A Word from DAAD New York to Returning EDU.de Fellows

Dear fellows,

This yearbook is meant to give all of the scholarship holders from 2003/4 the opportunity to share some of the often very personal—and sometimes very funny—experiences they had while living in Germany. We hope to offer other readers a glimpse into the lives of North American undergraduates making their way in a different country while trying to master a complicated language.

Now that you've returned to more familiar territory, you probably think the challenges of living abroad are over. Be forewarned. All of you will likely at some stage experience reverse culture shock and you might be surprised at what you begin to find surprising about life at home. One of the most important aspects of study abroad is this ability to gain some distance from your own culture so you can test your assumptions and what you perceive as "normal". Plus, who wouldn't miss frisches Vollkornbrot, Quark, and öffentliche Verkehrsmittel?

Since 2001, DAAD has offered the EDU.de scholarships to US and Canadian undergraduates for a year or semester of study abroad, language courses, senior thesis research, and/or internships in Germany. Applicants are encouraged to design their own individual course of study and many have done so. We are pleased to report that each year the number of applicants has grown and last year, 56 highly-qualified students were selected out from a group of over 200 applicants.

As you return to your day to day life, we are certain you will carry with you some very special memories of your time in Germany. We here at DAAD in New York certainly hope to hear from you and would welcome future applications to our myriad of scholarship programs for every stage of your academic career.

Last not least, I would like to thank the fellows who volunteered some great contributions to the yearbook. Thanks also go to our intern Claudia Weber who helped put this yearbook together.

We hope that your semester or year in Germany was a fruitful and enjoyable one and that you adjust quickly to being back at home!

Brid Schenkl
Program Officer, EDU.de
DAAD New York
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“I learned a lot in class, but the real learning which will help me in my life was done almost everywhere but the classroom.”
Jered Gruber
When my friend and I boarded a special RegionalExpress train at about 2am, I already had assembled pictures of the Basler Morgenstraich in my head. It would be a sprawling parade of costumes and lanterns accompanied by unearthly atonal music – and we’d have to stand around in the cold for an hour before it began. Probably I’d get tired of it after the first ten minutes, and my toes would freeze in wet socks. I roused my nerves with a coffee-to-go on the train, made conversation with my friend and waited for our arrival in Basel.

The crowd spilled out of the train cars at the Badischer Bahnhof, and we had to follow everyone through the ugly northeast side of Basel, passing the functionalist buildings around Messe Basel. I stopped at a bakery near the Rhine and bought a dark circle of cake for about six francs, then we crossed the Mittlere Brücke, admiring the little shrine on its left side which I initially mistook for a prison cell – a skeleton doll with bushy gray hair stood by the altar, presumably put in for the occasion. I took a photograph, and hoped the Morgenstraich itself would look like that.

Flutes were practicing scales on the other shore – excitement was stirring in the Altstadt. We quickly reached the Marktplatz and wedged ourselves into a gap in the crowd before the Rathaus, which was still lit up inside – spectators were packed in the upper windows, pushed up against the edges of the sidewalk, filling every alley leading into the Marktplatz. We waited a long time, but I didn’t notice the cold.

Then: snare drums rolled off and all the lights in the Altstadt were extinguished. Across the square, masked soldiers raised painted lanterns on poles, jesters pressed piccolos to their masked lips, while others tapped their drums. The flutes and percussion kept repeating a loop of clockwork music, never quite assuming a uniform rhythm, but never straying from the pattern.

As the first legion of illuminated clowns passed our curbside, my friend said it reminded him of night terrors from his childhood. I tried to decipher the patterns on the bigger lanterns carried at the core of each group, and the smaller lanterns balancing on the heads of the musicians, but everything was written in cartoon lettering, and in that silly Swiss German, which I could never make heads or tails of.

My camera failed to record any of this in fifty digital exposures. Pictures taken with a flash turned out too bright and clear – the colored glow of the lanterns is bleached out, and the faces are too clearly defined. In exposures without a flash, all details on the costumes and lights blur into squiggly lines of color. I gave up photography and stared with my weakening eyes at the stream of costumes and instruments, at the dog-faces, the 18th century soldiers, clowns, monsters, knights, ghosts and all the crowd in between.

At 6am, a lot of the participants were still playing and marching, but we found a courtyard with picnic tables where hot Mehlsuppe was being served. “It’s the best thing I’ve ever seen,” I kept saying, though most of the parade really had been invisible, covered up by the crowd of spectators and the darkness of early morning, with lanterns and masks peeking out for a few seconds before disappearing again.

