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RENNES 2/3 DECEMBRE**

Envoi du programme en avril



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LE CERCLE DES AMIS AFS

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Edito



“ MEILLEURS VŒUX 2023 !

Laurence Dufour, Présidente

Chères amies, chers amis,

Le Cercle vous présente ses meilleurs vœux de santé et de bonheur pour 2023 pour vous et vos proches, ainsi qu'à ceux dans la souffrance, la peine ou la solitude car ils sont nombreux.

L'année 2022 s'est terminée sur beaucoup d'incertitudes et d'inquiétudes. Nous avons tous à l'esprit la guerre en Ukraine et ses conséquences humaines, économiques et sociales. Anciens AFSers ou sympathisants d'AFS, cette situation nous rappelle avec force les valeurs de tolérance, de respect, de solidarité et de paix des ambulanciers de l'American Field Service.

Formons le vœu que l'année 2023 permette la résolution de ce conflit. Qu'elle soit plus sereine, porteuse de paix et de confiance en l'avenir.

Et l'avenir, c'est la jeunesse. Le Cercle, en collaboration avec AFS-VSF, est plus que jamais mobilisé pour aider le plus grand nombre de jeunes issus de familles modestes afin qu'ils puissent vivre l'expérience AFS et promouvoir à leur tour les valeurs de l'American Field Service.

Nous savons que nous pouvons compter sur votre fidélité et votre soutien et sommes impatients de pouvoir nous retrouver à l'occasion de rencontres organisées par le Cercle.

Merci à vous !

Laurence Dufour, Présidente

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Prénom _____
Nom conjoint _____ (si adhésion couple)
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- 30 € pour adhésion 2023
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Saint Nicolas à Lille

3/4 DÉCEMBRE 2022

Au risque de nous répéter, nous pouvons dire que les retrouvailles organisées à LILLE ont enthousiasmé les participants, tant pour l'intérêt des visites que pour l'accueil chaleureux qui nous a été réservé dans cette région que beaucoup visitaient pour la première fois. Même les contrôleurs de la SNCF ne sont pas parvenus à gâcher cette fête puisque la plupart de ceux dont le train avait été annulé ont trouvé une solution alternative. La palme de la motivation revient à Marie-Liesse J. (AFS 57/58) qui a voyagé durant 9 heures en Flixbus pour parvenir à Lille depuis Angers !

SAMEDI

La journée du samedi était consacrée aux visites guidées soit « hors des murs » soit dans le centre historique de Lille.

Un groupe d'une cinquantaine de participants a découvert ce qu'était la dure vie des mineurs de fond en visitant le **Centre Historique Minier de Lewarde**, classé monument historique et installé sur un puits de mine exploité de 1931 à 1971. Beaucoup, même après avoir lu *Germinal*, n'avaient pas conscience de l'âpreté de cette vie consacrée à la mine, à une époque où le charbon était une source d'énergie indispensable. Ce musée de la Mine, le plus grand de France, constitue un témoignage rare du passé industriel de cette région et de la vie des mineurs et leur famille.

A l'issue de cette visite, les participants se sont retrouvés au restaurant « Le Briquet » pour déguster quelques spécialités

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locales et ont , par la même occasion , découvert le signification du terme « briquet » pour les mineurs.

Le groupe a ensuite repris le bus pour se rendre au LOUVRE-LENS qui fêtait justement ce jour-là son 10ème anniversaire. L'objet de la visite guidée était l'exposition temporaire consacrée à Jean François Champollion, organisée à l'occasion du 200ème anniversaire de la découverte de la Pierre de Rosette, qui lui permit de déchiffrer les hiéroglyphes . Parmi de nombreuses antiquités égyptiennes, les visiteurs purent admirer le Scribe Accroupi, fascinante sculpture aux yeux de cristal, prêtée par le Louvre jusqu'au 16 janvier, fin de cette exposition temporaire.



Il fut ensuite possible de visiter librement l'exposition permanente du musée, réalisation de deux architectes japonais qui ont conçu un bâtiment lumineux et aéré permettant un parcours inédit dans l'histoire de l'art grâce aux quelque 200 œuvres issues des collections du Louvre et régulièrement renouvelées.

