

Received from Lindsay Moore, December 20, 2004

EMAIL INSTALLMENT #2

So, I am back with the next installment of my Scottish life and let me just tell you it has been one fantastic voyage after another (I mean literally 'fantastic voyage' for you Coolio enthusiasts out there...he played here at St. Andrews two weekends ago...total old school right?!). Since my last email, so much has happened and I must admit I'm a little at loss for words (I know you will probably find that hard to believe after my last three emails...). So, I think I will just give you the play by play of my life so I don't miss any details (this is the point at which numerous keys strike the delete button, right?). Lights, Camera, action....

Well, for you true Lindsay fans out there, here is the real play by play (trust me, you'll be sure to get a Christmas card this year from me).... Orientation in and of itself was pretty non-descript and uneventful. I think the most devastating part was when my Rotary check cleared for 20,000 USD (and if you are like me and living at poverty level these days...you don't see this kind of dough in your bank account..) and within 20 minutes my account was a mere 3,000 USD (not too shabby...but even still it has to last me 4 more months) after paying my tuition. BUT, the best part of the week was definitely just meeting people. The University of St. Andrews is very much a Davidson-like setting which is fabulous because you meet people and see them on a daily basis. The total student population (undergrad and postgrad included) is about 6,000. ! The town is as much of the university as the university is the town. Also, I've honestly been very surprised by how many Americans there are here. I mean Americans are the minority in general, but on the postgraduate level they make up about half of the programs. This is not necessarily a bad thing, but it definitely is quite surprising.

During orientation week I spent a lot of evenings getting to know my fellow Rotary scholars. I must tell you they are some of the brightest, sincerest, and most attractive (both outwardly and inwardly) people I have ever met! Such an encouragement to be around! There are 5 guys and 3 girls and the guys are the following: Andy, went to Princeton undergrad and is studying international security here; Brent, went to Old Miss undergrad and is studying creative writing; Matt, went to Rice University undergrad and is studying Shakespeare; Ben, went to Harvard undergrad and is studying International Business; and David, went to Yale undergrad and is studying International Security. And the girls are myself, studying art history; Tamara (my flatmate), went to Jacksonville University undergrad and is studying creative writing; and Kailen, went to Iowa State undergrad and is studying art history as well. I am impressed...aren't you?!

So, for you 80s music fans out there (and yes, Robert Cooke and Amanda Mildner, this is my shout out to you!) I met none other than Tiffany my first Saturday night here (and if you don't know who Tiffany is, then just revisit every girl's favorite hot pink and side-pony tail song..."I think we're alone now..." and you'll get an 80s refresher course.) Oh yes Tiffany, herself, performed for the postgrad world at the University of St. Andrews ...unbelievable right? Europe is still all about the 80s, and I have still not figured that one out. If you have any insights please feel free to email me and enlighten me (or better yet, make it an excuse to call me...001 44 1334 478594). And, then the following weekend, Coolio performed (none other than Gangsta's paradise!)...I don't

think Scotland realizes they're several decades behind times, but all the same both events were an interesting blast from the past to say the least.

So, anyway, now to the reality of my life abroad. I supposedly started classes on Monday, September 27th, but what is meant by 'supposedly' in Scottish terms is that I didn't really start classes until the following Monday, October 4th (I mean I literally met with both my professors to decide when we were going to 'officially' meet). I know this doesn't make a lot of sense, but its just how the Scots function-incredibly laid back. I think the good Lord above knows this is just what I needed in an academic setting this year. Now, to clarify: just because the setting is more relaxed (as in I have literally only 4 hours of lecture a week), it by no means entails it is not academic. Believe me, the time I am not in class is well spent in the library stacks. My professors are phenomenal. I am only taking two taught lecture courses in the art dept. (but I also meet with my tutors one on one for several hours a week) and one is coursework on the Venetian artist "Giorgione" and the other involves coursework in the "Northern Baroque: Rubens to Rembrandt." For the former coursework, my tutor is Dr. Humfreys who specializes in the Venetian Renaissance and has just opened a tremendous exhibition on the artist "Titian" at the National Gallery in Edinburgh (he graduated from the Courtauld Institute of art and has been working on this exhibition for almost a decade). And my main advisor and tutor for the latter coursework, is Dr. Julian Luxford, who did his PhD work at Cambridge and specializes in medieval and Netherlandish art. I will be working with Dr. Luxford on my dissertation this spring (more on that to come soon). I can't tell you how much I absolutely adore my studies right now (I know I sound like an uber dork...but hey, at least I'm an honest dork, right?). I feel completely and utterly in my element and I just thank God everyday that I have this opportunity. It truly is such a confirmation of the goodness and infinite joy God wants to give each of us.

