



**CIMBA** ITALY  
LEADING THE WAY in Global Business Education

Grazie Mille a CIMBA!

To the faculty, to the professors, and finally to you the students for making this summer session a great one. Whether it was your first time abroad or 100th time, I hope you learned something new, befriended a stranger, had a moment of fun and a good photo too! May your memories be ones of joy whether it be from not having to pay 1 euro for the restroom or simply eating the best Gelato ever. May your memories here be unforgettable and help you be the best versions of yourselves. For you all are adventurers, learners, and most importantly the authors of your own individual stories. The CIMBA summer 2017 adventure might be over but many more are to come. So I say to you all Ciao for now because the memories, the adventure, your stories of this summer, this experience are just beginning.

-Kayla McCoy (University of Kansas)

P.S. Have a great summer and don't forget to get that last Gelato fix before you leave :)

# Summer 2017 Newsletter

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*CIMBA Summer 2017 in Numbers*

*Students: 172*

*Courses Offered: 17*

*Travel Weekends: 3*

*Memories made: Countless*

# One Lake, A Handful of Cultures

*By Sean Lansing (University of Iowa)*



There is almost nothing more daunting than traveling halfway across the world and living in a new country. There is nothing more enriching and emboldening either. The ability to cross the threshold of one's own culture into that of another takes strength. There are many obstacles to overcome: language, customs, and even the time zone can sometimes be completely different. During my time

here in the CIMBA program, I had to deal with these kinds of obstacles, but I have learned so much about the world because of it.

One weekend, my friends and I went to Lake Garda. This beautiful lake is lined with historic sites that are centuries old, like the castle in Sirmione that looks out into the waters from a long peninsula. On the coast of this lake, I stayed in a hostel and met people from many different cultures. I had dinner with Italians as well as people visiting from Canada. More people from Scotland and Deutschland joined me and listened to a Filipino man from England sing and play guitar for us. All of these people from their unique backgrounds had stories to tell, and I got a glimpse into what life was like in half a dozen countries. I was able to teach these people about the United States, and I had the unique experience of looking at my own culture from an outsider's view. The environment of this huge cultural mixing pot was beautiful. Everyone was friendly and eager to learn more about each other. Needless to say, I had an incredible time. I made friends who assured me that if I returned to Europe, I would have a place to stay and a buddy to travel with as I experienced more of their home country. It was an incredible experience I will never forget.



# Surviving Italia

*By Donovan Roberts (University of Iowa)*

Prior to arriving in Italy, I heard an abundance of exaggerated tales depicting Italy as a colorful place with many mixed blessings. The spectrum of good and bad is up to your own perspective. For example, a main saying at CIMBA is the best travel abroad experience happens when “you are tired and hungry, your phone is dead, you got on the wrong train, and you have no money.” You might say we were lucky enough to experience this exact situation!



Tia and I needed a taxi to pick us up from Venice at midnight after a weekend of traveling, but we had put off setting it up because we are all “fantastic at time management.” So we called a plethora of taxi drivers only to get hit with wave after wave of colorful Italian that we didn’t understand. We began to lose hope and briefly considered Airbnbs for the night. Then Tia remembered she didn’t get an answer from one of the drivers because the language barrier was so real. We decided to call that taxi driver again and took a stab at using Italian instead of English. As she spoke, I sat beside her, with the SURVIVAL ITALIAN packet from our “Italy Live!” class while feverishly typing words we didn’t know into google translate so we could communicate. After 15 painful minutes, our sweaty, sleep deprived faces broke into a grin as we realized we were successful in setting up a taxi with one hour to spare.

A distinct difference between our unsuccessful phone calls and our successful one is that we used Italian instead of asking them if they spoke English. Ironically, once we set out to speak more Italian instead of only English, the conversation evolved as both parties attempted to speak each other’s language to ease the process. This experience has taught us in ways we never could imagine as we made new connections even with our broken Italian.



# To Eat or Not To Eat

*By Tia McCoy (University of Iowa)*



*Mixed Seafood Antipasto at Trattoria da Emilia, Sorrento*

For picky eaters, going to a new country and immersing your palate in their culture can be frightening, to say the least. In the beginning, I thought I just have to find a way to feed myself for the next four weeks. No big deal, right? It didn't take long for me to realize my naiveté. Of course, I needed to step out of my comfort zone and taste new dishes. I mean, that's kinda what you're here to do, right? You didn't fly eight hours from America to Italy, then take a train, a bus, AND a taxi to Paderno del Grappa to eat chicken nuggets or ask where the nearest Starbucks is.

Luckily, I'm not a picky eater, so I found myself constantly eating new dishes while traveling. When I went to the Amalfi Coast over the weekend, Paula, a CLC, recommended an amazing seafood restaurant to me and my friends. It was called Trattoria da Emilia, in Sorrento. I tasted gnocchi alle vongole, or dumplings with clams, for the first time here. It was, in Paula's words, "amazing/anything/everything" just as she had said it would be! But to be honest, I found myself more proud of my peers who aren't as outgoing when it comes to food. Bailey, a self-proclaimed simple eater, ended up ordering spaghetti with clams, AND she tried octopus--even after freaking out about the suction cups on the tentacles. Donovan literally ate an entire fried fish head (seriously, it still had the eyes and everything). They both said it wasn't bad!

