



The Goats' Milk of Human Kindness

AS WE TROTTED OUR HORSES into the camp of Wakhi shepherds in a remote corner of Afghanistan, the nomads watched us with wide eyes. Seldom had they any visitors, and hardly ever any as strange as four sun-glazed foreigners with poor horsemanship.

Everything was in place to put distance between us. We couldn't speak any of the local Wakhi dialect. They would have no chance to learn English. We wore weatherproof jackets to stave off the cold. They wrapped themselves in the wool of their

herds. We pulled for our cameras and they pulled on the udders of their goats.

But we set in anyway, with smiles and curiosity. The shepherds showed us how to milk a goat, laughing at our ineptitude. They showed us where they lived and how they scratched a survival out of the barren mountainsides. Once convinced of our interest, they gave us the most natural gift we have to give: their story.

We shared a world that evening with very few words. We were of like kind, after all; humans, spinning on a mysterious planet

together, loving and learning. And sharing our stories let us glimpse the lifeblood of humanity within us all.

With a bachelor's degree in journalism, enhanced by international experience, I am now traveling westward across Asia, with the intent of telling the stories of places that might otherwise go unnoticed.

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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.