Anyway, my only other art experience, occurred in Edinburgh during the weekend of October 2nd where I attended an impressive study day and lecture series led by Christopher Lloyd, the Head Surveyor of the Queen's Royal Collection in London. The series was entitled "Enchanting the Eye: Dutch Paintings from Rembrandt to Vermeer." The day began at the National Gallery in Edinburgh and concluded with champagne and an intimate showing of about 30 17th century northern Netherlandish pieces at Holyroodhouse Palace from the private royal collection. The curatorial expertise of the exhibit definitely was exceptional to say the least. The best part was that Christopher Lloyd walked us personally through each of the displayed works. My flatmate, Tamara, attended the study day with me and we actually spent the early morning hours touring Edinburgh Castle.

As a side note, my second week of school here was a truly a mixed blessing. My childhood best friend, adopted grandmother, and mentor (in multiple forms-baking, arts, and scripture), Louise Bailey (Age 90) left this world in peace and returned to her real home above. And there Mrs. Bailey was reunited with not only her husband, Fred (who passed away just six months ago at age 95), but also her Creator-and for that I rejoice with great delight. And while in my heart of hearts I knew this was coming and I was reassured for her greater and infinite joy, I must admit I selfishly wanted her here for me to go home to after my time in Scotland. But, in a sense her presence has become even more real to me while here in Scotland and I know that honestly I probably wouldn't be here right now if it wasn't for her and for that I am forever grateful. She showed me through her love, kindness, and soften spoken corrections, to seek life in all its fullness and for that my life has been forever changed. So, I guess this is to say, that

upon my departure from the states, I said a 'farewell for now' on my way to the Raleigh/Durham airport to my precious Mrs. Bailey and I can only imagine what it will be like to once again share with her all the stories that will happen in my life as a result of the way she taught me to live it!

Thanks, by the way, for letting me share Mrs. Bailey with you....I pray you all have a Mrs. Bailey in your life and that we all might become more like her in all we do and say.

So back to the play by play...

So, another big part of my life here definitely has been in Christian fellowship. I have to tell you that I've been absolutely blown away by the people God has put in my life and in a mere 3.5 weeks time span. I am encouraged each day by the people I meet and just how deliberate and purposeful their presences are in my life here. Truly unbelievable and numerous (I can't even begin to tell you all the stories in this email). But two of the most encouraging involve Young Life connections (and those of you who are part of the YL world you probably won't be that surprised...its just a small world.). But anyway, the first connection actually is tied to my precious young life team mate Blake Bergeron and his high school connection to my fellow Rotary scholar, David Farrell. It really just makes me smile and at the same time laugh at myself that I ever doubted that my heavenly Father would deny me such things...but all I can say is "silly, Lindsay." David has already proven to be a great friend and encouragement in the last weeks and it's been fun to have a good friend to go church shopping with. And the other connection is through none other than Jeff McSwain, a Davidson and St. Andrews alum, as well as Young Life area director in the greater Durham/Chapel Hill area. The connection here is to a fourth year undergraduate student, Emily Raudenbush, from Philadelphia. And Emily has been an enormous presence in my St. Andrews life not only because of fellowship, but because we are leading a high school Bible study (an Alpha Course) at St. Leonards College (17 to 18 year old high school students) here in St. Andrews. Are you floored yet, because I certainly am!? Please keep this time at St. Leonards in your thoughts and prayers. It is a private boarding school and while it is largely British students, it also has an enormous asian population. Pray for Emily and I to decrease and for God's presence to increase all the more. Much to our surprise, the school is really fired up for us to lead this study! We are meeting for an hour and half in one of the dorms on Thursday nights from 7:30 til 9. (just another random connection is a young girl studying here, Reagan Carpenter, who was part of the Raleigh Supper Club I was part of last year).

