

The IEP TIMES

Bringing the World to Eastern Mennonite University

August 19, 2005

Harrisonburg, VA 22802

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

August 19: Farewell Celebration.

August 24-25: Placement Test for New Students.

August 30: Orientation

August 31: Classes Begin

Life in IEP

I study English everyday. I think English is difficult. First I study Reading and Writing. It is difficult, but I like it because I like Barbara. Then I study Listening and Speaking. Also, I like it. The teacher's name is Marcos. He is very funny and smart because he can speak English, Spanish, a little Japanese and a little Korean. So, sometimes I speak Japanese with Marcos. I have a good time. Then, I study conversation. It is everyone's speaking time. After all, I think I need English, so I do my best. Last, IEP people are very kind. I like it here.

Nozomi, Japan
Intermediate

My IEP life is so good because I have a lot of foreign friends and all the teachers are so kind and funny. At first I didn't want to attend each class because I thought that I couldn't understand English, so I thought each class was not funny. But it is not the truth. If I don't understand English, my teacher teaches us other easy words, and she not only speaks but also she says kidding everyday. So I'm enjoying every day. Last summer I was a Selam student. I didn't have much free time. But this year, I have a lot of free time. I think I am having a better time than last summer. I want to enjoy the remaining 3 weeks.

Mikiko, Japan
Intermediate

Many people are in IEP everyday. Most of them are students, and they come from various countries. The people coming from different countries are different not only in nationality but also culture, the color of skin and thinking from me. Even the people from the same country are different because we live in different places in Japan. We confuse each other. It is so interesting! Gentle persons, funny persons, angry persons... there are a lot of kind people in IEP. Their characters are made by their country, situation, parents' thinking. None of the people are the same to me. I think that IEP is a warm place for us.

Kazunori, Japan
Intermediate

I have had a special life in IEP. I wake up early to get ready to go to IEP. I am taken in the hosts' car to the place. From this time, my special life starts. The first class, Reading and Writing, is Barbara's class. At this time I am not awake yet. So I sleep a little. Then, I have to tell Barbara, sorry. But, to study English is interesting and exciting. Every break time, I talk to someone. To talk to someone is very fun and I improve my English, also. I'm so happy. The second class, Listening and Speaking, is Marcos's class. I like his class because I understand other people when Marcos asks some questions, and they answer him. I listen, so I understand and I'm happy. The last class, Conversation, is Jim's class. In this class I feel many things; also I am thinking. From IEP, I have many experiences which are interesting.

Jung-Eun, Korea
Intermediate

I am very happy studying in the IEP class because I have learned many things, and I have met people of different countries with other customs. The teachers are very friendly, and they speak slowly

so the students can understand what they are talking about. Never before did I want to study and now I want just to study.

Jorge, Mexico
Intermediate

About Tina, My Host Mother

My host mother, Tina, has long brown hair and she is medium height. She is a kind and funny person. All her sons and daughters love her very much. Additionally, she is one of the greatest teachers. She has taught many students who cannot speak English at all. Since I arrived here, she has tried to cook more to my taste. It is because she cooks very well, but I don't like American food so much. I like her very much. I respect not only her but also her family. They are my second family.

Kazunori, Japan
Intermediate

Our Visit to Charlottesville

In order to permit the students to enjoy the holidays, I.E.P. organizes some trip from time to time. Wednesday, August 3, after class, we went to Charlottesville at half past one. In this city, we visited the University of Virginia. This University was built by Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States. It's a good building with many spaces and rooms. There is an exceptional architecture, two entrances, two other parts: east and west. The Rotunda's ground floor and main floor have their original oval rooms and hourglass-shaped halls. Afterwards, we went shopping and at seven o'clock we went back to Harrisonburg. It was really pleasant.

Richard, Haiti
Intermediate

Our Trip to King's Dominion

Yesterday we went to King's Dominion. It was very crowded with many people. We went to a

King's Dominion Eiffel Tower. It was very nice. Then we went to a Starbucks. And we went to a gift shop. It was cute. I had a tiring time in King's Dominion. I want to go again.

