Adventures of a Traveling Origamist

*W*hile Florida courts were busy trying to figure out who would be president, I was happily traveling about attending origami conventions and seeing the world. Now I'm back home to engrave my experiences in writing.

My first destination was Cali, where I attended for the third time the Colombian Origami Convention. On my way there, something very funny occurred at the Bogota airport customs. After going through the X-ray booth, one of the customs officials asked me to open my backpack. He said in Spanish, "What do you have in there? Do you have a Swiss army knife (una navaja)?" I answered in a guilty tone, "Yes sir, I do," and I pulled out from my backpack my origami Swiss Army Knife. All four customs agents broke down laughing. Needless to say, they didn't confiscate my origami knife, and they never even saw the real pair of scissors also in my backpack!

To my delight, on this trip to Cali the airlines successfully transported all my baggage, a big improvement over last year's trip, when they lost all my checked bags and never found anything but my unicycle!

This year's convention was the most well-attended ever – 100 people! There were 99 Colombian folders plus me. It took place once again at Stella Maria School and I was told that this year the school let us use the space for free in exchange for allowing seven of its teachers to attend for free. That's a dream deal in my opinion!

The convention itself was once again extremely well organized, and in many ways similar to Origami USA conventions (minus the politics). Friday evening, we all received our convention survival kit which included a schedule of classes, list of attendee addresses, a convention pin, plenty of paper, and most impressive of all, two 150-page books of origami diagrams submitted from all over the world. In addition everyone received origami pins beautifully crafted and donated by Mark Kennedy, who attended the convention two years ago.

Saturday morning, attendees decided which classes to take by looking at the model menu. They were each assigned a number randomly to determine who got to pick their classes first and so on. The classes were taught in separate rooms, seven at a time, throughout a total of ten class periods over the weekend. Also as part of the schedule, there were several fifteen-minute coffee/refreshment breaks during which everyone would come together to chat and show each other what they had just learned. Throughout the convention, folders also hung out in the hospitality room as well as in the exhibition room where there were about 25 mostly highly technical exhibits, including some sent from other countries.

"The Faces of Fun!"
Colombian Origami Convention 2000, Cali Colombia

L to R: Ary Romero, Carlos F. Fernández, Jorge Carvajal, Wilmar Delgado, ¿?, José Moreno Jr., ¿?, Gustavo Noguera, Mónica Rodríguez, Andrés Zapateiro, Carlos Alberto Reyes

Saturday, after the classes, people gathered in the hospitality room for an evening of entertainment. First on the bill was a scavenger hunt in which we were divided into teams of two and given a sheet with twenty tasks, which whoever completed first won. One task I found very funny was step 7: "Count the number of chairs in the hospitality room." But even funnier was step 15: "Don't answer step 7." My partner and I didn't win, partly because we spent so much time counting chairs (all 173 of them). After the scavenger hunt, I did my origami/juggling/globall/handwhistling/unicycling/fire show, which went quite well (i.e. I didn't get in any trouble for doing the fire).

On Friday and Saturday nights, the organizers and out-of-towners stayed in a hotel nearby where the convention was held. But on Saturday night I really only stayed there a few hours, because I went out to a salsa bar with the Medellín folders, Sergio Sánchez, Elizabeth Montoya and Ana María Ramírez and we danced late into the night. Sergio, who's a professional dance teacher, taught me some new moves, and then we all had major fun getting tipsy and exchanging stupid human tricks.

One of my biggest thrills came Saturday afternoon: I found out that there were three VEGAN restaurants within walking distance of the convention! That's more than there are in the whole city of Berkeley! I happened upon one while riding my unicycle, and there I befriended a local fellow who, after our meal, guided me to the other two. So, during that weekend, I feasted like a king, and Sunday, managed to gather a large group of folders to feast with me for the last supper.

