



Fellow Swedish Program Alumni,

Tjena! Lately, Sweden's been on my mind. After a good decade of no contact, Benny tracked me down. I stayed with Benny's family when I was there in '87. We'd become close back then – he was my age and I played in his band, hung with his friends, and he taught me words like tjena. So he emailed, we reconnected, and he came here with his wife and two teenage children to stay with me for three weeks this past July. I was little scared. That's a long time for houseguests, especially one I really didn't know anymore. But we had a great time, I was glad to see him and he remained the sweet guy I know back then.

And with his visit came a flood of memories from 25 years ago. The denim jacket my economics professor wore, my bus route to the subway to the university, drinks at Café Opera, my girlfriend, her mother, the field trip to the union, to the castle, to the brewery, Benny's murmur, and many of my classmates. I vividly remember following some students to their class at Stockholm University. I sat in class and pretended to take notes, not understanding a thing. I don't know why that found a place in my permanent memory files. I can only assume it's because it was part of a truly fascinating, character forming great time. I learned what I never could have from a classroom alone – as you all know, you did too.

As The Swedish Program celebrates its 25<sup>th</sup> year, it embarks on a capital campaign to keep it as one of the very best study abroad programs in international education. I'm proud to serve as co-chair of the campaign. Join me in getting involved. Our Program is a small, independent non-profit organization and needs to develop an endowment. If you felt about the Program as I did, please support it. We all know it's worthwhile. Let's keep it around.

Tack sa mycket,



Paul Lieberstein