

4-1-2017

TRIPtych: A glimpse of my semester in Arezzo, Italy

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Recommended Citation

Honohan, Grace '18 (2017) "TRIPtych: A glimpse of my semester in Arezzo, Italy," *Furman Magazine*: Vol. 60 : Iss. 1 , Article 17.
Available at: <https://scholarexchange.furman.edu/furman-magazine/vol60/iss1/17>

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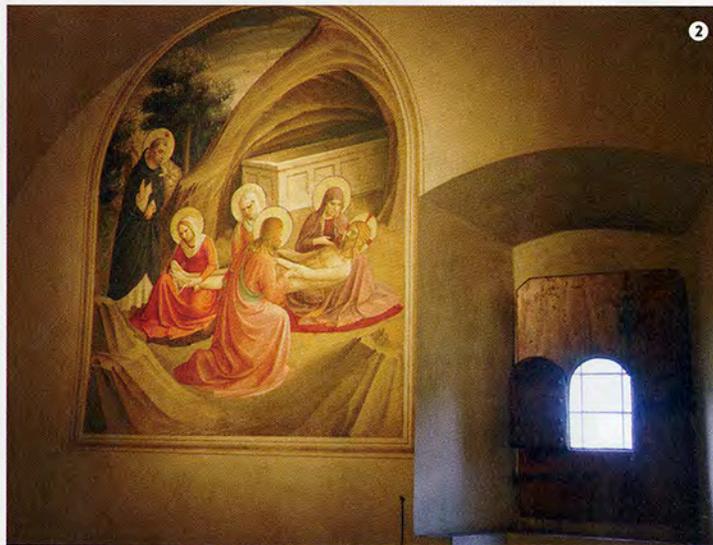
TRIPtych

A glimpse of my semester in Arezzo, Italy

BY GRACE HONOHAN '18

From medieval jousts to Mozart, my semester abroad in Italy held a wide range of experiences and memories. The semester was filled with music, art, history and, of course, food. Armed with a new camera and a binder of sheet music, I felt ready for my time abroad. However, nothing could prepare me for the sights and sounds I would encounter.

1 Long Walks into Town: Arezzo, Italy, a town I had never heard of, became my home away from home. Inside our villa, I was able to study Italian opera and sing in a practice room with a view of Tuscan hills and vineyards. The trek into town was long, but passing an aqueduct from the 16th century and seeing the Duomo di Arezzo (an ancient cathedral) in the distance made the walk fly by. The first day I made that journey was to see the medieval joust that Arezzo puts on every year, complete with costumes, horses and flag-throwers. Although I had only been in Arezzo for 48 hours, I felt like a local as I cheered alongside the loud and large crowds that filled the Piazza Grande.



3 Bagpipe Dreams: One of my favorite trips was our weekend in Milan. We were able to see “Le Nozze di Figaro” by Mozart at the Teatro alla Scala. We waited in three different lines in order to get our rush tickets for the second balcony from the top. I stood for almost all of the four hours of our evening at La Scala, leaning over the edge just to catch a glimpse of the singers on stage. Although we had a small view of the stage, it was a memorable evening for a group of young musicians. The opportunity to listen to music at its highest quality, in a venue filled with history, is something that I will appreciate for years to come.

2 Lost in Firenze: Occasionally I was able to hop on the train to Florence, and on every trip I discovered something new, which was almost always by accident. I could never follow the same path twice, no matter how hard I tried. I relied on glimpses of the Duomo, which I caught on every other corner I turned, since it really is the heart of this city. My favorite place in Florence was the Museo di San Marco. Each cell of this Dominican convent features a small fresco by Fra Angelico, and in each fresco you will find San Domenico himself in a blue robe. This museum was a peaceful refuge from the bustling streets of Florence.