Sunday afternoon after the group photo in the gym, it was time for the piñatas -- modular models filled with marble-sized plastic balls which could be exchanged for packages of paper. This time there were three piñatas -- one for niños (ages 12 and under), one for adolescentes (ages 13 to 22), and one for adultos (everyone else). The winners of each group (whoever grabbed up the most balls) were awarded origami books in addition to their paper winnings. Just like last year, I once again didn't manage to get a single ball, but I wasn't too emotionally crushed because I already had plenty of paper. The rest of the time in the gym I spent with Helmar Cáceres providing music for the event: We played andean duets, I on handwhistle and he on quena (andean flute). It was a blast!

"Dance Teacher Sergio showing off his moves"
L to R: Elizabeth Montoya, Sergio Sánchez, and Ana M. Ramírez

"We did it! And we even had time to take pictures after!"
Peacock Pop-up class at Colombian Origami Convention

For the convention finale, we were treated to storytelling performances by Jorge Villamizar and Daniel Duarte, both of whom had everyone in the room hysterically laughing except for me who only pretended to laugh because I honestly couldn't understand most of their punchlines, they were said so fast. I probably also would have performed in the finale, but because I had talked so much that day (teaching classes), and partied so much the night before, I had lost my voice and didn't feel up for performing. For the closing ceremony, speeches were given by the organizers, Jose Arley Moreno, Jose Tomas Buitrago and Constanza Castro. Constanza's speech was particularly moving and even brought me to tears. She described how origami for her is such a joy and blessing that helps alleviate her pain from the ongoing civil war that has devastated the country. Finally, diplomas of participation were handed out one by one, which brought us to the end of yet another fabulous convention.

I spent the next few days at the home of José Arley and managed to get in plenty of salsa dancing. Then I headed to Tulcán, Ecuador, to visit some friends I met there three years ago. The highlight of my stay in Ecuador was unicycling, juggling and

Post convention gathering at casa Moreno

From left to right Willyman Cardona, José Arley Moreno, José Moreno Jr., Constanza Castro, Gildardo Estrada, María E. Hernández, Blanca L. Moreno, Elsy J. Bello, ¿?¿?, Andrés F. Sánchez, José Tomas Buitrago, Davinson Tulande. Seated: Álvaro Méndez, Fidel R. López, Harvey Giraldo.

handwhistling in the state of Carchi's 19th of November "Birthday" parade. At the start of the parade, I did find myself in a slight confrontation with one of the security guards, who ordered me to leave on account that it was strictly a military parade. So, I simply unicycled around the block and reentered further up in the parade, and had no further skirmishes with the guards. To the contrary I performed for fleets of military and tons of townsfolk and the whole way down the parade received standing ovations (well... most were already standing anyway), especially when I shouted, "¡Viva Tulcan! ¡Viva Carchi!"

That evening in the main square, I did my full fire show for one of my biggest most excited audiences ever. During my finale, while I was juggling torches on the flaming unicycle, dozens of children chased me around the square like I was some sort of superhero. Afterward I was so mobbed by my adoring little fans, that at one point I could hardly stand up. Luckily with the help of my friends, I managed to make an escape before anyone got hurt.

After a week in Ecuador, I bid my friends good-bye and headed back home. On the way I once again was stopped by customs in Bogota, this time because they found a lone juggling beanbag which had somehow wandered into my unicycle case. The agent, who clearly suspected there were drugs in the ball, said to me sternly, "Mr. Shafer please explain why you have this ball." I responded, "I have lots more here in my backpack!" And right there in the crowded airport lobby I suddenly started juggling seven balls!

I finished clean with a neck catch and received a round of applause. Then, as I was putting the balls away, another customs agent came up to me and said, "Excuse me, I missed it. Would you mind doing that again?" I joked, "OK, but this time I'm going to have to pass the hat!"

When I arrived in San Francisco, one last time I was hassled by a customs agent who insisted on giving my bags a "quick examination." First off I said, "You guys always make me juggle for you, so lets just get that over with now!" He responded, "That's OK, If you're so eager to juggle for me, you must not have anything in those balls to hide." He then went on to search every other nook and cranny of my bags. So the moral is, if you would like to smuggle drugs, just learn how to juggle!

