

WHAT IS WISDOM???

“The moment a person realizes that reality has many faces, he/she takes the first step on the road to wisdom.”

Hopstaken’s Newsletter – the bluesy 9th edition – October 18, 2007



This edition is dedicated to Peter Waite

This newsletter is published by Loek Hopstaken of Hopstaken Bedrijfsadvies, Amsterdam, The Netherlands (www.hopstaken.com). Intended publics: Loek’s personal international network, including many DDU alumni & alumnae. Brother in arms: Peter van Oosten. Regular contributors: Peter van Oosten, Martin Zuurhout, Larry O’Connor. This edition’s guest contributor: Peter Waite. Photos: Peter & Loek; Sashanka Poudyal; Zhou Lincheng (Apple); Jing Ling (Kate); Zeng Qian (Tracy); Vo Ngoc Lien Huong (Jane); Liu Fan (Sarah); Deniz Kooij; Wang Jun (Bauer); Peng Jianxiong (Saxon); Hilde van Oosten; Louis Vo; Chen Yan (Morgan); Jingya Zhang (Cecilia); Jingjia Zhang (Cherry); Bart van Wageningen. All correspondence: hopstakeninternational@gmail.com.

1. Welcome to the 9th Edition!!! – by Loek Hopstaken

You may have noticed that there are times when life seems to move faster than you. Then it takes time to catch up. When you don’t, you lose touch with reality. And when you allow this to happen, you get old. Now, I refuse to get old. So all I need to do, is catch up with the speed of life. And you know what? It’s easy ... and at the same time, tempting to sit back, and let reality move away. Perhaps that’s what laziness is all about: letting dreams take over from reality. Yet, some daydreamers are the ones that dream tomorrow’s reality. So what should they do? Wake up? No. That would kill the dream. So, what? The secret: finding the fine balance between dream and reality. Where the dream becomes reality, and reality a dream. The perfect life?



This 9th edition of What is Wisdom??? is yet another collection of short articles and impressions ... and the usual portfolios of images that often show that a picture can tell a thousand words – if you look and let the image enter your system. Peter van Oosten moved on to Wittenborg, to work 24 hours a week as a teacher, President of the Exam Board. I teach at MIC/DDU – 3 hours a week – in Amsterdam. Yes, it’s a change. The past is past, and today we create the future, right? There are new adventures ahead, and you are invited to participate. We don’t know which part, that’s up to you. We said we would continue this newsletter, and as long as we have fun making it, we will go on.

We officially welcome the readers from the Wittenborg University community. Peter and I agreed to expand our publics. You may recall that Peter joined Wittenborg staff per September 1, and he is rapidly making himself

“Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments.”

indispensable. In this edition we print his introduction to the Wittenborg community, as a 'sequel' to 'Meet Peter van Oosten' in the previous issue. Later this year and early 2008 I expect to deliver seminars to Wittenborg MBA students. So they may not know me yet, but some will, in the near future.

2. In dear memory of Peter Waite by Peter van Oosten (written August 28, published August 30)

This article was first published on [Wittenborg Online](#) and Loek's MSN and Yahoo sites, on the day Peter Waite was buried. Although his ill health was not a secret, his death still came as a shock to most of us. Whenever I met someone online, throughout the period from February till August, often one of the first questions was: "How is Mr. Waite?" I happened to be in Vietnam at the time when his end came. One day earlier, several of Pete's former students had been asking me about his health. As soon as his passing was made known online, the reactions started pouring in. Many wrote heartfelt notes on my msn blog, especially after Zhou Lincheng (Apple) spread the sad news among the Chinese alumni/ae. Many added goodbye notes next to their name on msn. Pete's wife Riety was deeply impressed, when she saw how many reacted, and the many personal goodbye statements on my [MSN space](#).

For those who haven't seen Pete's obituary, or have, but wish to keep it, here it is:

Only 6 months ago we received this email: "[I have had some very bad news from my doctor: I have lung cancer; I am told it is localised in my left lung, the doctor tells me there is hope so each day at a time. but it would be nice to hope our many friends will be gunning for me. I feel OK at the moment, eating and sleeping well, but not very nice as you can guess for my wife Riety. I go into hospital coming Tuesday for another biopsy and on the basis of this I hope treatment starts A.S.A.P. I am a fighter, so I can only accept we will overcome this slight hiccup in life. What makes me angry is that I gave up smoking nearly 17 years ago. Please keep in touch. Best, Pete Waite.](#)"

We devoted part of [What is Wisdom???](#) to him and his health-situation; friends from all over the world have sent him their Valentines and best wishes.

