sports such as baseball, football and basketball. Since then, sports have made an impact in my life whether I am playing or watching. I had some of the best childhood friends who introduced me to these sports that I never knew about when I was first living in Mexico. My favorite sport of all time has always been baseball because of the pure skill, the ability to hit a major league fast ball out of the park and making great plays which all I ever wanted to get a chance of doing. I played as a kid and I had a fun time playing Little League baseball with some of those neighborhood friends. I played football in high school and during the offseason I played basketball outside of school with some of my high school friends. I just like the competitive nature of these sports as well as the excitement and joy of going out to compete. If I'm not actively playing these sports, I volunteer my time to coach basketball.

The past couple of years I was the Head Coach for a 7th and 8th grade boy's basketball team. Having the perspective of being a coach was different but really fun. It was a challenge at first but my team had a huge turn around after our first season making it to the playoffs. All the great memories of me growing up playing sports have impacted me positively and I continue to look for opportunities like these because I know I wouldn't want to miss them. It will always be something that I love to do.



Quiereme O No Me Quieras

Something About Love

Arianna Vázquez Fernandez

“Quiéreme o no me quieras, pero no lo hagas a medias. No se puede amar con horarios, con reservas, con medidas. No me ames egoísta y precavido. No me quieras con cordura. Porque el Amor ha de ser incertidumbre, una anarquía.

Es saltar al vacío. Exponerte a librar una batalla sin armamento. Sentir tanta adrenalina desde un sofá como al borde de un abismo. Hablar sin necesidad de palabras, saber todo sin nunca antes haber escuchado.

Pero si al final de todo no lo puedes evitar y me quieres con horarios, con reservas, con medidas. Y me amas egoísta, precavido y con cordura, no por ello dejes de hacerlo. Pues si yo buscase cambiarte jamás mercería un Amor tan puro como el que te estaría exigiendo.

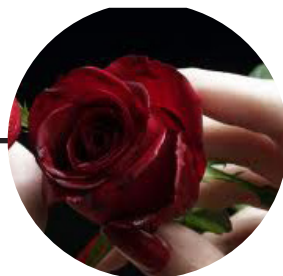
Quiéreme o no me quieras pero, eso sí, si decides hacerlo, al menos, que sea lo mejor que puedas.”

“Love me or love me not, but don't do it halfway. You can't love with schedules, with reservations, with measurements.

Don't love me selfishly or cautiously. Don't love me sanely. Because Love must be uncertainty, anarchy. A leap in the void. Expose yourself to fight a battle without weapons. It is to feel the same adrenaline from a sofa as from the edge of an abyss. Speaking without words, and knowing everything without ever having heard.

But if finally you can't avoid it and you love me with schedules, with reservations, with measurements. If you love me selfishly, cautiously and sanely, don't stop doing it. Because if I would try to change you, I would never deserve Love as pure as I am demanding.

Love me or love me not, but if you decide to do it, at least do it the best you can. “





Melvin McElrath








Maddie Embry

Love in Ancient Chinese

Xincheng Yuan



You may ask what's the image above? Well, it is the oldest version of Chinese character "Love" from the inscriptions on ancient bronze objects. Let's look at what the symbol means, and have a taste of what Chinese ancestors consider love means.

This character is created about 2000 years ago. It consists of 2 parts:  and . In detail,  looks like a man opening his mouth, twittering. In the meantime he reaches out his hands (), and holds up a , which is a common symbol for "heart" in ancient Chinese characters .

Therefore we see, in a Chinese ancestor's mind, love is like a twittering person holding a heart. This is vivid. Love is just like a person who keeps talking to you and warning you on the correct thing to do. If a person really loves you, for instance your mother or wife, or father or husband, they will definitely remind you of what you should do and what serious consequence there will be if you follow the wrong track. They try to hold your heart, in other words, they try to protect your fragile heart from breaking. A stranger will not bother to remind you again and again, and they will not bother to protect your heart. Instead, they may leave your fragile heart wounded with another scar!

WOW! I just can't express how great is my admiration to ancient Chinese people for their intelligence. What do you think?



Mathilde Brière

Je me suis jetée à l'eau avec toi et je suis montée
sur ton radeau,
On a pris la mer ensemble et construit un plus
grand bateau.
Dans nos cales on gardait les trésors d'un
amour sans limites,
Le vent soufflant dans nos voiles jamais ne
nous quitte.

Mais dans ta course effrénée tu as heurté un
rocher,
L'eau s'infiltré lentement et la coque se fissure.
Dans les froides profondeurs j'ai senti mon
âme se noyer,
La tempête m'emportant sous le poids de nos
blessures.