I made it back home just in time to drive up to Salem, Oregon, to spend Thanksgiving at my grandparents'. For the Thanksgiving table I folded Juan Lopez' origami Turkey which, although it was a big hit, didn't manage to replace the real turkey as I had hoped.

Then I bounced back home to get ready for my trip to Italy. Part of my preparation was one final push to learn to speak Italian. I find having some ability (no matter how little) to speak the local language, adds so much to the experience of going abroad.

The other part of my preparation was in the realm of Flaming Flashers. I discovered by surfing the Internet that TWP, a major distributor for wirecloth (which I

Photo by Richard Castillo

"Jeremy, warming up in chilly Tulcan, Ecuador"

use to fold Flaming Flashers), resides right here in Berkeley! It turns out however that their wirecloth is more expensive than the wirecloth I ordered from Lane Allen. Nonetheless, I couldn't resist paying them a visit and even folded their logo out of brass wire cloth. In their showroom they had the most amazing, silk-like, irresistible material – bronze wire cloth that was 250 wires-per-inch! In the end, I bought one Flaming-Flasher-sized sheet for $80.

More about this later... Onward to Italy!

The C.D.O. (Centro Diffusione Origami) Convention took place the weekend of December 8th-10th at the Hotel delle Terme in Castel San Pietro near Bologna. I arrived at the hotel Friday around 3pm, and the convention was already in full swing.

Everyone was gathered in one big room sitting at tables folding and it reminded me of the hospitality room at the OrigamiUSA convention – I was clearly in my element. There were just over 150 attendees but here I was definitely not the only foreigner; almost a third of the attendees were from other countries including nine from the States. In addition, there were only nine Bolognini – everyone else came from out of town.

The C.D.O. Convention carries quite a reputation, and well deserved I must say, even just considering the impressive presence of famous folders: Kunihiko Kasahara (Japan), Eric Joisel (France), David Brill (England), Vincente Palacios (Spain), Peter Budai (Hungary), Heinz Stroeble (Germany), Herman Van Goubergen (Belgium), Edwin Corrie (Switzerland) Pasquale D'Auria and David Derudas (Italy), and Jan Polish and Jonathan Baxter (USA). So although Kunihiko, Eric Joisel and myself were officially the honored guests, it felt like we were really just the lucky members of a gang of folders, each of which deserved as much to be honored.

The classes, which all took place in the main room, were taught spur of the moment, which for me was less stressful. There was no model menu, no ticketing, and I didn't even need to decide which particular models I was going to teach until it was time to teach. On Saturday, I taught two classes, one on envelopes and cards, and the other on action models. While teaching, I got plenty of practice speaking Italian and several times needed to be reminded by the people who did not understand Italian to translate what I was saying into English. My personal feeling is that language really plays only a small part in the teaching of origami. My classes could have just as easily been taught silently, but that wouldn't be as much fun, especially for me who was thoroughly enjoying getting a private Italian lesson from twenty Italian professors! Hah, and they thought it was an origami class!

"Bird's-eye View of C.D.O. Convention"
Bologna, Italy

8

Saturday evening was my big chance to perform. I did my whole act in Italian and to open I recited an Italian tongue twister that I learned in my phrase book. They seemed to really like that. Then I did some three-ball juggling with sound effects. I finished my ball juggling 5, 6, 7, 8, and finally 9 balls. On my fifth unsuccessful attempt to catch all nine balls, one of the dropped balls decided to hide itself in the foliage and I was unable to find it. The audience got a kick out of that – as if I wasn't having enough trouble already! Luckily I had a spare ball which I used to finally catch all nine balls. Then, after handwhistling, showing some origami, singing an Italian aria, and juggling glowballs, I took everyone outside for my long awaited fire act. Out of convenience or maybe fear, they all decided to watch from up on the balcony, which felt slightly strange to me (perhaps overly safe). Anyway, the flaming crane, torches, fireballs, fire eating, and flaming unicycle all went smoothly, but tragically, my precious new bronze flaming flasher got fatally torn in my haste to extinguish it. But at least it was spectacular while it lasted, and I can guarantee, that my obsessive pursuit to make the perfect Flaming Flasher is not over with yet!