I spent two semesters studying at the University of Trier in the Rheinland-Pfalz region, and I don’t regret it for one moment. Trier is a rather small town, but what it lacks in size, it makes up in beauty. Claiming to be the oldest town in Germany and the birthplace of Karl Marx, Trier offered a great cultural experience, and a comfortable setting in which to have a great time, meet new people, and of course, improve my German and do some studying. Set amidst Roman ruins and hills with unending vineyards, Trier never ceased to amaze me. The scenery was incredible, the people were friendly, and the wine, beer and food were fabulous.

While in Germany, I got to experience a side of the Germans that I never thought I’d see. Being a rather conservative town, I was quite surprised to see all of Trier celebrating in the giant Carnival party. It was a night that I will never forget. An entire city dressed in outrageous costumes, amazing parades with free wine and beer, and me partying the night away with the Germans.

The University of Trier runs a great exchange program, and all new exchange students spend a month getting to know each other, the city, and get help with all of the paperwork required to stay in the country. Every night, the program took us out to eat typical German food, drink the local beer, or to party. We also took trips to surrounding cities and had special classes to help us to improve our German and to learn Germany’s history and culture. Though there were about 150 exchange students in Trier, we all got to know each other pretty well, and became like a family to one other. Many of the people I have met in Germany are friends that will last a lifetime.

Because of the large number of exchange students, not only did I learn to better understand the German culture while on the exchange, I also learned a lot about many other cultures. During many of the breaks, I went back with different exchange students to their hometowns and got to truly see and experience their countries. One of the bonuses of knowing so many different exchange students is that I have a free place to stay almost anywhere I travel from now on!

Besides being one of the most fun and interesting years of my life, this exchange has also offered me much practical experience and insight into what I might be dealing with in the near future. While at the University of Trier, I chose courses that dealt with European politics and finance. Being almost done my degree in finance, and already doing a work placement with my provincial government dealing with trade policy analysis, this exchange has helped me to better understand how European policies are made and some of the important financial institutions that I may soon be working with. This exchange has been an experience of a lifetime and has offered me insights and understanding that I could never have been possible without the help of the DAAD. I would like to sincerely thank the DAAD for the opportunity to do this exchange that has undoubtedly furthered my career as well as given me great memories that I will cherish all my life.
Aubrey Evans

Host University: Ludwig-Maximilians-Universität München
Home University: Truman State University

My second year in Germany and I’ve now lived in the polar opposites Hamburg and Munich and at the end of both the same response—don’t make me leave! It’s been a great year. The mold colonies that had control of my bathroom when I moved in have finally accepted their defeat, the place is still a little empty but there are people that make it home, I live a two minutes walk from the biggest park in the world, and on clear days this Midwest-city-girl can see mountains from her window. Who could ask for anything more?

Not me, but I have more. Memories of paint wars with new neighbors as we remodeled our community room. Getting the fifth floor out of their rooms to hang out with us. Movie nights. Baking all-nighters so that no one had to go without a pumpkin pie on Thanksgiving. Setting copies of Gaude amus Igitur and with it tables on fire. Barbecues. Discos and the tables found within them. Trips. So much good food. Girls’ nights out. Hiking—hanging out “bis in die Puppen” with our laughter echoing down the hall (keeping those foolish enough trying to sleeping awake). Getting too little sleep, but who really needs that when you’ve only got 10 ½ months?

And then there’re the theaters and concerts—although some of the best music happened beyond walls, like waiting for the night-bus at 4:30am after Lange Nacht der Musik with Israel and Italy keeping the beat and singing as Peru and Spain, salsa and America films…or the first weekend in Munich being serenaded by Russians in the Gardens who invited me to barbecue with them playing “Smoke on the Water” on an accordion because “She’s American, you should play something American.” Or being taught to play classical guitar by a 9-year-old I was babysitting for...

Then there’s the history—getting to see all these places I’ve spent years reading about in textbooks, or seeing the works of art with my own eyes that I’ve only known in books until now. Pretty wild, all of it. Even just walking through the Innenstadt and looking around at the buildings I have to stop sometimes and think, “wow, I go to school here.”