In May we received this message: "[I had some wonderful news on Wednesday: the doctor told me the treatment was very successful, more so than normal. I am not a fool, but if the problem comes back it will be further in the future, or possibly not at all, and another doctor told me he can help with my voice, getting it back to at least 70 -80% of normal. It seems the damage to my hearing, due to chemo, may mean I need hearing aids, but I have life for more years than we thought, so I can live with small problems. Best, Pete Waite.](#)"

One month later he paid a visit to Deventer again, had a chat with people in DDU (where he used to work until May 2006), and of course at Wittenborg. He still was quite positive then, but only 2 weeks later I met him in the Hofstraat, and then he was complaining about headaches bothering him. I now realize, that this has been the last time I saw him ...

A few days later we received an email from Pete, showing clearly how serious his problems were.

Mr. Birdsall (Director of Education of Wittenborg University) called him on the phone, shortly after this last message. (One of those moments, that you wouldn't like to be a manager yourself!) It was a sad and tough phone call, in which only the very short-term future perspectives were subject. At that moment it was quite obvious, that Peter Waite wouldn't be able to return into his normal life, of which Wittenborg made part.

The cancer had spread too much for that!

A few days later Tanya Dimitrova, who had been working together a lot with Peter W. since May 2006, heard from Peter's wife Riety, that they would still go to their cherished island of Crete for summer vacation. Peter & Riety were always going to Crete in summertime! It was somehow connected with their marriage; missing it would be a sin...

Looking back, from my rather distant point of view, I can only say: It was a good decision!

Shortly after they returned from the Greek island, Marion Balke heard from Riety, that Peter would be getting into a wheelchair and would get strong pain-killing medicines. This was only 2 weeks ago!

And now, Monday, he passed away...

Peter Waite, if you knew him, you will never forget him! A great, though rather short, man. A 'fighter', he called himself; and yes, we can only agree with that qualification. He didn't fight for gain so much, but he fought for what he believed in, with his mind and with his heart. He had been in the British Royal Navy. Later he worked as a machine-

operator in different industries. He became 'Union-man', and he participated in famous demonstrations (late Sixties, Seventies); his hair was long then...

Only later he started to build up his further education.



PW & Hung (Paul; June 2005), at Graduation February 2006 with an English rose, & Lu Wang (Lulu; June 2005)

Stubborn? Yes, you can really say that! I will never forget his struggles with “the machines”, the computer... He truly wanted to learn, to manage the basic office applications, but the automation logic didn't always seem to match his reasoning, and – next to this – he also was kind of dyslectic. If someone would have been able to throw the computer with its monitor out of the window – out of mere frustration – it would have been him! Still, he continued and managed to even cope with SPSS, PowerPoint, and merging grades into the ('bloody') system...

He hated it, when people didn't seem to listen to him, and/or didn't follow up his (professional or friendly given) advice. He quite regularly could get angry in class, in fact, he even did in his role as member or chairman of the Exam Board. Most of our alumni feel a deep respect (at least: looking back) for Peter Waite's educational legacy: his way of making things clear, the way he stressed methodology and academic honesty, his clear explanation of the different meanings of 'control' in UK & US English, his even clear analysis of business and politics, his 'being Peter Waite'.

We also won't forget his – not angry – emotions, like when he was performing the role of Santa Claus in DDU, and gave away the Christmas presents with from-the-bottom-of-his-heart words. Or that one Graduation Day, when we were having a boat trip on the river IJssel, and he also started to sing, Irish & British, and maybe Scottish pub songs! Absolutely no problem, getting all the attention!

And the other time, when he dared to give an analysis and clear explanation about the true meanings of the famous song 'Jerusalem', before a rather intercultural audience; he then even sung it!



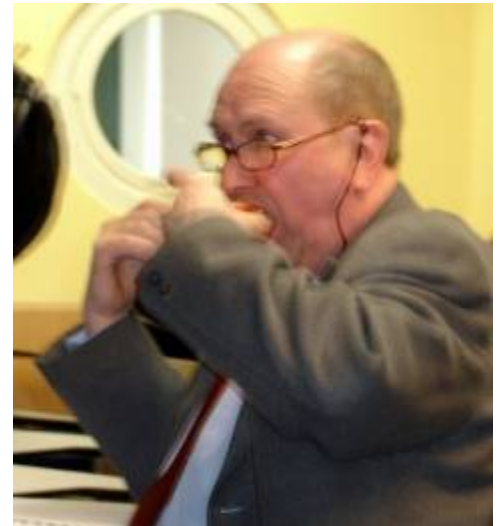
“Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments.”