Up to this point, I had been having a great time at the convention, but so far there wasn't anything too out of the ordinary. But all that would change in the next seven hours. I was to discover what really makes the Italian convention so unique... The night time activities!

After my performance, many people hung out in the main room and folded, but a core group of Italians (and me) took to the hallway and spent the next four hours singing and strumming to their hearts content,

surprisingly, mostly songs in English – Beatles, Elvis and Frank Sinatra, Broadway musicals, etc. I found myself quite embarrassed that they knew more words of the songs than I did! No wonder so many Italians speak English. In addition to singing, I handwhistled and had many chances to dance, in particular with Barbara Leonardi, who happened to be an excellent salsa dancer . This marathon of music and dance was exhilarating and unlike anything I had encountered at other conventions.

Finally, at about 3am, we were asked by people trying to sleep to quit making such a racket. So we relocated to the main room. All of a sudden I found myself in a bizarre deep philosophical discussion in English with Judit Barta (from Hungary) and two other Italians over the meaning of art and it's relation to origami. That lasted for over an hour, but it finally deteriorated into a discussion on the meaning of love, which quickly came to a close because we all agreed that we knew nothing on the subject. So then we decided to join the other night owls in playing silly group games that had little to do with origami.

One game was a cooperative group game known in the States as "Human Knot." To make the knot, we all clumped together, and with eyes closed, grabbed any two hands. The object was to untangle the knot. After playing a few rounds our energy finally fizzled and so we sat down and started talking in Italian. Since it was already 7am, I took this opportunity to escape to my room to grab a couple hours of sleep. But the fifteen or so folders that remained (all were Italians) never did go to sleep until the following night. Sara Giarrusso told me that it's a C.D.O. Convention tradition to stay up for 36 hours straight. She reminisced that last year, the convention zombies made an origami movie using models in the exhibition,

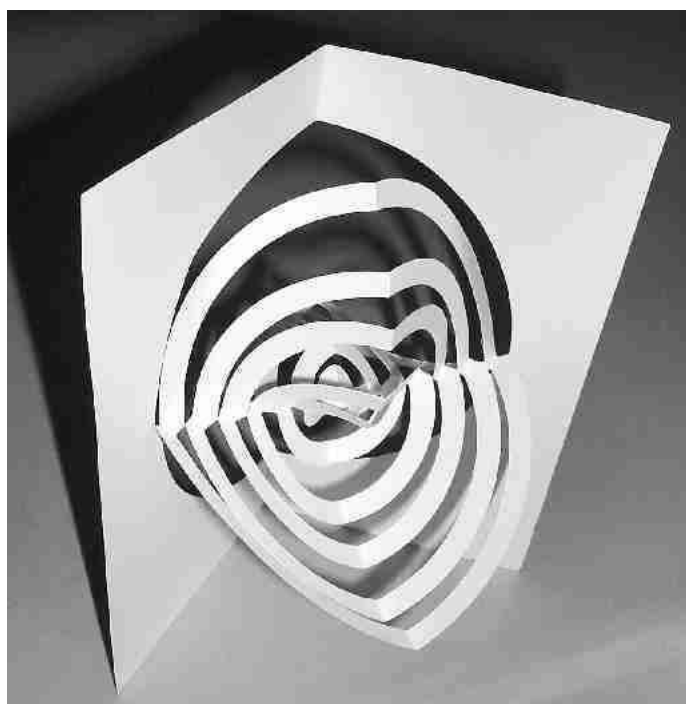**"Dining in style with David Brill (middle) and Jonathan Baxter"**

"Kawasakisan, the camera's over here!"

and, the year before, they set up an elaborate origami nativity scene on the steps of the cathedral in Bologna.