Then there’s the chance to see how big my little host-brother’s getting up in Hamburg, to go running with him, have him kill me at soccer, to make our first Ausflug together and wait 3 ½ hours in line to go to “Miniatur-Eisenbahn-Land” because “sie haben sogar Miniatur USA jetzt! Das musst du mal gesehen haben!” The chance to go “home” to my host-mom for the holidays and feel that Germany is home too.

And of course there’s been school, can’t forget that. I had plenty of sweat and stress-dreams thanks to Referate and Seminararbeiten, but they were survived, and I will be heading back to the States with plenty of new wrinkles in my brain. I honestly can’t think of one thing that’s been bad this year. I’ve had a wonderful time, met wonderful people, still have an accent but I’m not automatically pegged as a native English-speaker anymore and—something that even northerners could envy—I understand Bayrisch! (Well, most of the time at least) Vielen Dank to the DAAD for making it all possible... Tschüß!

Jered Gruber

Host University: Ruprecht-Karls-Universität Heidelberg
Home University: University of Georgia
I've been in Germany for almost an entire year now. I arrived in Heidelberg on the 1st of September with a backpack, my bike box, and a box for my wheels. That was all, some clothes and my bike. I came to Heidelberg with a goal to not only learn and study, but to pursue my cycling as well. I race my bike...a lot. I have lofty goals for my athletics just as I do for academics, but I think cycling has allowed me to see a different, you could possibly call it, more real part of the world that I inhabit.

I can say with confidence that I have ridden nearly every road in about a 100km circle around Heidelberg. That doesn't sound like all that much, but when you think about it, riding a train to certain places, or maybe getting a ride to a certain destination, sure you see the world pass you by, but it's nothing like watching it crawl by as you struggle to the top of a climb in the Odenwald. There is so much more to Germany than a few major cities, or a tourist enclave like Heidelberg.

This is one of the innate beauties of Germany. You can find yourself in the middle of a city, but if you want, you can just a few minutes and most likely find yourself in the middle of the country. Cities end in Germany, there is a definite line where a city or town ends and you emerge into the fields, unlike in America where a city can stretch 100km. The simple pleasure of riding out of town in the spring after a long winter, into the fields and into the mountains that overlook Heidelberg is best left to experiencing it for yourself, but it is one of the more serene, addicting feelings I've ever experienced.

I have seen a lot of Germany on my bike, but being a cyclist, I've had a better chance to meet a diverse group of people as well. I ride with 10-, 15-, 20-, 30-, 60-year old people day in and day out, and there's nothing like listening to the age spectrum. It has been a pleasure, but in the same breath, it's been a bit startling sometimes to see such a negative attitude toward America beginning at such a young age. It's rather depressing to hear a 13-year-old kid tell me about my country's shortcomings, and the funny thing about it, is that he has learned it in school. I would go so far as to contend that German elementary students know more of America than some American students know of America.

Germany, it seems, has the impressive gift of comparison. Wherever I go, training, dinner, school, my house, it doesn't matter where, but chances are, at some point, I'll hear a comparison between Germany and America. It's incredible the level of knowledge the average German possesses of America, and likewise it's a bit disheartening to realize how little the average American knows about Germany, I would go so far as to predict that millions would not be able to point out where it is on a map.

The talk of the world these days is globalization, and I think that Germany is embracing this idea through educating its people and just in general having a more aware population. I think America could do itself a world of good by taking a hint from Germany, and perhaps looking at more of the world than what lies between Los Angeles and New York City.

Studying in Germany for the year was a good decision. I learned a lot in school, but that's not really what makes studying in a country like Germany so appealing. I could have learned the same thing reading a book or taking a class at home, but there is no way I could have learned what I have this year without coming to Germany and participating in the community around me. I learned a lot in class, but the real learning which will help me in my life was done almost everywhere but in the classroom.
Sure enough, my MSU Study Abroad Guide Book knew it all along. “Sometimes you might feel alienated from the culture of your host country,” its wise pages warn wide-eyed students. “Sometimes, you might feel lonely and miss the American culture.” Pah! I thought as I chucked the thing into the recycling bin. Bring on the German culture! And off I went, ready to say no to sausage but yes to everything else this country might offer.

Ninety-nine percent of the time I’ve been here, that is precisely what I’ve done. I have poured my every last effort into trying to understand and integrate myself into this new culture with its new people and new language. Heck, I even dated a German for awhile! And I dream in German, too, never minding the fact that most of the dreams are actually nightmares in which I fail to find the right adjective endings for my words. All in all, life is swell. But sometimes, just sometimes, I have had enough. Enough!