The man, who had to shed some tears at his last Graduation Day at Dutch Delta University, a little more than a year ago... He just couldn't understand, that (and even more: why) a good formula like DDU would/could just stop existing.

Another former colleague, Paul Scholey, wrote: "I have had a fairly close contact with Peter these last six months. He's growing a lot as a person - he's learning to let go - to say good bye to those he loves - to formulate what is and what has been important to him during his life." Two weeks ago, this was!

Now, today, we will have to say 'Fare well' to Peter Waite, in Nijmegen, where he and his wife were living.

The world doesn't stop turning, we'll have to go on, other people will take in (part of) his place. But for us it's quite clear: he gave us many goods, for those specific moments, but also for-ever! Thank you, mate!, and Fare Well!



March 23, 2006, room 102 (photos: Huong)

3. Unconditional love – by Peter Waite

Pete's final statement to all who cared for him (published with kind permission from Pete's widow, Riety)

Live long. Live happy. Be kind to other people. We're in such a short world. A human being needs others. If you help others, they'll help you. I'm not talking about pain in your back or whatever – the thing is, it's an attitude to life. Love of life means to live and love other people, not just yourself. The only way to love yourself is to love others, to give your love to others.

Seventeen years ago I met a Dutch lady here, and we're still together. Yes, love is an incredible feeling of everything and anything. It's caring for someone, good or bad – love is someone who can care for you when you need it. Always think, dear friends – a love relationship is a two-way thing. It means you've got to say "This is it. No-one else. I care for this individual, this human being." Maybe things aren't always perfect in life, but a sense of love is important here in the world – loving someone, people caring for other people, not just fulfilling themselves. A human being cannot live alone. We are social beings. Who lives otherwise is a fool.

So to my family, friends and acquaintances I'd like to say: thank you for many good times, much fun, much discussion, much laughter. Thank you very much.

Peter Waite
Souda Bay, Crete, 14 July 2007

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4. Loek's Asian Dream – update

Getting started on the other side of the Eurasian continent is not as simply as $1 + 1 = 2$. In other words, 2 visits to Vietnam – one in April, one in August – are not enough to establish oneself. I'll be back in November for a third, this time two week stay, with many meetings. The plan: to make sure there is real business ahead of me. I find Vietnam to be an exhilarating country, whose busy-ness doesn't exhilarate me at all. On the contrary, I leave full of energy.



A dream? An update? This picture I found in a Ho Chi Minh City shop ...

In business, persistence plays a vital role. It means: believing in your goals, and create as many opportunities to enable you to realize those goals. You want luck? Try some well-directed action. That's Lien Huong (Jane)'s advice. One other thing: you can't make it on your own. As I'm a one-man-company, it's quite an effort. Financially, of course. But that's still a matter of accounting. Working extra hard to finance the operation. What's more important, is having someone who actively helps. My good fortune is having Jane as my right hand, and Anna: she helps whenever her busy schedule permits. They provide me with contacts, the right kind of feedback, hands-on help, translations; they correct me when I make a mistake, and above all, they believe in me and my goals. I wouldn't know if I would be able to persist without their support. Really, you can't make it alone in this world. Now, I've booked for a third trip. Jane provided me with valuable contacts, leading to several new appointments. From November 18 till december 3 I'll be back in Ho Chi Minh City.



Lien Huong (Jane) at her office in the French Consulate; the epic novel I've been devouring; Joey on his way to Tan Son Nhat airport.

If you're interested in more pictures, and my diary, visit my [msn space](#). Four photo albums and the diary intend to give you an impression of the glorious times I had during my 2nd 2007 Vietnam visit. Check early September.



September 2: goodbyes always arrive too soon ...

5. What do you know? – by Loek Hopstaken

Think positively

“Believe that if you think about disaster you will get it. Brood about death and you hasten your demise. Think positively and masterfully with confidence and faith, and life becomes more secure, more fraught with action, richer in achievement and experience.”

Edward Vernon Rickenbacker (1890-1973, American Aviator, World War I Ace)

Dutch image worldwide (from www.wikipedia.com)

Our reference to the word Dutch in What is Wisdom??? no. 5 created a demand for more. Well, here it is.