All day Sunday was extra laid back. I taught a couple of very informal classes in the morning, but after lunch most people hung out in the hotel lobby being social and saying farewell to each other over and over, perhaps each time in a different language!

Following the convention, I had one week to explore Italy by train. First I went to Florence where I stayed three nights with Ramin Razani, a renowned paper cutter. We refrained from jokes about our contrasting positions on the age-old question: "To cut or not to cut." In fact, I gained quite a respect for the art, and even briefly toyed with the idea of taking it up myself. I was especially impressed by Ramin's pop-up cards, in particular one which was a multilayered pin-wheel-looking structure that revolved around and around as you opened the card, each layer rotating at a different speed (see page 10). It was made from one square of cardstock with internal cuts (the square's perimeter was not cut). After having played for hours with this irresistible toy, it recently dawned on me that by removing some of the layers and attaching paper planets to the layers that remain, it would become a pop-up card of the galaxy in motion! Oh, it's tempting! But to try would violate my puritanical doctrines of origami. So, this idea will just remain in my imagination.

I spent most of my two days in Florence unicycling around the ol' town and hanging out on the steps of the cathedral where I got to practice my Italian, Spanish, French, Japanese, English, and of course my juggling, which was usually the conversation starter. I also snuck in a few actual juggling shows (minus the fire) even though I knew it was illegal to perform there. I felt quite safe from the cops for I was in the company of about a dozen illegal vendors, who every twenty minutes or so, at the sight of an approaching police vehicle, would suddenly pack up their wares and vanish. So this would signal me to stop juggling and hide my money hat.

On my last evening in Florence I tried to do my full fire show right on a corner of a crowded pedestrians-only street. I got half way through when the police arrived and put an end to my show, but at least I still managed to pass the hat! They told me the only OK place to perform was Plaza Republica, so I set off to look for it. After succeeding in getting lost, I finally found it thanks to a trio of rose-selling gypsy children. Unfortunately, Plaza Republica was mostly empty when I arrived, but again with the help of the gypsies,

Pop-up masterpiece by Ramin Razini

Origami Convention Survival Vocabulary

Although origami models can be taught without need for words, learning at least some of the local spoken language can greatly enhance the experience of attending foreign origami conventions. Following is a list of origami specific words I picked up at European and South American origami conventions.

English	Español	Français	Italiano
Mountain fold	Pliegue en montaña	Pli montagne	Piega a monte
Valley fold	Pliegue en valle	Pli vallée	Piega a valle
Pleat	Pliegue escalonado	Pli accordéon	Piega a fisarmonica
Crease	Cicatriz	La marque	Traccia
Fold to the...	Doblar hacia...	Plier la point sur la...	Piegare fino a...
Fold and unfold	Plegar y deplegar	Plier et déplier	Piegare e riaprire
Pull out paper	Sacar, Extraer	Ouvrir	Tirar fuori
Valley-fold over and over	Pliegue volteado	Plier en enroulant	Piegare alcune volte
Turn over	Dar la vuelta al modelo	Retourner le modèle	Girare
Sink	Hundir	Pousser, enfoncer	Sink
Repeat the fold	Repetir el pliegue	Repeter l'operation	Ripetere la piega
Divide into equal parts	Dividir en partes iguales	Deviser en partie égale	Dividere in parti uguali
Inside reverse fold	Pliegue hendido	Pli inversé intérieur	Piega rovesciata interna
Ouside reverse fold	Pliegue caperuza	Pli inversé extérieur	Piega rovesciata esterna
Crimp	Pliegue tenacilla	Crimp	Crimp
Squash fold	Pliegue aplastado	Pli écrasé	Piega schiacciata
Petal fold	Pliegue petalo	Pli pétale	Piega a petalo
Colored side up	Color arriba	Couleur dessus	Colore sopra
Guide point	Punto di referencia	Tenir ce point	Punto di riferimento
Cut	Cotar	Couper	Tagliare
Fold behind	Plegar detras	Plier derrière	Piegare dietro
Flatten	Aplastar	Aplatir	Appiattire
Insert	Meter	Insérer, glisser a l'interieur	Inserire
Waterbomb base	Bomba de agua	Base de la bombe d'eau	Base triangulare
Preliminary base	Baso Preliminero	Base préliminaire	Base quadrata
Inflate	Inflar	Souffler	Soffiare
Crane	Grulla	Oiseau	Gru