To be honest, even I thought the fish head was shocking, but in the end, I am glad to have friends that are willing to grow and be open-minded. This simple example with the food demonstrates how it doesn't hurt to do new things because it is always an opportunity to expand your horizons.

# Saying Yes to Studying Abroad

*By Lydia Lopez (Western Michigan University)*

Studying abroad was the best decision I have made. Adapting to a new environment is not the easiest thing to do, but it has helped me be more independent. I came alone without friends or students I knew from my university. I did not arrive in Italy at the best hour. When I flew into Venice from Germany, it was already 11:30 pm. Finding a taxi was not easy. No taxi wanted to drive me an hour to get to CIMBA campus. I had to wait almost an hour before I finally found one. I arrived at CIMBA at about one thirty in the morning. I had major jetlag, and I had to be up in a few hours for the resident assistant training and orientation. It was definitely a very busy and sleep deprived first week for me. I am proud of myself for sticking through it though and not backing out of early trainings for about 2 days and helping students as well during welcome week.

The summer classes here at CIMBA are only 4 weeks long, so class material is fast paced and there is so much we have to cram into and learn each week. The four weeks race by, and I have never experienced anything like this before. Managing the classes along with traveling and my job as a RA have helped me be more organized and learn to manage my time better.

While studying abroad is about studying in a different country, we also get the chance to travel on the weekends. I decided to visit Florence with a group of friends I met at CIMBA. The people I went with were all from different universities. We had so much fun traveling, discovering, and exploring Florence together. Some of my most memorable moments while in Italy came from that weekend and making new friends. This is definitely an experience I will always cherish!



# Lost in Gelato

*By Ashrita Raghuram (University of Iowa)*

Studying abroad is a unique experience because you can share your adventures with friends who are just as excited and adventurous as you. The epitome of my experience studying abroad in Italy has to do with getting lost. When I decided to travel, my parents gave me a lot of advice. The most important being to be very aware of your surroundings and to not be too risky at night. In following my parents advice, I was a little more on edge whenever I was out at night.



On the last night my friends and I spent in Venice, we felt we had conquered the ways of the water taxi, so we decided to venture off of the island we were staying on at midnight in search of gelato. We decided to go to the main island of Venice, San Marco, because we believed that if anything would be open, it would be there. We successfully jumped on a water taxi and got to San Marco only to find that it was dead silent. All of the shops and restaurants were closed, and there was no one even walking around. Taking the advice of my parents, I suggested we leave and go back to our house because it wasn't a good idea to walk around so late at night. So we jumped on the water taxi at the same spot we arrived, thinking the taxi would go straight back to our island. To our dismay, we had jumped on a taxi going to a completely different part of Venice, which we hadn't been to. When it reached the last stop (nowhere near our house), we got off and hoped that another taxi going to our house would come by. Not wanting to make the same mistake we made before, we were extra careful to ask the water taxi captains if the boat would stop on our island. After three hours of being told the taxi wasn't going to our island, we gave up and hopped on whatever came to the port. Luckily, it took us directly back to our island! When we finally arrived back at our house at 3:00 a.m., all I could think about was how glad I was to share this "adventure" with my friends. The next day we woke up and laughed about how terrible we were at navigating water taxis and got some gelato to make up for it. After a weekend of falling in love with Venice, we went back to CIMBA with some amazing memories and a great story.



# Summer Citizen

*By Maggie J. Scannell (Western Michigan University)*



On June 10th at 2 p.m., I completed my first task as a Resident Assistant by safely finding a way to Istituti Filippin. One train, two buses, and more than three good citizens I hollered at for help was all it took before stepping into the office wide-eyed and eager to start working.

They insisted a trip to the sports café was more important. My first Italian coffee was enjoyed by the barista laughing (at me) in the background and a polite reminder once I finished the layer of whip cream to put down the tiny spoon and drink it like a regular person. It was not more than an hour since had I arrived, and I was already feeling like a part of the community.

Once the coffee enters the system, it's back to work. Immediately, I knew the CIMBA staff was going to be great. The intelligence and passion from the ladies in the back office is phenomenal. The CLC's provided us RAs with undying support, good conversation, and insight. On June 11th, I had the privilege to sit across from Cristina and Dr. Al at the Sports Café which is something I will always remember. I shook hands with Paolo in the kitchen and developed a bond with the dining ladies who would exchange smiles with strawberries just for me. The front gate workers, housekeeping, maintenance—they play vital roles in the enjoyment of living and learning on campus, and their work does not go unnoticed.

We went to the Sports Café again with the rest of the RA's, so I had one last attempt to fall in love with Italian coffee. Still, I would not choose to experience it again unless someone insisted. The CIMBA program, however, I would choose again in a heartbeat. The summer 2017 semester was delicious. Thanks to all who made it possible!

# Summer 2017 in pictures





Rome: Colosseo









Rome: Trevi Fountain



Borso: RA Shenanigans





CLCs and  
Resident Assistants





Rome: Colosseo





Venice



Florence

