

## The Fruits of Our Labor

**C**ITRUS FRUITS stretch like a necklace of juicy beads along Georgia's Black Sea coast in late fall. My host family keeps tangerine, orange, and lemon trees on a hillside behind the home where my host father and his 10 siblings grew up.

Assorted relatives were waiting outside on the porch when a team of us arrived one day in early December to bring in the fruit. Buckets and clippers in hand, we fanned out across the hillside. Holding my balance while picking wasn't always easy. I sent an avalanche of tangerines rolling down the mountain when I had to grab a branch to steady myself.

Before long, buckets overflowing with fruit were soaking up the afternoon sun. My host brother Dato spun his nephew (also called Dato) in death-defying circles above his head and looked happier than I've ever seen him. Though my fingers were dark with dirt, I couldn't help but pull the peel from a firm, warm fruit and pop its wedges into my mouth now and then. The sweet-tart juice burst onto my tongue and flooded me with gratitude for the opportunity to share this experience. I'll never look at a supermarket box of Clementines quite the same way again.

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**YOU'RE INVITED!** We invite you to submit your photos along with a brief (approximately 200 words) description of why these images are important in your understanding of a person, place, idea, or incident from your experiences in international education. The photos could be of a simple moment on your home campus involving international students, a major event in an exotic location, or anything in between. The editors of *International Educator* will run selections on this page throughout the year. Please contact us for submission details at [elainal@nafsa.org](mailto:elainal@nafsa.org).