Eun-Sil, Korea
Intermediate

My Talent Show Experience

After my Intercultural Communications class, our team had the final rehearsal. I was worried because we didn't practice enough. The talent show started. The first team was Chinese. They sang a popular song from China. Next was the Japanese team and then a SELAM team. All of them sang a song. Next, Richard played the guitar and Rene played an instrument and other people sang. They practiced a lot, so they showed up good on stage. They received a lot of clapping. Our team did a dance and play. We showed a movie scene and the audience said the correct answer. That was fun. The last was Congo dancing. The audience was enthusiastic. We took pictures of everybody.

Hyo-Jin, Korea
Intermediate

Each group did its different presentation. The Chinese sang a very pretty song. Next the Japanese group sang. With my partners Richard, John and Jaime, we sang a Christian song, very nice. I think everybody had a happy time. I was happy with my partners and the teachers, everyone together.

Rene, Honduras
Intermediate

A Watch to Keep

Today I still remember my father's giving a beautiful watch to me for my birthday present. When I was just a child, maybe ten years old, on my birthday my parents had a party for me at home. And I invited ten friends who were my best friends to my party. That was a great time. My parents had prepared a lot of cookies, soda,

and other food. My friends and I enjoyed the party from afternoon to night very much. When the party was over, my father gave me a box and a birthday card, and then I opened the box. Oh, my! There was a beautiful watch! I will never forget my first birthday party and my first watch. Actually, this watch has been broken for a long time, and I have had three new watches; but I still keep this watch in my desk.

Chun-Min, Taiwan
Advanced

My Parents' Advice

When I was a child, I used to like to watch the cartoons on TV. I used to spend most of my time watching cartoons. My parents didn't like my spending most of my time in front of the TV. I didn't care what my parents said about me. I just felt happy while I was watching cartoons. I really enjoyed doing that in during my childhood. Now since time has gone by, I understand why my parents used to tell me not to spend most of my time watching the cartoon channel.

Jaime, Guatemala
Advanced

Memories

I like refreshing fragrances like lemon and ocean aromas. But because I don't use perfume, I like to buy fragrant body lotion. This particular lotion reminds me of the scent of one of my friends. When I entered the university, I found that one of my friends used body lotion that smelled good. It had the sweet scent of citrus fruit or a kind of flower, and I was fascinated by that. On that day I bought the same thing and until now I have used it every day.

Soo-yeon, Korea
Advanced

My First Watch

I guess nobody forgets his first things in his life: first birthday present, first pet, first bicycle, etc.

There are a lot of brilliant memories in my mind that have never faded away, and the experience of getting my first watch is one of them. When I was ten years old, I dreamed of having my own watch because at that time having a nice watch was the fashion among the young students in my primary school. I envied my classmates who often showed off their watches in front of me. One day I picked up my courage and cautiously asked my mother to buy me one. To make my reason sounder (more convincing?), I made up a lot of excuses. I can clearly remember that my Mom smiled at me as if she could read my mind. "Sorry, son. I don't think you need it right now." It was the answer I had already expected but was still not willing to hear because it destroyed my last slim hope. I turned around without saying a word, rushed into my room and banged the door heavily. After that, I didn't mention anything about the watch anymore. However, my desire to own a watch became stronger and stronger. About a week later during dinner time, my mother told me that she and my father were going on a business trip for about ten days. I didn't realize what she would say next because they were often away from home and always asked my aunt to take care of me then. "In order to wake you up in the morning and prevent you from being late to class when we are not home, we decided to--buy you a watch with an alarm!" "Really?!" I couldn't believe my ears! I jumped up from the chair and cheered with joy. My mother looked at me calmly with almost the same smile on her face as the one she had worn when she refused my request, but to me, this smile was different! The next day my mother took me to a shop and helped me select a bright yellow watch with two red buttons. It was more like a clock with a string I could use to hang it around my neck and easily show it off to my classmates. The whole following week I walked around proudly because of the nice watch hanging on my chest. I can't remember how many watches I have already had in my life. Some of them have been pretty expensive and elaborately designed; but I still can't forget my first fancy-colored watch and the exciting feeling of being the happiest boy in the world at that moment.