I did manage to gather enough of a crowd to do one half-decent show.

After my one show, I decided to call it quits, because I had a big night of dancing ahead -- there was a wonderful salsa discoteca in Florence which I went to two nights in a row. I had such a great time, partly because the style of salsa was so similar to the San Francisco style, but also because I got to dance with many different dancers, unlike in South America where you can really only dance with those you came in with. While riding back to Ramin's at 2am on the second night, I passed 7 bikes, but at least a couple of them had a second person riding on the handlebars, and they all appeared to be quite drunk.

Just before Ramin's, I ran into the same rose-selling gypsy children which is partly why I feel safe in assuming they were gypsies.

From Florence I headed to Rome where I stayed for two nights at the house of the boyfriend of Patrizia Fiori whom I met at the Italian origami convention. I spent my one full day unicycling around Rome playing tourist and visiting Roman ruins -- After 2000 years, you would think that the Romans would have cleaned up their rubble by now! I particularly enjoyed stopping camera-bearing tourists and saying "I'll

take a picture of you in front of the Colosseum if you take a picture of me." I feel pictures of monuments alone are quite boring – you might as well just look at a book.

I never actually went into the Colosseum, partly because unicycles were forbidden, but also because I could see plenty from the outside as I rode around it. In the middle of my second lap, I was called over by a group of street vendors who were intrigued by my unicycle. One of them was boldly determined to ride it. After sufficiently warning him, I reluctantly agreed to let him try it with the help of his two big friends. Alas, he ended up falling down and hurting himself, and taking his two friends down with him.

"Roman Hospitality"
L to R: Jeremy, Giambattista Reale, Patrizia Fiori, Erich Halamka, Loris Antonelli, and ??

Photo by the Kodak Timer

For the most part, in the old parts of Italy the streets are cobblestone which was challenging to ride on especially when carrying all my bags. Another travel-hindering factor, I learned about the hard way, is that when you ask directions in Rome, you are bound to get the wrong answer. All three times that I asked people which direction to go on the Metro, I was sent the wrong way. I would have been better off just guessing!

In addition to visiting many of the main tourist traps of Rome, I also managed to perform in them. The best spot I found was Plaza España, but I knew that performing there was technically illegal, so before getting started, I succeeded in making friends with the policemen who were then nice enough to let me perform there. I had one wonderful show which included all my fire, but the next show I tried to do was interrupted by a passing policeman just when I had the three torches lit. He ordered me to put the torches out, which to the audience's delight, I did so with my mouth. The officer was quite dismayed, and said to me in Italian, "You're coming with me," and ordered me to show him my passport. To save myself, I pretended I didn't understand, and started talking very fast in English. Fortunately for me, he didn't speak a word of English! So he settled for letting me leave in peace, but before leaving I managed to pass the hat (to a very large, sympathetic audience), and then when he wasn't looking I set my unicycle on fire and rode off at great speed to the cheers of the audience. I didn't look back to see if the policeman actually ran after me but it sure felt like I was in a chase scene in a movie. The streets were quite crowded and it must have been quite a sight as I wove through all those startled pedestrians at frantic speed on a flaming unicycle.

The next morning, I kissed Rome good-bye, hopped on the train and headed up to spend my final day in Venice, the most extraordinary city in the world -- no cars and all taxis and buses are boats! Venice is a labyrinth of non-directional corridors, and you know how I love labyrinths. Read on for the meandering details or skip to the next paragraph.