Un second bus avait pris le matin la direction de Croix pour une visite guidée de la **Villa Cavrois**, œuvre emblématique de l'architecte Mallet-Stevens, commandée par l'industriel Paul Cavrois avec le programme suivant :



air, lumière, travail, sports, hygiène, confort et économie . La villa, achevée en 1932, fut classée monument historique en 1991 et ouverte au public en 2015 après un gigantesque travail de restauration.

Le groupe a ensuite rejoint le **Musée de la Piscine de Roubaix** qui était, à l'origine, une piscine de style Art déco achevée en 1932. Fermée en 1985 en raison de sa vétusté, elle fit l'objet d'une importante restauration avant de devenir un musée inauguré en 2001. L'exposition temporaire présentée lors de la visite guidée a permis de plonger dans l'univers du Britannique William Morris, au travers de ses tapisseries, tentures, dessins, peintures et pièces de mobilier.





Pendant ce temps, accompagnés des guides de l'Office de Tourisme de Lille, d'autres participants visitaient le **Vieux Lille**, magnifiquement décoré à l'occasion de Noël, ainsi que le Quartier Royal où se situe la maison natale de Charles de Gaulle.

Christiane Gautreau et Loïc Le Morvan, tous deux bénévoles dans l'association locale.

Après la présentation des jeunes AFSers, tous se sont retrouvés autour d'un buffet avant de se disperser pour découvrir Lille « by night ».



A 19 heures, tous les participants au week-end se sont retrouvés, en compagnie de quelques uns des jeunes AFSers étrangers accueillis dans la région de Lille et de leur famille d'accueil, dans le Grand Carré de l'**Hôtel de Ville** (*photo en en-tête*). Ils furent accueillis par Monsieur Jérôme Pianezza, Adjoint au Maire délégué aux relations internationales, qui avec beaucoup d'éloquence et d'humour, témoigna de l'intérêt de la ville de Lille pour l'interculturel et pour l'action d'AFS Nord Flandres, représentée ce soir-là par



DIMANCHE

Le déjeuner du dimanche est toujours le point culminant du week-end puisqu'il permet aux participants de retrouver des « anciens » de leur promo ou de leur région. La promo 72/73, qui fêtait les 50 ans du départ et qui était la mieux représentée cette année, a eu droit à un bonus le dimanche matin, à savoir un « atelier gaufres » offert par Thierry Landron (AFS 80/81) dans la célèbre pâtisserie Meert dont il est le Président.



Tous les convives ont pu écouter le Dr. Richir, adjoint au Maire représentant Madame Martine Aubry, Maire de la ville, qui a rappelé la vocation internationale de Lille, située au carrefour de l'Europe, capitale européenne de la culture en 2004 et jumelée avec un grand nombre de villes étrangères.

La parole fut ensuite donnée à Laurence Dufour, Présidente du Cercle des Amis AFS qui, après avoir remercié la Municipalité de Lille pour son accueil et Raphaël Wintrebert, nouveau Directeur d'AFS-VSF pour sa présence, a rappelé les objectifs de notre Association. Elle a ensuite invité sur l'estrade les jeunes AFSers étrangers conviés à ce déjeuner, ainsi que les bénévoles représentant l'association locale AFS Nord Flandres, Léa Droin, Présidente, et Isabelle Veteau, responsable accueil.

Ce fut également l'occasion de présenter Amnaye, rentré cet été après une année AFS en Italie, qui a remercié le Cercle et son parrain pour leur soutien financier grâce auquel il a pu vivre une année qu'il a qualifiée d'extraordinaire.

La Présidente demanda ensuite aux promos qui fêtaient le 40ème, 50ème, 60ème anniversaire de leur départ de se lever afin que l'on puisse les applaudir. Mais nous nous rappellerons le tonnerre d'applaudissements à l'énoncé des noms de Marie Françoise Deroisy (née Lautmann) et Gisèle Hauchecorne (née Cany), parties pour les USA en 52/53 et qui, 70 ans plus tard, demeurent de fidèles soutiens d'AFS et du Cercle des Amis AFS.

Ce fut ensuite à Raymond Bovero, Secrétaire Général du Cercle, de remettre le diplôme d'honneur à une personne qui a beaucoup oeuvré pour AFS dans la région où se déroule la Saint Nicolas. Et pour la région du Nord, il n'y eut aucun doute que ce diplôme devait être décerné à Jacqueline Moguez, Présidente de l'association locale durant 35 ans, qui permit à de nombreux jeunes de vivre l'expérience AFS.