Traditional costumes, tulips, clogs and windmills combined with Heineken, drugs and pollution (Sebastian Krüger)

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Many nations regard the Dutch as being organized and efficient, but harmless at the same time. This is due to the stereotypical mental picture of “a nation of rosy-cheeked farmers who live in windmills, wear clogs, have a garden full of tulips and sit on piles of yellow cheese”. Apart from the more or less touristy image described above, the Dutch also have a reputation for being opinionated, stubborn and incurably mean. Belgians even consider them to be downright devious in business affairs. Dutch frankness completely overwhelms more reticent peoples such as the Japanese who consider the Dutch to be the most arrogant of all the Europeans they do business with, but at the same time are impressed by their reputation as formidable merchants. “Where a Dutchman has passed, not even the grass grows anymore” a Japanese saying goes.

Not just the Japanese may experience the Dutch as being (what they consider) blunt or insulting. The author of ‘Dealing with the Dutch’ illustrates this with a story he got from an American businessman whose Dutch colleague had stayed over for the night and for the first time got American pancakes for breakfast. After the Dutchman ate the pancakes the businessman’s wife asked him if he’d enjoyed them. The Dutchman allegedly responded: “Sharon, after tasting these, I understand why your husband is so fat.” The author explains that he was just making a compliment and meant nothing by it, however in many other cultures, this would be a grave insult towards the host and could very well be the end of a cordial relationship.

English people survey the Dutch with guarded approval. It wasn't always like this, at the time of the Anglo-Dutch Wars in the 17th century these two nations were at each other’s throats. An English pamphlet raged: “A Dutchman is a Lusty, Fat, Two-legged Cheese worm. A Creature that is so addicted to eating butter, drinking fat, and sliding (skating) that all the world knows him for a slippery fellow”. At this time the English language gained a whole array of new insults such as ‘Dutch Courage’ (booze-induced bravery), ‘Dutch comfort’ (“Things could be worse”) and ‘Dutch Gold’ (alloy resembling gold). Others include:

Double Dutch: gibberish	Dutch metal: fake gold leaf or fake gold
Dutch cap: contraceptive diaphragm	Dutch treat/Going Dutch: social date where the invitee pays for himself/herself
Dutch wife: long cushion; sex doll	Dutch concert: noise and uproar, as from a drunken crowd
Dutch uncle: harsh admonisher	Dutch-bottomed: empty

These terms also gained prominence in 17th century New England during their rivalry with New Holland, which was captured (and later recaptured by the Dutch) during the Second Anglo-Dutch War.

Terpsichorean (adjective)

Pronunciation: [têrp-sê-‘kor-ee-yên]

Definition: Pertaining to dance.

Usage: ‘Terpsichorean’ may also be used as a high-style noun meaning ‘dancer.’ Today ‘terpsichore’ refers more often to the art of dancing than to the Greek goddess (see Etymology). However, you may refer to the muse that inspires your dancing as ‘Terpsichore.’

Suggested Usage: ‘Terpsichorean’ sounds a bit haughty, even humorous, in ordinary contexts today, “My son’s terpsichorean studies seem to have strengthened his drive to the basket on the basketball team.” But today’s is such a lilted word, it would serve as an elegant euphemism: “By ‘terpsichorean circumvention’ are you referring to the song and dance she did at the press conference today?”

Etymology: From Greek Terpsikhore, the goddess of dancing and singing, the feminine of terpsikhoros ‘dance-loving’ based on terpein ‘to delight’ + khoros ‘dance.’ The origin of ‘khoros’ has long been an etymological mystery. The PIE stem *ghor-do-, referring to an enclosure, came to English as ‘garden’ and ‘yard’ (from Old English ‘geard’). The ‘gird’ in ‘girdle’ is another variant. The same root produced the ‘-grad’ in old ‘Leningrad’ and the Russian word for city, ‘gorod’. In Latin it became hortus: ‘garden.’ The best guess is that ‘khoros’ originally referred to an enclosed area for dancing but the evidence is not conclusive.

Dr. Language

6. Introducing myself to the Wittenborg-community – by Peter van Oosten

Mr. Peter Birdsall asked me to introduce myself to you, for the main reason, that – from September 2007 on – I will be a member of the Wittenborg organisation. The mere fact already, that I’m writing ‘organisation’ (with an ‘s’, instead of a ‘z’; using UK English instead of US English, like I was used to do), gives me the feeling alright, that I’m part of the Wittenborg educational institute, my former neighbour and even competitor...