Photo by random tourist

"Funny-looking cyclist riding past funny-looking building"

I arrived in Venice equipped with the telephone number of CDO member Sara Falchi who I was told could probably put me up, but I also had the address of a cheap youth hostel an alternative plan. At first I couldn't reach Sara, I thought because I either had the wrong number or somehow was not using the pay phone properly, but I did hear a beep, so I started leaving a message in my broken Italian saying that I was at the fruit market near the station and would try calling back later. I really didn't think my call had gone through, so I decided to pursue my alternate plan -- the hostel. I left my two big bags with a kind fruit vendor, and set off on my unicycle to try to find it. Even with a map in hand, it took me more than an hour to find the place, mostly because I was having so much fun riding around lost in such a beautiful city. At one point, I was zipping through a dark, narrow corridor and very nearly rode straight off the end into one of the water channels! Finally, I reached the hostel and checked in. I left my backpack there and unicycled back to the vendor to fetch my bags. On my way back to the hostel again, I tried once more to call Sara. This time, to my surprise, she answered, and, speaking perfect English, told me that she was on her cell phone at the fruit market looking for me. I said I didn't know where I was but that I was beside a church with a tall clock tower. She said, "Oh you must be at plaza San Marco. I'll be there in ten minutes... but how will I recognize you?". I answered, "I'll be the one with the unicycle whistling through my hands." After waiting ten minutes it occurred to me that I should ask around to make sure I was indeed in Plaza San Marco. It turned out I was really in Plaza Roma! So I hopped back on the unicycle and resumed my arduous journey through the maze, on a search for Plaza San Marco. When I finally found it, I put down my bags and unicycled around the plaza handwhistling at the top of my register, but Sara was nowhere to be found. So I left all my stuff with a group of seemingly trustworthy folks and walked over to a phone just around the corner and called her. "Where are you?" I asked. She answered, "I'm right here by your unicycle! But where are you!?"

So we finally met. She said she had been expecting to put me up for the night at her home, and I said I had already checked into a hostel, but would much rather take her up on her offer. So we made our way back to her place, taking the scenic route, which in Venice is every route! Along the way she told me about how Venice was built hundreds of years ago on the trunks of trees which are now rotting causing many of the buildings to tilt or fall over. She also told me that in addition to there being no cars, cycling is also strictly forbidden, and she was so paranoid about me getting caught that whenever I would start to ride, she would pretend (at least half seriously) that she didn't know me! I admitted to her that earlier in the evening I did accidentally collide with one pedestrian, but that I was not at fault; "He dashed out of a narrow corridor without looking!" "Don't worry

"In Venice every route is the scenic route!"

about that," she said, "People of Venice are made of rubber, so collisions are no big deal."

Sara is a language studies student, specializing in Japanese. She told me that initially her inspiration for learning Japanese was so that she could understand her Japanese origami books. I laughed saying "Even I can understand Japanese origami books, you just follow the pictures!" She responded, "but I wanted to understand the introduction, the history, etc..." "Whatever floats your boat!," I joked.

Much later that evening (around 1am) Sara and I met up with her brass band musician/juggler friends and we paraded through town gathering such a trail of followers that it felt like a scene out of the Pied Piper. It was truly an unforgettable experience!

The next day Sara showed me around Venice, and that evening, after saying good-bye, I did a couple of successful fire shows on my way to the train station. Then I jumped on a train to Milan which arrived at 2am, and I spent the rest of the night in the Milan train station. In the morning I accidentally went to the wrong airport (I didn't know there were two!), but luckily I was early enough to get over to the correct airport in time to make my 10am flight home.

Looking back on my trips, I am filled with fond memories as well as inspiration to travel even more. I am very touched by and grateful for the friendship, kindness and hospitality I received everywhere I went. Being back home I already miss my new friends as well my old friends, and even the friends I have yet to meet. As part of the origami community, we are blessed to have friends all over the world!

Peace,
    Jeremy