

Sevilla onsite journal

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Class of 2011

September 6th

Most houses in Spain don't have internet so I am lucky to have it available at my house. Today we went to the monastery of Christopher Columbus and to see a museum to see replicas of the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria. Then we went to la playa (the beach) but it was cold and raining so we went to an Italian restaurant and had terimisu and café capucino. Both were wonderful!!! Three other girls from Saint Mary's and I sat talking for about two and a half maybe three hours. We walked on the beach after it stopped raining. There were shells everywhere. It was much less of searching for shells and much more of gathering them up. On the bus we all ate our bocadillas (aka sack lunches). When I got back from the beach I walked home and went up to my apartment door. I started to unlock the door but it didn't work then I realized it was the wrong apartment and started unlocking the wrong door. A man came to the door and looked at me like I was a trying to break into his apartment I just said sorry, sorry and hurried out of the building. Then I realized I was on the totally wrong street. I eventually realized it was the street over. Now I am sitting in my room clean from my first shower (ducha) at my house. All in all it was a great day... long but great! Oh, by the way, tipping isn't necessary in Europe/ Spain.



September 10th

Ayer sufrí de choque cultural y le eché de menos a mi familia mucho pero hoy llamé a mi madre, otra vez porque he hablado con mi madre cada día, y hoy estoy bien. Mi señora me dijo que hay días buenos y malos en una cultura nueva y hoy ella compró una buena cafetera para mí y hizo un cafecito con el almuerzo. Pienso que puedo sobrevivir aquí en Sevilla por un año.

¡Adíos todos!

September 13th



Yesterday was my first "night out" in Spain. If a Spaniard heard me say that they would just laugh because here a "night out" ends in the morning... however, I did stay out until 3am. I live in a very dark out of the way apartment complex and paying attention the book that my aunt gave me, I listened to my "Gift of Fear" and didn't walk home alone. We had a pretty low key evening we went to a little café. Then went home and had dinner at our homes. I had a Spanish tortilla

made of egg and potato it was like a potato omelet. We went to a place on the river where you just get your drink and sit on the sidewalk. Then we went to an Irish pub... by accident. We were walking by the cathedral and we heard a bunch of people speaking English so we sat down on the patio and this man comes up in a green button down shirt and asks in a thick Irish accent "what would you like girls?" We just sat there and looked at him for a second because we weren't expecting English. Then one of the girls asked him where he was from and he said "Ireland of course" and then she asked if he could speak Spanish and he said "of course." I am feeling a lot more comfortable here now and am really starting to develop a sense of "home" here. I am getting used to hearing Spanish everywhere and on the TV.



September 17th

5 lessons on how to live and survive in Sevilla:

1. Love to walk
2. Love to eat
3. Hate to shop
4. Hate to sleep
5. Have no fear of cars driving on the sidewalk!

Everyday I am learning more about the culture here in Sevilla. Some of the things we have discussed in my cultural realities class are things like food... there is a lot of it. Driving is a lot wilder than it is anywhere I have been in the United States. Also, education is very different and about \$38,000 less each year. Some other huge differences are that children sit at bars filled with smoke late at night, children run down the streets unattended by an adult, everyone smokes, everyone drinks, people take personal calls during a church service, lunch and dinner are huge, everyone walks a lot, people don't say "sorry" or "pardon me" and obviously the language is different.

But, there are some similarities that are comforting and some new things I love as well such as; there is a church on every block, there is Starbucks in Sevilla but I haven't gone because my Señora makes wonderful coffee, there is a McDonalds (though I could do without that), fathers walk with their children a lot (carrying pink diaper bags and all!), people are friendly and only settle for kissing cheeks (NO HANDSHAKES), believe it or not I watch (American) MTV in the morning while I eat breakfast and sometimes Nickelodeon or A Miracle on 34th Street which was on last Sunday! I have also been watching TV shows that are from Spain and they are very funny there is a comedy channel here that my Señora watches every day!

I have enjoyed having Activia yogurt for breakfast, but not the marmalade as much (jelly / jam doesn't exist here). I am getting used to the abundance of soup and potatoes. I am enjoying the coffee! I am trying not to eat too much of the fresh bread and I am really enjoying all of the fresh fruit! I am adjusting to the fact that tortillas in Spain are actually omelets (my señora's specialty is a potato tortilla). People in Spain are crazy about potatoes even when they take pictures they saypatata, patata, patata, patata...etc. I guess Americans probably like cheese too much then!

November 5th

On Halloween, I was touring Ireland with friends. It was weird to know that it was an American holiday and not celebrate it the way that I usually do with costumes, candy, and parties. However, I was able to talk to my family on Skype and to see what my family was doing for the holiday. I also walked all over Dublin that weekend. I walked for 3 hours in the morning and 3 hours after lunch; in the evening I went out for cocoa and read my book. When I was in Ireland, I was able to eat and see more American things that I have missed while being in Spain. For example, I got to watch the Simpsons and American Idol while also being able to eat bagels, pizza, apple turnovers, and doughnuts. I wouldn't want to live in Ireland for my study abroad experience since there are many similar things with American culture but it was nice to be able to see and eat some of the things that I have missed. I went to an Irish pub and the guys that we talked with wanted to talk about American politics, which just goes to show how important this election is not only for the United States but to other countries. It is kind of weird because I know this is a historical moment and it was my first election. I woke up at 6:30am (12:30am Eastern time) and saw the election results on the news, in Spanish of course.

Thursday, November 27th

This weekend was strange for me since it was my birthday on Sunday. My grandma arrived and stayed for the week to spend it and thanksgiving with me. We went to a special church service which was not at the time we thought it would be since it was the last liturgical day of the year but the service was very beautiful. I had to translate for my grandmother since she doesn't know any Spanish! I stopped by a Starbucks to pick up some napkins on the way back from class one day and saw one of my Spanish friends there who insisted on buying me a coffee for my belated birthday present. She told the person at the counter that it was my birthday. The cashier then drew me a big sign saying "Feliz cumpleaños" and gave me a huge coffee with lots of whipped cream. My friend tried paying for it and the cashier replied "no, no, no, it's free for her birthday". So I was able to enjoy a coffee and listen to Christmas music at Starbucks for my "birthday."



Monday, December 1st

My grandmother is still in town and helped me share the American traditions of Thanksgiving Day with my Spanish friends by making a pumpkin pie and a whole turkey. We did run into an issue that there is no oven in my host family's house and the apartment my grandma rented did not have a working oven. It was interesting trying to find a working oven to be able to cook the entire turkey, which the shopkeeper was extremely surprised that we wanted whole and uncut. After hours of trying to get the turkey to a working oven, the landlord's wife took the turkey for us and voila! We had successfully cooked a turkey. We participated in the school's celebration of Thanksgiving Day where there was



sweet potatoes, apple pie, and other traditional foods. The day after Thanksgiving, when most Americans were starting to put up Christmas decorations and beginning their shopping, my host family, my grandmother, and I were able to eat our own turkey and pumpkin pie (which also had to be cooked at the landlord's kitchen). That was my Thanksgiving in 2008. An unusual way to celebrate but it will definitely be a great story in years to come.