I’m Dutch, that’s why I would like to be called “Peter” in the non-English way (like: ‘payter’); “van” should more or less be pronounced as in Vietnamese “Van”; “Oosten” should sound like ‘oastun’;

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'**van Oosten**' is my family-name, and – originally – it means something like: from the East (part of town, probably). It's just a coincidence, that I happened to be born in the Far East, Indonesia to be precise, in the city of Pare Pare, which is on the island of **Sulawesi**. In 1952 that was.



Peter's first week at Wittenborg ... (far right: what would he be looking at?)

6 Years later my family had to leave the country, because of the anti-Dutch policy of Mr. **Sukarno**'s nationalistic government. Imagine, that – just a year before – I had been sitting on this important man's knees or lap, at some occasion, when he was visiting (or perhaps even: pre-inspecting?) the flourishing company (exporting domestic raw materials and half-products), which my father had set up in cooperation with the **World Bank**.

Anyway, hence I further grew up in Nederland, in **Tilburg**, 10 km from Belgium.

My father was director of a **Goodyear Tyre** plant there, remoulding used (mainly) airplane-tyres.

My 10-years older sister emigrated to the USA, when I was 18. This gave me the great chance to go abroad every year – in summertime -, and I could work in my brother-in-law's **roofing- & siding**-company, doing the real, rough construction-labour.

I fell in love there, a couple of times, which gave me the opportunity (and, yes!, the ability...) to even '**dream**' in English! In fact: one of my first (successful!) experiences with internet-research happened to be: finding back **one of those girlfriends**, 25 years later! Two years ago my family and I visited her, when we spent our summer-holiday in the USA.

There had to come a moment, that I really should choose between America and Holland... The aspects, which mainly made me decide to stay and to develop my further career here, were: the '**gezelligheid**', the social (security) system, 'being-part-of-the-world' (instead of: 'USA is the world'), a much less **capitalistic** way of thinking and behaving, **environmental care**, and the unique **historical sense**, like it spreads all over the place in **Deventer**. And I can honestly say: I've never regretted that decision!

My education... I failed the first time, doing my **Gymnasium**-exams; **test-anxiety** it must have been. I always said, that I wanted to study **Archaeology**, but instead I commenced with studying **Political Science** in **Nijmegen**. In one of my summer-vacations abroad, I followed a summer-course at **Ivan Illich**'s institute in **Mexico**. His teachings, also based upon **Paulo Freire**'s wisdom, somehow have formed the guidelines throughout my career-development. I quitted studying Pol. Science: too much theory for me; I needed more connection with practice and reality... I got those during my military service-time, in 1976/77. I injured my right ankle, had to 'move' around with **gypsum** all around that leg, and wasn't really able to perform the normal duties of a soldier! Some colleagues called me 'Lucky'... I was asked to assist the Personnel Officer at the **Battalion Staff**, the so-called **S1**. That really formed the beginning of my professional development. At the end of my duty-period I was sort of an '**ombudsman**' at **brigade**-level for all kinds of matters, concerning the **drafted** soldiers. Then I decided to follow some kind of professional education in this field, and I chose: Personnel & Organisation (in the British model: **Human Resource Management**). The study was part-time, and I managed to find a part-time job as internal P&O-**consultant** in the **Royal Dutch Army**, in De **Boreelkazerne** in Deventer.

It was not a military job, but I worked for both militaries and civilians, at locations all over the country.

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In Deventer was the Staff of The **National Logistics Command**; and, even though it didn't belong to my core tasks, I learned a lot about **supply chain management** those days! I was moving back and forth, all over the country, to all the army-locations, of which the employees fell under my responsibility: big repair-shops for **wheel-based vehicles or tanks; air force-bases; ammunition- and weapon-warehouses; military outfit-distribution-points and -repair-shops; food-warehouses; fuel- and other chemicals-storage places**; and even a **topographic maps distribution centre** (this was way before **Google Earth & Maps!**)...

Those days I combined this kind of work (and the inevitable travelling) with my young family: my former wife and our 3 children (1 son and 2 daughters). I did most of the shopping for our household and also the cooking; I still do! Somehow I seem to enjoy the meals, which I have prepared myself, best...



... at this building? Recognize it? If so, ever seen it from this angle?