Pour terminer, Léa DROIN, Présidente d'AFS NORD FLANDRES, eut l'heureuse surprise de recevoir de Bruno GASTAL, Trésorier du Cercle, un chèque de soutien pour couvrir les frais relatifs à l'accueil des jeunes. Ce chèque, habituellement de 800€, a été exceptionnellement doublé compte tenu du nombre de jeunes accueillis dans la région, 17 cette année, ce qui témoigne du sens de l'hospitalité de ses habitants et du dynamisme de l'association locale.

Après l'annonce de la ville retenue pour la Saint Nicolas 2023 - RENNES - les échanges de souvenirs purent enfin démarrer à chaque table, tout en dégustant les spécialités locales.

Le moment du dessert fut l'occasion de souhaiter un bon anniversaire à Marie-Noëlle B., (AFS 72/73), avec un accompagnement musical de Vincent Soubeyran (AFS 84/85) qui avait apporté son violon depuis le Luxembourg où il réside.





Retour vers le passé ... American Memories

BY RAYMOND BOVERO - IN MARCH, 1972 - WITH SOME NOTES IN 2022

Dans INFOCERCLE 29, l'auteur a décrit son départ de France et le premier mois passé avec sa famille d'accueil avant le début de l'année scolaire. Voici donc la suite de son récit à partir de la rentrée des classes.

SCHOOL STARTS AND, AFTER SOME DIFFICULTIES, GETS EASIER

A few days before school started, I was invited to choose my « courses », in complement with the ones I had had in France. After discussing with I never knew who, only three courses were mandatory for me : American Government, American History and English 11. There was no need to take maths or physics or chemistry, as I had had enough of these in France. Just to make sure, I attended a couple of advanced maths courses but I knew the whole

program (for long Maths had been my favorite course in France). So besides these 3 courses, I chose to attend French (as a foreign language) to help the teacher, the fantastic Patty Lear (who also was teaching English 11), Typing, and Speech I [1]. g Betty ».

Then came the first day of school. My English had improved quite a lot and that first day, everything was OK until lunch time : everyone was very nice, introducing themselves to me. Remembering all their (often strange to me) names was quite

something, but I tried to manage.

[1] I would strongly recommend any AFSer to take a speech course if available ; it was really helpful for the speeches I had to give during that year and was even many years later, for my work in France. Of course, the quality of the teacher is important. My speech teacher, Miss Teetley, was fantastic. The same for the American Government teach whose nickname was « Bouncing Betty ». [NDLA]



“

American Memories is a story about a French student while he was in Ohio in 1971-72. This work was part of American Government course, as an end of senior high studies. It was written in 1972.

Raymond Bovero

An article from The Bucyrus (school newspaper) where I insist on how people were so kind, friendly and always ready to help me : this impressed me a whole lot and I really thought that French people, as a whole, could much improve on these points.



Then came the lunch period. Kind of lost in the cafeteria, I did not know much about the dishes served, so I took the first trail coming, sat down and tried to eat ... ! Heck, I did not like it !

Then, as time was running, I had more and more trouble to understand what anyone was saying to me because I was still thinking in French : I had to translate every word in my mind and as time went by, it was tiring and more difficult. By the time I got to Speech (my 8th and last period), I was unable to understand a single word (exhausted in fact). Thank you so much Miss Teetley for your kindness & understanding !

After that I had to ride a school bus for 20 minutes to the Junior High where mom (she was teaching journalism & English 9) would take me back home. I'll always wonder what the other kids were thinking of me because at the end of the school day, one had to repeat anything 3 times so that I could understand a bit.

When I finally got home, I fell asleep for 2 hours. The day had been so tiring ! It improved slowly but I did take a nap for quite a few weeks, every day after school.

Let me also tell you I never felt homesick. Every day, I could be happy of some little things : meeting some new friends, going to French class (with the fantastic teacher Patty

Lear), making a joke after having learnt some new words. And people were so helpful !

Little by little, I understood better what was going on, even during speech, the last period of the day, was less tired, and my English was improving... and after a couple of months, I realized that one night I DREAMT IN ENGLISH, it had become my natural language and everything was easier.