So, now to the best part of my time here-Rotary! While I know it is surprising I have just mentioned Rotary here after many thoughts, please understand that all of these things I have already mentioned are fundamental to my role as a Rotary ambassador of goodwill. For me this has really come down to extending my life and love to those I meet and the opportunities that present themselves each day. My lovely host parents, Graham and Dorothy, have been super involved in my transition to St. Andrews and are so eager to share their lives with me and as well as their beautiful country. On Friday of this week, Dorothy is driving Tamara and me to Scone Palace (the throne and crowning grounds of the Scottish kings and queens) and Glamis Palace (the setting for Macbeth) that are only about an hour away. Her love of Scotland exudes itself in every description and story she shares. I have also attended the St. Andrews Rotary club on one occasion at the Golf Hotel overlooking the Old Course (and will be speaking the 2nd week in November) and helped with several of their charity fundraisers one of

which included the a charity raffle this past weekend at the famous Dunhill Links golf tournament! Basically, my role alongside my fellow Rotarians was to accost (I use this word rather loosely please note) innocent bystanders to buy 1 pound raffle tickets. While the average Rotarian age here is more like 60 and definitely 95% male, these Rotarians are neither lacking in their zeal nor their zest for life! They are some of the most fun and playful people I have ever met and during the tournament this past Saturday I found myself being forced into some serious gambling situations (rowdy aren't they?! And I absolutely love it!). I mean there were some times when they had me at 5 to 1 odds where my task involved getting kilted men to buy at least 5 tickets (vs the standard 1 ticket we typically sold...quite scandalous, honestly). I mean for those of you who know me quite well, I am sure you are aware I am not much of a saleswoman, but even I surprise myself sometimes. The best was when my fellow Rotarians gave me a really hard time when one of the kilted men denied me flat out, but after much consideration the gentleman came back a mere 5 minutes later and just gave me 5 pounds w/o the raffle tickets (now you realize this is more like 10 to 20 raffle tickets...b/c he wasn't actually registered to win!)! I think I officially became their Rotarian hero for that one bright, shining instant in life. What can I say?! I am slowly becoming a young Scottish lass after all!

So, to conclude, I will leave you with the highlight of my life (well not really, but it was an adrenaline rush) here in St. Andrews so far-so be glad you are still with me because you will be very glad you stay tuned for more (those who have now given up and deleted this will miss the juicy part). So, have you ever had a dream you when meet a famous person (no, not the one where you meet some one famous and you are half-clothed much to your utter dismay)? Well, just so you know I didn't meet anyone famous, instead, I met two-and I am talking up close and personal! So, as I mentioned earlier, I attended the Rotary fundraiser at the Dunhill Links Tournament this past Saturday, BUT what I didn't tell you was that last Friday, it is traditional that the pro golfers get paired with amateur golfers for local charity fundraising. Just so you know, though, these amateurs may be amateurs at golf, but they are certainly no amateurs in the eyes of the world especially when they come in the form of Dennis Quaid, Samuel L. Jackson, Greg Kinnear, Kevin Costner (and his lovely newly wed wife, Christine, from Greensboro, NCI), Hugh Grant, Michael Douglas, Dennis Hopper, Jodie Kidd, and Dan Quayle (random, huh?). And oh yeah, there were these famous golfers VJ Singh, Fred Couples, and Adam Scott there as well just to make this legit. So, anyway, I am sure you are wondering who I met....so just hold your horses and I will get to it in time...(recognize this is for suspense building purposes...). In actuality I saw them all at one point or another on the Old Course and at times from only about 5 feet away. Our day began at 9 am when Tamara and I found Samuel L. Jackson paired with Howell on the 11th, followed by Greg Kinnear and Dennis Quaid. It was really surreal to say the least.

So after much suspense, victim number one was....

so imagine yourself standing at the 10th tee on the Old Course at 10:40 a.m. eagerly awaiting the official 10:44 a.m. tee time (I know its hard, but try it anyway...) and knowing the mysterious 'he' is about to arrive in all his splendor and just as you look up, there he is only 10 feet away descending the stairs of a gleaming white vehicle (well actually it was just a 'dunhill links' dirty blue van...but hey its more picturesque this way) and just as he lightly brushes the ground he looks right at you (well actually to the tee grounds just behind you, but hey, a girl can wish, right?) with a smile that stretches