Je me suis échouée sur le rivage de cette île
déserte,
Où j'apprends à survivre seule telle Robinson
Crusoe.
Le temps passe et efface la douleur de ta perte,
J'attends le prochain radeau qui viendra me
chercher.

L'amour est un voilier qui peut vite chavirer,
Chaque instant il faut lutter contre vents et
marées.
Mais les hommes sont tous des naufragés,
Qui finissent un jour par se relever.

I took the plunge with you and you took me in
your raft,
We sailed together and built a bigger boat.
In our boat's hold we kept treasures of bound-
less love,
The wind blowing in our sails never left us.

Yet in your frantic race you struck a rock,
Water seeps slowly and the shell starts to crack.
In the frosty depths I could feel my soul
drowning,
The storm took me away with the weight of
our wounds.

I became stranded on the shore of this desert
island,
Where like Robinson Crusoe I am learning to
live on by myself.
Time goes by and fades the pain of your loss,
I am waiting for the next raft to seek for me.

Love is a sailboat always about to capsize,
At every moment you have to fight through
thick and thin.
Yet every man is a castaway,
Who always bounces back...



Dust to Dust

Vilok Bhatia "Villy"

You close your eyes
To these specks of dust
As they find their way
Through locked doors and windows

They shine in the rays
Of the early morning sun
That burns you
As it nourishes you

They are eternal.
They know no season
And they embrace
That, which you have forgotten

And when they say I'm gone
I shall come and find you
Because I know I will prevail
I will come and find you

As another speck of dust
Blowing in the wind

And when they say you are gone
I shall look for you
Because I know you will prevail
I will look for you

As another speck of dust
Blowing in the wind

And when they say our love is gone
I shall look for you
Because I know we will prevail
And I shall find you

In every speck of dust
In the morning sun



Serena Organ

“Good Morning” and “Good night” and countless messages inbetween to tide lovers over until next they can speak or see each other’s faces or reach out and just hold. In spite of distance love can kindle, grow, and strengthen and no one knows this better than international students. They have to realize that any relationships started abroad might have to stand the test of miles between them when their stay is over. The in-jokes you create and the references that are so heart-filled between the two of you that a single sentence can have you smiling all day long are what make the time apart bearable. I am the frost to her iron and only a few would realize what we mean by that. I feel so lucky, ridiculously so, to be able to call her mine and to be hers in turn. To know that although there is an ocean between us we are so close in our thoughts and hearts makes me act like a fool whenever I’m reminded by our wifi-hearts. There’s certainly fear in love, a kind of fatality to the fall, but people still leap every day because the exhilaration that sweeps you up and away when they say yes is just like flying. I started flying on Friday the 13th. Guess it’s not such an unlucky day after all.



The Three I Miss the Most!

Dipesh Yadav

8000 miles away, they sit busy with their lives. We text, we talk, we Skype but it's not the same as having them here. The most enjoyable year of my life spent with the three most beautiful girls I know. Sitting and talking shit for countless hours while finishing "homework" as they called it. I miss those days. The unforgettable times of walking into a tree, getting duped in Vegas, getting drunk and not remembering anything until the next morning. The trips to House of Bagels to sit and gossip. It's these memories I miss the most. Even the fights we had we always made up. The trips were the most amazing not being able to stand each other for hours but still ready to go out and have fun at the same time. The sad goodbyes and the crying I even miss that!

I love you & miss you; hope we meet soon!



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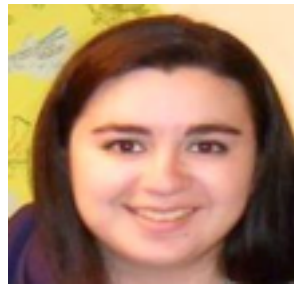
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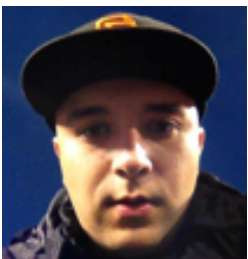
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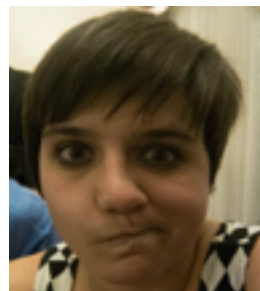
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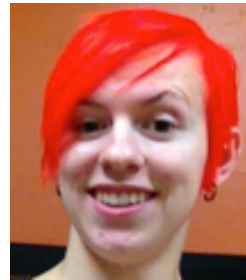
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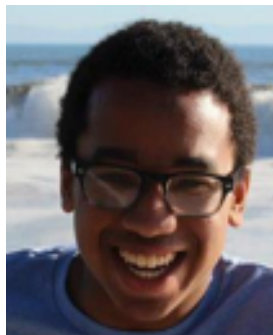
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