Kevin, China
Advanced

A Bad Experience

This key and this lock reminded me of a bad experience that I want to tell you about. It happened the morning that I went to the travel agency to leave my baggage for my evening flight. When I got there, I was surprised to discover that I had forgotten my luggage key. My father asked me, “Veronica, where is your key?” I thought, “Oh my! What has happened to me?” My father was very angry. However, when he went to explain the situation to the agency person, she said, “It will be okay. She can go back home and bring her key.”

Very happy, I called the driver and went back home. In 30 minutes I was back, and I gave the agent my key to open my baggage. I had been very worried; however, Jesus was with me.

Veronica, Congo
Advanced

The Last Snowy Day

I am reminded by the Beijing *hutong* postcard called “After the Snow” that what I had in my childhood pushes me away from my hometown. Now serious deforestation and erosion have totally changed my home town in north China into a dry and sandy area. Because of the development of local industry and commerce, the unlimited birth of babies, and the uncontrolled tapping into the resources, too much of the land of the meadows and woods is occupied by houses, factories, streets, and mines. However, in my childhood my hometown was a very gorgeous place surrounded by two crystal-like rivers. In those years, winters always meant white icy houses like palaces, snowy skies and an earth like scrambled letters on white sheets of papers, and then farm lands so thickly covered with snow that they looked like big white cotton quilts. I still remember that in the winter it snowed as deep as a boy’s height. When we wanted to go out of our houses, we had to push open doors tightly frozen shut by the drifts of the snow against them. Of course, we children did many exciting things: we

tried to dig tunnels in the snow; we made and threw snowballs; we built huge snowmen; we slid down icy spots; and we watched the passing bicycle riders slip and fall on the lanes made treacherous by the half-melted snow that had frozen. Riding bicycles was indeed amusing but a little tricky. Then came the last snowy day in my hometown. The next winter was very dry and windy; and when spring came, a sandstorm visited our town for the first time. The sky appeared to be a kind of brown blue color as strange as the smoke from a genie’s bottle. We all felt our mouths and nostrils filled with the particles of sand, and the grains of sand fell easily into our eyes. In the following years, people felled more trees and occupied more farmland to develop a “prosperous” life. Now spring comes with frequent sandstorms and smog. Summer comes without any ponds or rivers for us to swim in since dead fish and frogs can be seen everywhere in the water. The local people are ecstatic because of the unexpected good harvest of food and commodities that they can sell in the markets, ignoring the question of whether they are poisonous or not. Autumn comes with more intermittent sand storms, which sweep the city, smash the ad boards, crash the window panes, and sometimes even kill pedestrians by blowing objects down from the buildings. Each winter becomes drier and drier. Snow is only a white dream. My hometown, which was once a green land with small farmhouses, shallow creeks, ponds, and rivers, is now a place packed with multitudes of apartment buildings, skyscrapers, and so-called prosperous commercial centers. It is not my home town anymore. I finally made the decision to leave for other places. Probably I can find and return to my old hometown only on that postcard.

