

Italy has taught us patience and a special appreciation of home. May you find joy in your home life in 1994.

Tom
Anne

Anne, Tom, Marie, Julia and Richard
SIENKEWICZ

Julia's Contribution:

I think that this past year has been one of the most eventful years in my life, and also one of the happiest. Between January and June of this year our family was still in Florence, Italy. I have so many happy memories that it would be impossible to record them all. Surprisingly, some of my happiest times I had during school. I enjoyed being with the Italians, and I got along very well with both my fellow students and my teachers. I made some very good friends. Although there was very little discipline in the schools, I still managed to learn a lot. My classmates were very helpful, and if I had any questions I could always ask them for help. My teachers were very patient with me, and gave me extra attention and guidance. I got a chance to learn many things that I would not have learned otherwise.

One of my fondest memories is of the time we spent with our cousins in southern Italy. They greeted us with open arms. They fed us till we could eat no more. While we were staying at their house in the country we got to pick lemons straight off the tree, squeeze them, and make ourselves the freshest lemonade there is. They told us all kinds of funny stories, and were careful to talk to us in simple, and standard Italian.

My saddest day this year was the day that we left Italy. My classmates threw a goodbye party for me at a pizza place the night before. We had fun, but the sense that we might not see each other again was very strong. The next day I watched Tuscany roll by from the window of a train, and then waved goodbye to Italy from the window of a plane.

We spent a happy week or two in England, which helped us to start our transition from the Italian culture to the American.

On our return to the U.S. we acquired a puppy. She has been a great comfort to me. She is lots of fun to have around, and is one of the reasons that I did not hop back on a plane for Italy, as was my temptation.

It has been nice to be back in a big house again, and to have all of our animals back. However, the transition back into American culture has been much harder, we all changed so much in the course of the year. The school year is proceeding, however, and we are surviving. We have been thrown right back into everything that we were involved in before we left, so our life has returned to its usual hectic style.

True, Monmouth is not Florence, but it is home, and as the song says "There's No Place Like Home For The Holidays". On that note I'd like to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, BUON NATALE, E UN FELICE ANNO NUOVO!

And now a very few words from Marie:

What else is there to say? In Italian *veni, Italiani vidi, linguam Italiani vici*. Now my world revolves around school and the best dog to ever prance on this earth-- Allegra.

The following poems are Richard's contribution:

Florence

Florence is like a flower,
it blossoms in the sun,
but, when the sun sets in the west,
another day is done.

Florentine Smog

Smog is like a cape,
it clothes things in its dark embrace,
but don't let it trick you,
or it will darken your city's face.

Richard