Even if things were easier, most teachers were still paying special attention to me. Often with a glance to me, they would give some extra explanation if they noticed I was lost, or even for some exam, Bouncing Betty (Mrs Gorsuch) asked me to sit next to the best student in the whole class, with special permission to ask him to explain to me when something was not clear enough. Thank you so much for your attention Betty ! It did help a lot, so did Dave Bush (the very best student of the whole class) who showed so much patience towards me who was interrupting him quite often during his exam ☺.

Some other things really struck me and probably influenced (for good) my behavior ever since :

- Maybe French education emphasize too much the form of thinking, writing, explaining. While American education emphasizes too much the core to the thought. In France, with a philosophical question, one has to go through thesis, antithesis, and conclusion and maybe what is really said there is not as important as the form. In US, one can directly go to what he thinks without being too much embarrassed with the form ; Both systems have real advantages and maybe the most efficient could be in between ;

- I was playing basket-ball at a good level in France, but was, by far, not good enough to be part of the school team in BHS (Bucyrus High School). But I was part of the Hi Y team and we won the championship (not much thanks to me, indeed). We had in the team a fantastic player that was scoring every time he was taking a shot. But I told him that he could at least let his team mates try some shots and let them score. So, for a while, he sent me some balls and I missed some shots (because I was upset for what I just told him).

So I went back to him and said « ok take all the shots you wish », and he never missed a shot. What I mean here is that he was strong enough not to be upset by what I told him. This, to me, is another American strength.

“
« Appuyez-vous toujours sur des principes, ils finiront bien par céder. »
Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord
”

BEING BLACK, IS IT A « PROBLEM » ? OR FEELING PART OF A MINORITY

A problem that upset me when I arrived in NYC was the black problem : one of the first things I noticed, probably because it was one of the things I had prejudice about. I didn't know anything about it, I had just arrived and I wanted to criticize. After a few months and after a personal experience I will tell about in a minute, I realized I was too narrow-minded. It is quite complex ; not only a matter of color, but also way of thinking, of life, culture, habits, ... and maybe the means dedicated to education ? [1]

I understood this much later, and I must say it was THE experience of the year. Let me explain.

It was in February : I was offered a chance to spend a whole day in Toledo Scott High School, which is 95% black. I spent the day in the French class. We arrived early, which was already a change for me.

As soon as I step inside, I got a strange feeling, not really knowing what was the reason. Was it because I had never seen so many black people in my life ? Maybe because of the clothes they were wearing ? ... As far as fashion was concerned, these clothes could have been made in the thirties, including very big hats that appear really weird to me. Or was it something else ?

I finally found out that it was probably due to the fact that, for the first time in my life, I felt as PART OF A MINORITY. It was surely quite

(1) For 2022 readers : in USA the biggest part of financing schools comes from local taxes. So, I would imagine that a rich town can run much better schools than in more poor zones (it was at least this way in the seventies) [NDLA]

uncomfortable, but when I go over it afterwards, I'm very grateful to all the persons who allowed that experience. But let's go back to what happened that day.

We met a first teacher. He was black and very friendly. He said something in German, maybe just to show he knew a foreign language, or maybe because, seen from Ohio, Germany or France do not make much difference : both are in Europe !

Then we went to see the principal in his office, and guess what ? He was black ! Of course it is « normal » in a 95% black school but, to me, a Principal « had to » be white, simply because I'd never seen otherwise. It's just like the first time I saw a little child speaking English. What a surprise ! The only language one learns naturally is French, isn't it ? English, you learn in school, that's all !

Well anyhow, the class finally began. For the first period, people were all black except one girl. They arrived by little groups and were very friendly to me, introducing themselves, shaking hands the way black people do. But where the heck, did they get so lazy speaking habits ? They swallowed half of the words. One of them had a tape recorder and when he played it, all more or less started moving, getting up, dancing, swinging, ... A total confusion was going on (or so I thought, but the teacher was quite relaxed, so I guess it was alright).

“

« The one asking a question might appear stupid 5 minutes, the other one not daring to ask a question might remain stupid for his (her) whole life. »

Chinese saying

”

After that 1st period, as it was Friday, we had a « Pep Assembly » [1].