"WHAT!?!" My flat mate cornered me in the hallway. "You’re going to Bosnia-Herzegovina and Croatia without reservations?!" "Well, no, I bought a train ticket," I tried to reason. "Nein nein nein, you can't do that! You need a PLAN. A plan! You need to know where you'll be and what you'll do!"

Last I checked, the tourist crunch in Sarajevo in winter didn't seem too threatening. After surrendering to the fact that I must be the most illogical person on the planet, my German flat mate walked out the door to catch his daily, punctual 7:48am bus.

Illogical, sure, but even more often I am confronted with the word all Americans will hear at least once while in Germany: oberflächlich. Superficial. "Sorry for not understanding, but just how do I appear superficial to you?" I asked in dismay, sitting in my room in dirty jeans and wet shower shoes.

"Nein nein, it has nothing to do with appearance. It's the way you are. Americans are all the same. You make friends too easily. You have fake friendships. How can you call Kerstin and Maggie your friends if you've only known them for three months? That can't be a real friendship."

Count to ten, Heidi, count to ten.

"And," he continued, "I think your German would improve if you changed your mentality." Excuse me? This comment was being directed at a girl who absolutely refuses to speak English while in Germany. I thought my mentality was passing with flying colors. "Nein, nein. The way you think. You make friends too easily. If you had a German mentality, your speaking would improve."

Didn't even try to count to ten.

"That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard!" I said as I forcefully plopped my block of tofu down on the obsessively clean kitchen counter. I tried to picture me life with my newly acquired German mentality, seeing myself running for the 7:48am bus with scarf wrapped around my neck in the 70 degree, sunny weather, shoving people out of the way in order to be the first one through the door. The idea just didn't float my boat. I suppose I'll just have to accept my superficial self, fake friends and all. Oh good God.

I had to smile, though, as I was drifting off to sleep on the balcony last night. I've gotten into the habit of dragging my mattress and sleeping bag outside on some nights to enjoy sleeping under the stars. Around 2 am, I was woken by a group of very loud, very drunk, and very naked Americans singing the Star Spangled Banner at the top of their lungs.

It was, I admit, refreshing. Tomorrow will be better.

Amy Kidd

Host University: Freie Universität Berlin
Apparently, surviving a Berlin winter is quite a feat—one that at times I begrudgingly did not want to accomplish. Luckily it was worth it. While there were times I wished I had decided to study elsewhere, I am very happy that I chose Berlin. Now I can’t even imagine studying elsewhere. The academic experience at the FU left some things to be desired, but deficits there were more than made up in other ways.

I am so lucky and happy to have lived in the WG I did. My roommates were wonderful—better than any I had ever had before, and really helped me adjust to the city and always showed me a good time.

The gym I joined was better than I could ever have imagined. Another highlight for me was my environmental management internship with one of the district authorities of Berlin. As an environmental studies major, the internship and just living here observing the environmental policies have helped me significantly for my future studies. Back in the US, I know I will miss the Berlin life.
I really enjoyed taking day trips or weekend trips from my university city of Göttingen to places like Hannover, Hamburg, and Berlin. I usually went with at least one friend and we just wandered around the city. In Hannover we had great weather, so we spent most of the time outside.

Hamburg is a really lovely city. Musicals are also big here. We wanted to see Mamma Mia (the musical with all ABBA songs) but the next 400 performances were sold out!! The art galleries right next to the train station were really good.

I also managed to get over to Berlin at least three or four times. It is just a really cool city. I enjoy the ultra-modern architecture of the new city center “Potsdamer Platz” and the infinite historical sites spread across the city. Berlin just has surprises around every corner.

“I had no idea Hamburg had so many canals! Certain streets reminded me of Venice.”
Karlena Sakas

Host University: Otto-Friedrich-Universität Bamberg
Home University: Sweet Briar College

Studying German and Sociology this year at the Otto-Friedrich-Universität Bamberg on a DAAD EDU.de scholarship has been a wonderful opportunity to immerse myself in German language, literature, and culture inside and outside the classroom.

Uni Bamberg is a welcoming, intellectually stimulating place. Professors and instructors are accessible, fellow students are helpful, and classes are interesting and challenging. My summer semester favorites are a lecture course on Goethe's *Faust*, a sociology seminar on immigrants and minorities in Germany, and a theater workshop held at the E.T.A.-Hoffmann Theater.