The Dutch Defence-organisation has gone through many phases of being reorganised, for instance because of the policy of **decentralisation**, or because of becoming a professional army (without **conscription**), or for reasons of **efficiency** and to become more effective; for mere **budgetary** reasons or because of the changing into a **more peace-enforcing and -keeping taskforce**.

Anyway, in my job I had to (help) **implement** those changes and to 'survive' those myself; I often happened to be the one who '**turned out the light**' in some army-department. At a certain moment in my career and in my life I just couldn't cope with this anymore. My first 'marriage' had ended up, a new partner came into my life, Annelies, much younger than I, and we decided to get officially married, and begin a new life together. I was so fortunate to be able to leave the army-job with a guaranteed '**pension**'. Next to that I could find myself another (again: part-time) job. Not long after that someone I knew from one of the **choirs**, in which I'm singing, asked me: "Your English is quite alright, isn't it?" When I confirmed, she told me about the school, she was working for, the **Dutch Delta Business School**, just across the **Lebuïnus-church**, downtown **Deventer**. Next morning the (former) director of DDDBS, also a Peter, gave me a phone call, and invited me for lunch at **Dikke van Dale**. After the lunch I could tell my wife, that I had a new job, as a teacher in higher education, starting the next Monday... At first I couldn't teach my 'own' topics (the fields of business, I am experienced in), and I taught 'Office Applications' (now: **ECDL**). The next semester already I was scheduled for **HRM, Organizational Behavior**, and some **Principles-courses**. Next to that I was asked to assist **NTI Hogeschool** in designing new modules, finding good textbooks, making course descriptions, and developing exams. Subjects? Whatever I liked and dared to try! March 2002 I signed my first contract; for 24 hours a week. Some time after that DDDBS became **Dutch Delta University** - new owner, new management, changing curriculum, some new teachers, MBA... I was involved with work placement-period, Graduation Project and Graduation Assignment (this together with Mr. Peter Waite); I was involved with students... My personal environment almost immediately noticed the positive effects, which my new job had on my moods, on my 'starting the days and ending the days and almost everything in between'! **An alumnus** once asked me: "how come you are always so motivated?" "It's because of you!", I think I answered him then, and – of course – I also meant to say, that my well-being in this job was caused by the whole combination of students, colleagues, organisation, freedom within agreed borders, chances to pass-through good experiences (from work, from life), wisdom, thoughts, advices; to help young people to get equipped for this world, and to get 'mature'... The fee for all this was much larger than the salary I earned! I was getting colourful again, instead of 'dull and grey'...

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Exam time at Wittenborg. Note the map of Belgium on the wall.

My (now: 4) children call(ed) me ‘crazy’ sometimes, and it made me feel proud; it still does! Then, yet quite unexpectedly, DDU’s situation became less prosperous. Quite a sequence of negative (**media-attention**) and forthcoming government-actions came over the school since the end of 2005. It finally resulted in the sad fact, that DDU closed its ‘school next-door’ as per July 1st (but – fortunately – continues to exist and stay active within the combination MIC/DDU). The last Graduation Day in Hofstraat 8-10, Deventer, was a dignified happening, indeed, as you might conclude yourself from the impressions, which my friend and colleague **Loek Hopstaken** presents you at **his MSN Space**.

But I didn’t have my cherished job anymore! Well, to be honest, at that very moment I already knew, that I was going to be employed at **Wittenborg University**, starting September 1st. Mr. Peter Birdsall had invited me for lunch at Dikke van Dale (**Déja-vu?**), and well, here I am, introducing myself to you! I’ll be teaching the **Research Methods & SPSS**-course, and the **ICT/ECDL**-module in the first block. Next to that I will be chairing the Exam Board, and: management asked me to fill in the position of **student-counsellor**, which (idea) very much pleases me! We’ll meet, some day!

The international newsletter, called: **What is Wisdom???**, which Loek Hopstaken and I have been publishing in the past years, will be continued. Every 3 months or so it will appear, and it will also be published on Wittenborg Online. Of course, there will also be Wittenborg-related items in it, and you are invited to help us fill the newsletter with your experiences and other interesting facts (and thoughts, and pictures, etc.).

Let me finish this long story by saying that I’m really glad with getting this chance to be part of your community; that – deep inside – I feel, that this new job is going to be another very good experience, and that I really would like to meet you soon and get to know you (better)!