My chaperon teacher sat with her peers and I went with one of the guys from the first period, a very friendly one, but a soon as we entered the gym where the pep assembly was held, a different, electrical, atmosphere kind of struck me, a strong fervor could be felt. To start with, the gymnasium was

much bigger (more than twice) the one we have in Bucyrus (Toledo Scott is a huge high school). Nothing compared to our pep assemblies in BHS (Bucyrus High School) : more people, much longer (It lasted an hour and a half), much louder, much more fervor, ... Everything was MORE !

I felt fairly uneasy during that pep assembly, among other things, because of the way some of them were looking at me. What's more, I felt it as a black power demonstration. Those people were so excited ! There was not much of a cheer going on, but instead, a jazz band, a rock band and another one were making music, answering to each other. I really felt completely apart. When the French teacher asked me if I had enjoyed the assembly, I swallowed my saliva once, and answered with a big smile « Oh Yes, it is quite different of the ones we have in Bucyrus ! ». But I didn't say in which ways.

We then went back to class where the students asked a lot of questions. After that, the president of the senior class had lunch with me. Boy, it was even lousier than the ones we have in BHS.

All these talks and emotions were rather exhausting. Having also a heavy cold, I felt quite tired but I was behaving a lot easier and I surprised myself by making a joke on a colored guy.

It turned out that the teacher wanted to give a test and that young guy kept asking me lots of questions, probably just to escape the test. He finally went to a very usual one « Say something in French », and I knew what was just right for him. So I said « Adrien, assieds-toi et tais-toi ». Then he asked the next usual question « what does it mean ? ». « It means Adrian, sit down and shut up » I said. And that's what he did. The whole class, including him, got a big kick out of this, everyone was laughing loudly, and guess what ? Suddenly, I felt much better ! ... and they took the test the teacher had prepared for them. And this was the end of that very special day !

Afterwards, when remembering that day, I wondered why it had been so difficult, at least in the beginning ? I probably over-reacted to « not usual » behaviors (not usual for me), to something unknown. It was very

likely that no one was aggressive during the whole day, but that was the way I felt about it, at least a good part of the day.

When I think back of the day, none of this seems to be true anymore and I came up with some others explanations : I was one of the rare non black, sort of a white « stain » among colored people, so I was very obvious and they probably were wondering who I was, since so few white people in this school. So who was I ? Again let me say, that it was a fantastic experience : now I can say I know how it feels to be part of a minority [2].

SOCIAL LIFE AND SPEECHES

Let me first explain something for my French readers in 2021 : social life, back then, was very well structured and organized through many clubs, some in school for kids and others in the city for adults. Let me mention, for instance Rotary or Lions (that we have in France too) but also BPW (Business Professional Women), Daughters of American Revolution, YMCA, Future teachers, Father-son, Churches, ... and many others.

After a few months, I was asked (as probably, most of us) to be a speaker during many club meetings, sometimes up to 3 speeches a day (happily rarely, as each speech could last up to a couple of hours depending on the audience wishes and I ended up voiceless). On average 6 to 8 speeches a month.

[1] Sports at school are very popular and a serious matter. Games take place about every Friday night : American football in the fall, then basket ball during winter (indoor), then tracks and baseball starting in Spring. Every Friday (during school year) the whole school gathers to support the team, to rehearse the cheers that will be used during the game. Cheerleaders are very active during the pep assembly and then during the game, in order to encourage spectators to support the team. [NDLA]

[2] Let me add that this experience has been useful to me for years and still is. I had to make presentations in many countries with huge cultural differences, and remembering this day in Toledo Scott helped me to feel comfortable, to pay more attention to the reactions of the people, not to feel « egressed » by unusual behaviors or things that I did not understand, and to organize my presentations on basis of what I knew of the « local » culture, in particular for seminars in China, Australia, Texas and Senegal.

One question in my mind is yet with no clear answer : being the only French guy around Bucyrus, I was de facto a minority ! Why did I never feel uneasy about it ? So what was different that day in Toledo Scott ? [NDLA]

At that time, one of my teachers in France did some magic tricks and was really good at it. He taught me a few tricks. During my American year, I put up quite a few shows, some on stage, some other being close-up. Besides, a professional photographer (one of my French parents' friend) had given me about 100 slides of castles, cathedrals and other beauties of our fantastic country of France. Those two really helped me a whole lot for the speeches I had to give. (NDLA)

I was quite surprised by the number of different clubs existing in the States, both in school and in the city. And, after a few months (starting from January) I was asked to give many speeches in different clubs, as a guest speaker of their meetings.