Bamberg is a fantastic Franconian town. I especially enjoy biking and walking around the city with its beautiful Baroque architecture, attractive public and private gardens, and tasty bakeries. The Garten-, Insel- and Bergstadt sectors of the city, divided by the Regnitz River and Main-Donau Canal, offer many enticing spots to jog, walk, visit with friends, or just sit and enjoy reading a book.

Travel by German rail has been easy and affordable. I have enjoyed each and every trip, yet I always love coming back to my student dormitory, Collegium Oecumenicum Bamberg (COE). COE offers many great activities, such as outside speakers, hikes, parties, and informal language instruction taught by student volunteers. COE even found host families who generously opened their homes on Christmas to those of us who remained in town over semester break.

I am honored to serve as an elected Stockwerksprecherin to represent students on my hall at dorm meetings, to plan events, and to make newcomers feel as welcome as I have been made to feel. Inspired by the student-taught *Deutsch für Fortgeschrittene* class that I took at COE during winter semester, I am teaching American Culture and Conversation on Monday evenings this spring.

COE has its own Mensa, serving delicious meals three times a day; library with computer lab, chapel, TV and laundry rooms, and a Gemeinschaftsraum on every hall on each wing of the building to encourage community-building. Best of all, COE is truly a home away from home. This modern, interfaith dorm houses nearly 200 residents, one-third of whom are international, so there are many opportunities to interact with native Germans as well as with students from around the world. The German language and love of all things German bring us together.

I am very grateful to DAAD for the opportunity to study in Germany. After completing my BA at Sweet Briar College, I hope to enter a master's degree program that offers a year's study in Germany. However, for now, I'm going to go outside after class as often as possible to enjoy the warm, sunny spring and summer in Bamberg!
Miriam Wendling

Host University: Eberhard Karls Universität Tübingen
Home University: Northwestern University

It's been an interesting year. I've lived with 11 rather unrespectful roommates who love their reggae but hate my bassoon.

Who love their beer, cigarettes, and pot, but hate it when I open a window.

Who love it when I cook, but never ask before taking and leave my Spätzle press dirty in the other kitchen for days on end.

Who don't understand that some things are illegal for good reasons.

Who don't understand Nachtruhe and begin to scream at the suggestion that things should perhaps be a bit quieter at 2am...

Who couldn't separate me from my Staatsangehörigkeit, no matter how different my political views are from the Regierung...

I went back to the USA during the Semester Ferien to write my Hausarbeiten because there was no chance of getting anything done in the dorms. Too loud, too much smoke.

The musicological institute in Tübingen was (thankfully) much better than my living situation. I've studied what I wanted to (16th century chansons and 15th century masses) and managed to learn Latin. I wouldn't mind studying further there if I could find somewhere else to live...
A wise rock and roll man once said, “you can't always get what you want, but if you try sometimes, you may find you get what you need.” This echoes my sentiments about my year in Germany almost exactly. I have found in this country many new and refreshing attitudes towards life. Writing of this will lead to generalizations, so I will start by saying that not every German person is the same. Sharing experience and maintaining tradition are two examples of how attitudes differ here from Canada. Many small examples surround this conclusion, but I will give just two.

I got to know two members of my family here, an uncle and aunt I had only seen twice before in my life. Just the chance to get to know these excellent people would have made my exchange worthwhile, without all the other great moments that I have had. They are German and grew up in West Berlin. It is through the relationship that we fostered with regular visits, that I have discovered one aspect of what makes the German people special, in addition to finding lifelong friends.

Sharing experience is something that my Uncle and Aunt showed me is important to German people, especially when the experience relates to German culture. Although it is common for German to travel abroad for holiday, I am always astonished by how much Germans travel inside Germany to historic and cultural destinations. Sites such as the Industrial Culture district in the “Ruhrpott” area in Nordrhein-Westfalen, and the Reichstag in Berlin are filled by German tourists during all times of the year. My family explained to me that the German people are proud of the courage and strength that carried them through the dark days after the World Wars, and that is why these places are important. The shared experience that brings the people of Germany together can be felt in visits to such places, and shone as one of the special characteristics of the German folk.