Peter van Oosten

7. MIC/DDU is happening in Amsterdam – by Loek Hopstaken

Since early September I have been teaching at MIC/DDU in Amsterdam. It’s a small school, as can be expected. Mr. Deelstra works very hard to get things organized. Former DDU BA7 students who couldn’t complete their Bachelor’s are now in the completion phase. In Amsterdam, I see several familiar faces. The motivation is all there, and They all expect to graduate by February, or June 2008. Peter van Oosten will teach Finance, in block 2. So don’t ever think DDU is gone forever. It restarted, under a slightly different name, and on a very different location. On the edge of the old centre of Amsterdam.



Minh Tu Le (Jimmy), back from Vietnam, checking his assignments with Mr. Deelstra

8. Pooh and the Hole in the ground

When you're trying to find your Way Home, and instead you'll find a "Hole in the sand", try to look (further) for a "Hole in the sand"...

Thus you'll make certain, that you will not find it. That could be a Good Matter, for maybe you'll find Some Thing you were NOT actively looking for, and that is exactly what you have been looking for!

(based on Winnie the Pooh – A.A. Milne. Drawing by E.H. Shepard)



10. Chu Luyin (Kelly)'s farewell

She has been one of the hardest working students, studying and all the rest. And now she is back in Wenzhou, China. In Tilburg University Kelly realized a smart 7,5 for her Master thesis about "The Transferability of Human Resource Management Practices for Multinational Corporations"; in the set-up of this thesis we (PvO/LH) even recognize the learnings of Peter Waite... October 13 Kelly had a small party-reunion with two of her former class mates: Zeng Qian (Tracy) and Luo Man (Romana). On the right is Cao Yue (Chrissie), who also graduated recently. She is friend of Tianjian (Joe), also a former class mate.



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9. The Prince on his White Horse – by Loek Hopstaken



Why do Princes ride white horses? And why do Princesses dream about them?

Well ... it's what a guy wants to be to his beloved. Because that is what she wants: a real dream-lover. That's why it's so remarkable to encounter this marvelously designed fairy tale guy, every time when I deliver a workshop at one of my clients' premises. It's one of those things you would never expect as a backdrop to an official meeting room. One I've been using as a training room for the past 5 years at Voerman International, The Hague.

Back to the Prince on his White Horse. Princes are a rare species. Let alone them riding white horses. So what does the Prince represent? The ideal man? The all-understanding, kind, polite, super-attractive, forever young, brave, intelligent, wealthy, gentleman, lover man? All I know is this: only a woman can make a man feel he's her Prince. And she forgives him for not bringing his horse. What he needs to bring is total devotion and commitment. Tender Loving Care, full blast. Make her feel she's his Chosen One, his Princess. It may sound like a terrible cliché, but I've seen grown up, responsible adults using this cliché – all over the world. (Yet, as a matter of fact, women do like big spenders driving white convertibles, of course.)

Allan & Barbara Pease wrote a booklet with lessons for women – about men. It's one of those affordable books you buy for entertainment. You'll have a few laughs during the 10 minutes it takes to read it. Recognition of some of our characteristics, both men's AND women's! It's quite revealing: "Why Men Don't Listen & Women Can't Read Maps". Take this slightly exaggerated look on a specific male-female difference:

How to satisfy a woman every time:

Caress, praise, pamper, relish, savour, massage, fix things, empathise, serenade, compliment, support, soothe, feed, tantalise, humour, placate, stimulate, stroke, console, hug, ignore fat bits, cuddle, excite, pacify, protect, phone, anticipate, smooch, forgive, muzzle, accessorise, entertain, charm, carry for, oblige, fascinate, attend to, trust, defend, clothe, brag about, sanctify, acknowledge, spoil, embrace, die for, dream of, tease, gratify, squeeze, indulge, idolise, worship.

How to satisfy a man every time:

Arrive naked.

Is it really that bad? I wonder. My advice: guys, if you want to be a Prince to your Princess, follow the instructions above. And girls, if you want to be a Princess to your Prince: *demand he behaves as one*. He will, if he really loves you. If he doesn't, or gives you all sorts of excuses for not doing it: sorry. He's just not your Prince.

"Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments."