It happened, either during lunch or in the afternoon after school or during the evening (and sometimes all 3 the same day which would let

me end up totally voiceless).

Of course, the few first speeches were difficult as I was quite tense, but I appreciated the fantastic kindness of all who invited me as a speaker. To me this is an in-depth trend of American people. It is probably one of the reasons why my year was so fantastic.

A first example of the kind welcome was when a hostess from the Welcome Wagon Service visited me, explained a lot of things and gave me more than 50 vouchers from the same number of different stores, so I could get there, meet them, know the store and get a (small but nice) gift.

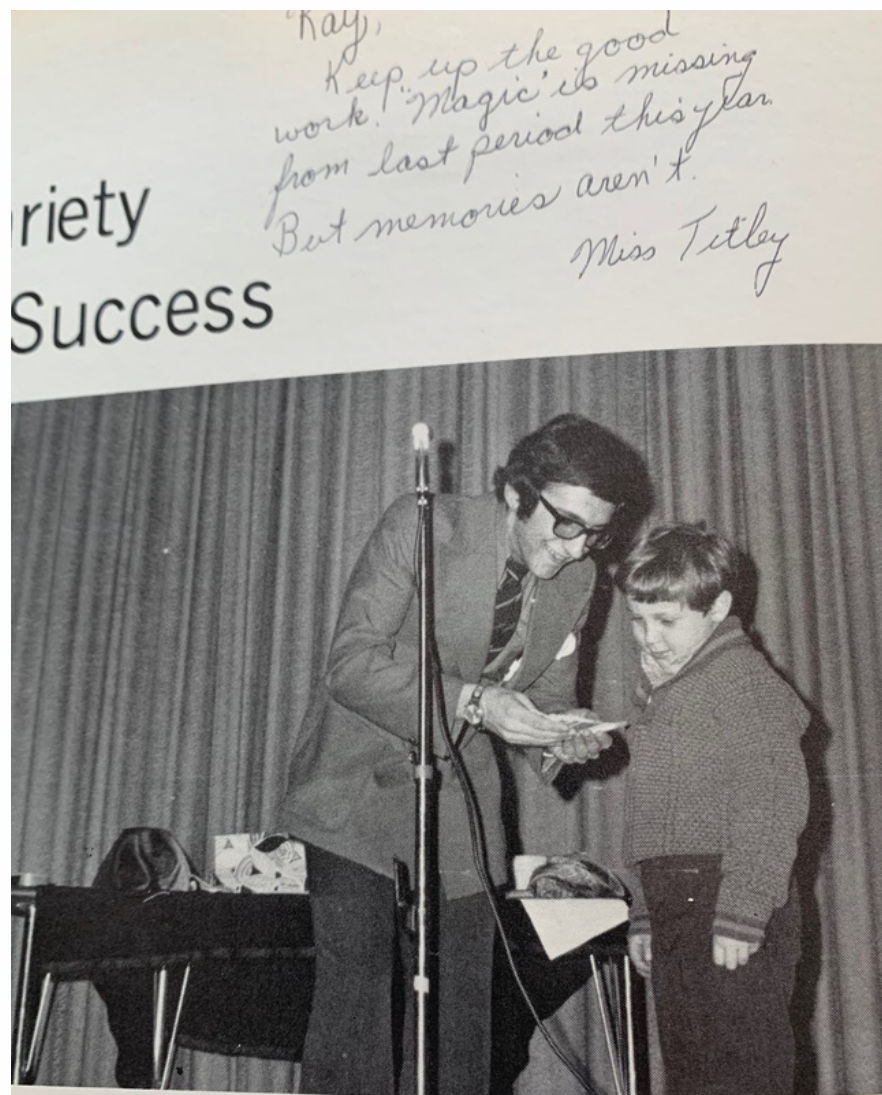
Kindness continued from quite a few stores where I got huge discounts, or even more (my dry cleaning was totally free for the whole year, so was the barber shop, I am pretty sure that the drugstore did not make a cent with me, billing me at cost

only).