Rick, China
Advanced

The Red Object

When I look at this red ornament container, I remember the politically instigated tribal clashes and the deadly roaring fires of the burning homes in my hometown of Nakuru, Kenya—Africa. I get

particularly disturbed about what impression goes into the developing minds of children and how long it will take to wipe their feelings away. It happened in 1994 when I had just moved my family to our new house in the free area in our hometown of Nakuru. Many homes, properties and lives had been destroyed. There was uncertainty about what would happen to each region each day. Together the elders in our village decided that in order to protect our families from being killed, all the men had to spend the nights outside watching. They decided that no one should leave the village; and if anyone did, that would be the last time he could receive the communal protection that is customary in our village in case of trouble. We watched all night long as days, weeks and months went by. The situation looked more and more hopeless for our country's ever finding peace with a peaceful solution to the problems. More and more people were suffering from malnourishment and diseases and dying; others died from the arrow and spear wounds from the attackers; and still others died as a result of other misfortunes that trailed the clashes such as shock, poverty, hunger and hopelessness. Heart attacks that used to be rare became the norm among the people who were directly affected. Today more and more people are suffering from heart diseases due to high blood pressure. One night, I had just returned from my shift of watching to find that again my family had not gone to sleep although it was after midnight. They did not know what would happen as we men watched, and they were keeping a prayerful watch, too. As I arrived home, I saw bright fires rising from across the lake beyond the city. We watched helplessly as more and more hills of fire rose sporadically over the region. We kept on sighing, "Oh...and that is another house, oh... and that is another one, and that...and that...and that." We knew that either the houses were torched empty or torched with the occupants inside since they were of no value to the attackers. It took only the grace of God to forgive those who were attacking others. We knew that the biggest problem now was talking to the children who had witnessed this in order to wipe out the impressions from their memories. We knew that the trauma within the children and the hatred for the attackers would probably affect their feelings in the future.

We knew very well that even though the attackers were disobeying God, He also judges those who hate with his word that anyone who hates "a brother or a sister" [I John 3:15] is a murderer and that murderers have no eternal life. Were our Christian brothers and sisters among those attackers? Since the clashes are still sporadic today, it remains difficult to imagine the feelings that children are developing as a result of this war.

John, Kenya
Advanced

What Does Rook Remind Me Of?

The hobbies people have can lead to different results even in the lives of those who have the same hobby. Playing Rook has been one of my favorite hobbies since childhood. Nowadays Rook reminds me of two aspects—one positive and the other negative—when I see this deck of cards. First of all, the positive thing of which Rook reminds me is that it once made me happy. I didn't have much time to play when I was a child since I needed to take care of my younger sisters and younger brothers except when my parents were not very busy. Then, since I didn't have any toys, my only entertainment was to play Rook with friends my age. Thus playing Rook became my leisure time entertainment and a way of communicating happily with my friends. The negative thing, however, is that playing Rook wasted so much of my time. It was difficult to overcome this problem once I was hooked. I still remember that my primary school teachers took away my Rook cards several times when I hadn't finished my homework. My friends and I all forgot to do our homework and I neglected the responsibility of taking care of my sisters and brothers while we were playing. Our interest in studying and consequently the scores on our schoolwork went down quickly, leading to our being punished by our parents and teachers. Incontestably, I still like Rook. Nevertheless, a deck of Rook cards reminds me that I lost much time that I couldn't get back. Therefore, I am alert when I see Rook nowadays. It gave me happiness and pleasure, that I still remember, but it also

caused me to waste much most precious time in my childhood. Now I want to warn people not to be controlled by their hobbies.

Shuifan, China
Advanced

Final Word

For a few short weeks, we have studied, laughed, traveled, eaten, played, and even argued with each other. We often had to speak the common language, English, and so you learned more of that language. More importantly, we all learned more about each other and about ourselves. I thank God for this opportunity to have shared this time with you and I pray His blessing on each of you as you go, or as you stay!

Kathy Fisher
Summer Vacation Course Director

- ▲ Improve your English skills!
- ▲ Enhance your education!
- ▲ Press forward in your career!

Please contact IEP at (540) 432-4059, email iep@emu.edu or see our website at www.emu.edu/iep for more information

The writings in this edition of the *IEP Times* were produced by the students who are studying in the IEP during the Summer Vacation Course, 2005. Thank you to the students and the teachers – Barbara Roberts and Nancy Lee - for their contributions, and to Maria Esther Showalter for the layout of this edition.