Nothing demonstrates the way that Germans have of maintaining German tradition better than the speed at which habit becomes tradition here. I have watched again and again as small habits turned into tradition among my German friends: Frühstück on Sunday, Reeperbahn on Saturday, Fussi then Kneipe on Tuesday, Mensa on Wednesday, and countless others in between.

This quality on a small scale expresses itself in larger scale I am sure. That would explain the plethora of clubs and groups that exist here whose purpose it is to give people something that they can look forward to every week at the same time. Probably more such clubs exist per capita in Germany than any other country. If you like to do it, there is a good chance the club meets Thursday nights at 9pm, and this that this club is better organized than most major governments.

The differences between the German and Canadian higher education systems are two many to list. I struggled through the Wintersemester and managed to pass all of the subjects that I took here, except for German. Well, easy come easy go, and German grammar is something that you really have to know. I am taking that course every day, so I don't imagine that I will fall through for a second time. Working at the university and in the private sector this term will round out my experience, and give me a taste of what academic and industrial research means in Germany. So far it tastes like coffee and S-Bahn breakfasts.

I think that in the end what I will bring with me on the plane back to Canada in August will be beer. But what will follow me back and stay with me for the rest of my life, will be the life's lessons taught to me by a people with different perspectives from mine. I am a person who has been fortunate enough to be provided a chance to live two completely different lives, and learn the same amount from both of them. This year feels like it has lasted 23 years. I arrived a newborn on the streets of Hamburg, and will leave an adult. And I know now with certainty that there is at least one more place in the world where the people feel truly happy and lead purposeful and fulfilling lives.

Mitch Zafer

Host University: Eberhard Karls Universität Tübingen
Home University: San Diego State University
I tried. But honestly, nothing could have really prepared me for my year abroad.

I’ve been bitten by the bug. That feeling of not knowing what adventure is down the next small cobble-stoned street, through the next door, behind the next smile. So far, this experience has incorporated the whole emotional range from good to bad—but I wouldn't give it up for anything. It has really changed my life.

Horb, a small Dorf on the Neckar River in Baden-Württemberg, was my first stop for a six week intensive language course. Now, the German language is hard enough, but try throwing in some mad Schwäbisch accent. “Ha-JAI! Des ish ja Wedda wie oof Ma-LOR-cal” But the incomparable friendliness and patience of my host family really made the experience more than worthwhile (although I did wake up every morning at seven to the sound of braying goats). After a bissle Spätzle and Mosh, I headed out to Tübingen.

The one word I can use to describe Tübingen is… charming.

Having lived in America’s biggest cities, it amazes me to see Tübingen’s pedestrians happily waiting at the intersection for the little red guy to go green. No cars. Even at 3am in the morning. The whole city is synchronized to the rhythm of the university. It oozes a young, lively, and refreshing culture, yet still honouring the traditions and camaraderie consistent with the antiquity of the Altstadt. I feel safe here. I feel like people don’t take the opportunity to learn for granted.

One of my goals here were to live in a nice WG (with real Germans, not in some dorm with mostly Americans and other exchange students). This way I could not only limit my English, but I could also get a real feel for the student life within the German culture. Although I am now happy with my living situation, I was burned by a greedy and unbelievably mean old woman with my first apartment experience in Tübingen. This adversely affected my mood during the first 2 months in Tübingen, casting a dark shadow on almost everything. There is always that fear, and you hear those rumours. Well it happened to me. But it did strain me emotionally, and continues to take up time to this day with legal proceedings, as I attempt to retrieve large amounts of my money.

My second goal in Germany was to do a Praktikum. In December, I landed a position with UKT, working side by side with a team of 12 surgeons, physicists, and engineers helping in the development of medical instrumentation for minimal invasive surgery. I have had an excellent opportunity to use some of my physics training in this practical and exciting application. Further, I have decided that the field of medical instrument design is the area that I would like to work in after I graduate.

I have tried to take advantage of Germany’s central location here in Europe and travel as much as possible. Weekends and breaks have been filled with adventures to foreign lands, islands, and wonderful cities. When I look at a map of Europe now, I connect these counties, these cities with wonderful experiences, but more so the wonderful people that I have met, and relationships we have made. I look forward to keeping in contact with these people.
During these past two semesters, I have been able to finish my German degree while also gaining another perspective on how physics can be taught and learned. I look forward to completing my physics degree in San Diego with this new refreshed vigour. I am so very grateful, as without the financial support of DAAD, none of these adventures and extraordinary experiences would be possible. Thank you DAAD.