from ear to ear and your mind so sweetly returns to his baby blue eyes and innocent, yet awkward and endearing presence in the Little Travel Bookshop situated in Notting Hill as he encounters Julia Roberts. Oh yes, if you have caught on now, you k! now that I am speaking of none other than Hugh. And yes, he was my first victim for the day. In my classiest and most southern belle fashion, I made a straight beeline for him, of course following in the trail of my much more ambitious northern Pittsburghese counterpart, Tamara Simpson. So here, the fairy tale ends...and as far as fairy tales go he, just to clarify, is no Mr. Darcy in any shape or form. Mr. Grant almost to a tee (no pun intended here) matches the all too suave characterization of Daniel Cleaver in Bridget Jones Diary. I mean, as we approached him, nestled between a coffee vendor and a port-a-john (idealistic and quite fitting to say the least), he haughtily informs us "can we just wait a moment." Like scolded children, Tamara and I ducked our heads in resigned punishment, as he texted away at his mobile (aka cell phone here in the UK) for the next 3 minutes. With reluctance, he finally and curtly said "Ok.." and we awkwardly handed him our random pieces of paper (mine happened to be a recent note from the sweet Rhonda Case!) in which we received a rather non descript and entirely illegible signature (but isn't that how they all turn out?). So after his scolding, I figured I had nothing to lose, so I asked him if we could take a picture with him and he mumbled an annoyed 'sure...'. After a quick snap, he headed straight over to the tee for his opening tee time of the day. So, there you have it, every Hugh Grant stereotype ever suggested, tested and scientifically proven to be correct (well, I guess I have to give him some slack since he does deal with the public every day, but even still...). The only redeeming fact is that the last thing he touched was my ink pen before he grabbed his iron to tee off on the 10th. (jk)

So after seeing both Michael Douglas hit his opening tee on the 10th and Christine Costner putt on the 5th green (yay, G-boro, NCI), Tamara and I strategically placed ourselves on the 16th tee to revisit some of our favorites all in succession starting with Samuel L. Jackson. We were quite humored by such stars as Greg Kinnear who hit his tee shot into the crowd on the 16th. He laughed and brushed it off with "sorry, just an amateur here..."...no biggie...he's a movie star after all and no matter what you do I guess it all looks pretty cool and suave. But, when victim number 2 stepped up to the plate (I know this should be a tee, but if you can remember him in a couple of baseball movies, you will get the hint at whom I am referring to..., al! though I prefer him dancing with wolves in the moonlight.), all jaws (female-naturally...) dropped. He hit his ball pretty non-chalantly, yet quite skillfully I might add and then played up the crowd by taking a picture with a little boy. He walked directly in front of Tamara and I (well, of course he did!), and while we truly believed he was only talking to us, he said "follow me if you want to see a real amateur golfer play." He could have just said "come follow me..." and we would have obeyed (sorry, I realize this is kind of sacri-religious, but I couldn't help myself!). So, at the 16th hole we really hit the jackpot. Leaning against the fence, Tamara and I stood truly star struck. And yes, within 2 minutes, none other than Kevin Costner, himself, came over and leaned his back against the very section of the fence we happened to be leaning against (umm...coincidence, I think not!). Now, this is the point, I still can not ! get over, (yes, it gets better), Tamara Simpson, the bravest woman I know, exclaims ever so concisely and assuredly, "Mr. Costner, you have a bug on a shoulder." And to my utter delight, he actually moved his shoulder over to her hand and asked her brush the bug off! And the crucial moment followed (oh yes) when he joked with us and said "now don't be selling that buy on eBay!" Unbelievable, but yet oh so believable! While Tamara broke loose from the crowd and ran out of sight to muffle her squeals in the background, I, instead, made the

plunge for the team and went for the kill (aka got a picture and an autograph). And might I add life was good.

So, I will stop here, not abruptly, but rather very satisfied because who can think of anything better than swatting a bug off Kevin Costner's shoulder? If you think of anything, let me know what you come up with .....

So that's all folks for now. I have to admit, that I quite amused myself in this installment...but after 3 hours of writing...I guess anyone would be amused. More soon.....

With love and thoughts from the land of firths, haggis, cedilahs, and bagpipes,

Lindsay

Oh yeah...those baseball movies noted above happen to be Bull Durham and Field of Dreams...got to get your Costner trivia right b/c you never know when you might have to meet him...(ouch)

Also, just so you guys know...my sassiness and cynicism throughout this installment is for your sheer enjoyment. I hope it was sufficient. (there is a twinge of standard Lindsay sweetness there too...you just have to look for it.).