Another example : during the winter, I once had a soared throat, so we went to see a doctor. After he examined me, he gave me some pills and tablets and when it was time to pay, he said « I like travelers, keep your money. I am happy to help you. » Woaw, thanks doc, very kind of you !

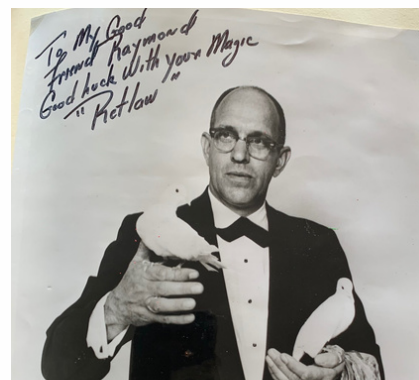
I could continue with examples of hospitality and kindness for many more pages. Let me add one last example. I was quite well known for my magic tricks. Again another nice thing I had with this magic : American people want to be entertained, are very good audience (oppositely, French people will try to understand where is the trick : much less fun, both for the audience and the magician). The 2 biggest kicks I had with my magic, was a very long close up session during a meeting of BPW (Business Professional Women) and with a talent show set up by the speech club in the school theater).

Anyway, a magician, living in a town nearby, had heard about it and for the rest of the year, he came and picked me up once a month to have dinner in his house, dinner where he invited a fellow magician (a different one every time), and after dinner, they did magic tricks and taught me many other fantastic tricks. That guy was president of « IBM », not the one everyone knows, but International Brotherhood of Magicians. Strangely enough, I do not remember his real name but his « artist » name was Retlaw (and I never knew what it meant ; I just noticed that it is Walter backward).



"Raymond the Magnificent" performs a magic trick with the "help" of a young

A talent show in school on behalf of the speech club



These evenings, watching super good magicians and learning from them will always be a very special souvenir for me. This was yet another way to feel the hospitality of the American people.

ALL GREAT THINGS MUST COME TO AN END

As far as my French scholarship is concerned, I'm losing a year since I won't get any credit for it. A lot of people did ask me whether it was worthwhile : if I had 9 lives, with no doubt, I would try this 9 times. I really think it was a fantastic experience and I would love to stay longer. I don't know exactly why it was worthwhile but it was. Mainly because I got a chance to know other people, to make new friends, to see another way of living, of thinking. It also teaches to be humble (even though I probably still have to work a lot on this), and not to judge too fast things and people.



Dottie, my American Mom (in blue) and grandpa Krantz, just before departure from Ohio

That fantastic year ended up with a bus trip with all AFSers from Ohio to get back to Kennedy airport including two stops where everyone was hosted by some (great) local families.

Our group from all over the world (Mexico, Paraguay, South Africa, Thailand, Belgium, Netherlands, Italy, Costa Rica, Denmark, Sweden, ...). Just for the fun : I still have that brown jacket and I can wear it ! [picture on the bottom of the page - NDLA]

And finally, if you want to see how «happy» I was to leave after this memorable year, just have a look at the picture on the far right, even though I was happy to meet again my family in Marseille. [NDLA]

AND THEN WHAT ELSE ?

In those times, every AFSer had to promise not to try to get back to the States before 3 years, and I really think it was wise. For most, if not all of us, the year had been fantastic, so we wanted it to continue, but as I went back 3 years later, I found out that it had to remain a fantastic experience and not a new way of living. People were very friendly but expected you to stay there only for a period of time.

Before I could return there, the French club came to France in 1973, and I enjoyed so much joining them in Paris and going along with them for 2 weeks all the way to the French Riviera. Watching how French people behaved with them was another fruitful experience. Just an example : the windshield of our bus exploded while we drove near a big truck, and it was fixed poorly. So anyone crossing us was looking heavily at those strange people in such a strange bus.

And one of the students finally said « Now we know another way to be starred at » !

Too bad for me, I lost contact with all these fantastic people, with all my friends. My American parents died, Dottie from cancer, and I don't know about Joe, my American dad, as he stopped all contacts after that. And I do regret it so much. So if you allow me one last advice, stay in touch with all the people that made your experience become a reality.



My family meeting me in Marseille : Mom & Dad right, my brother with the bag, and 2 uncles

“ THE END
(but in my mind, it will last ever !)
Raymond Bovero ”