11. Immortal: Judy Garland

In 1973 I toured the USA and Canada by Greyhound bus. It took me nearly 5 weeks, and visited many friends. New friends I met during my travels, two years earlier, in southern Europe, the Near and the Middle East. Don't underestimate the distances in North America: from New York City to the San Francisco, then up to Vancouver Island, Canada, and back east again, and down to New York – that's thousands of kilometers. This way, you meet many people. And as there is plenty of time, you talk. On one of these long bus trips, a man of my father's age told me about Judy Garland. To be precise, about his lifelong admiration for this stage and movie actress, entertainer and singer, and about seeing her perform live many times. While he was talking, I could see the man was still hopelessly in love with his idol. "She sings to my soul", he told me. Sadly, Judy had died in 1969, at 47. The only memory I had of her, was her leading role in the pre-WW II movie 'The Wizard of Oz'. She plays Dorothy, the girl that sings 'Over the Rainbow'. Saw it a few times as a kid. After my trip, I found 'Judy Garland: Live at Carnegie Hall'. Made curious by the man on the Greyhound bus, I bought it and was immediately impressed. Total commitment. She sang to my soul, exactly as the man on the bus had told me. Now I got what he meant. Now I was a fan! Judy – a small (150 cm) woman with a BIG voice – not just gives 100%, she doubles it, triples it. What a voice! I'm now around the age of the man on the Greyhound bus, and feel it's my turn to pass on to you my lifelong admiration for Judy Garland. Check her out!



On http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Judy_Garland you can find lots of info on Judy.

Recently, a fine and affordable collection of her Capitol recordings was reissued: 'The Very Best of Judy Garland'. But also the Carnegie Hall recording is available. This is what Amazon.com writes:

"The late 1950s were tough on **Judy Garland**, but this live recording, cut on April 23, 1961, at Carnegie Hall, would (rightfully) bring the legendary icon back into the spotlight. Live would go on to win five Grammy's, be Garland's bestselling record, and confirm that, yes, on certain levels, she still had it. Her vocals are as strong as ever on these tunes, and Garland has fun with an audience obviously enraptured by her charms. She's self-deprecating where necessary--on 'You Go to My Head' she 'forgets' the lyrics but pretends to improvise. Mostly she just shines, especially on tunes she made famous, such as 'Come Rain or Come Shine,' 'Stormy Weather,' and 'Over the Rainbow.' This is easily one of pop music's greatest live recordings and a fine testament to Garland's recorded legacy."

"Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments."

12. Wise quotes & crackers

“I have never been especially impressed by the heroics of people convinced that they are about to change the world, I am more awed by those who struggle to make one small difference after another.” Ellen Goodman

“In all people there are two sets of feelings: One is fear, the other is love. If there is fear, then we shrink as a person. But love, wow! That can move mountains!” Jorgen Roed

“If I can stop one heart from breaking, I shall not live in vain.” Emily Dickinson

“I’m a poet. And I know it.” Bob Dylan

A Beggar’s Banquet – served by Zhou Lincheng (Apple)

A man was walking down the street when he was accosted by a particularly dirty and shabby-looking homeless man who asked him for a couple of dollars for dinner.

The man took out his wallet, extracted ten dollars and asked, “If I give you this money, will you buy some beer with it instead of dinner?”

“No, I had to stop drinking years ago,” the homeless man replied. “Will you use it to go fishing instead of buying food?” the man asked.

“No, I don’t waste time fishing,” the homeless man said. “I need to spend all my time trying to stay alive.”

“Will you spend this on greens fees at a golf course instead of food?” the man asked.

“Are you NUTS!” replied the homeless man. “I haven’t played golf in 20 years!”

“Will you spend the money on a woman in the red light district instead of food?” the man asked. “What disease would I get for ten lousy bucks?” exclaimed the homeless man.

“Well,” said the man, “I’m not going to give you the money. Instead, I’m going to take you home for a terrific dinner cooked by my wife.”

The homeless man was astounded. “Won’t your wife be furious with you for doing that? I know I’m dirty, and I probably smell pretty disgusting.”

The man replied, “That’s okay. It’s important for her to see what a man looks like after he has given up beer, fishing, golf, and sex.”



Sally (JingJing Zhang): from Sweden

Hello, Peter, this is Sally... Long time no see! How are you doing? I am in Sweden right now. Sweden is so cold. I came here last week for doing Master program (international marketing). It will take 1 year. Hope i will get the degree on time. The lectures are not difficult, because most of knowledge I already learned in DDU.

The classes are not too much per week, but we need to do 2 projects by groups, so i need to go to library every day.

QUIZ

Which 5 songs contain the following lines:

“The only thing you’ll ever learn, is just to love, and be loved in return”

“We’ll be happy together, unhappy together – won’t that be just fine?”

“According to the Kinsey report every average man you know, much prefers to play his favorite sport when the temperature is low”

“I could say ‘Bella, bella’, even say ‘Wunderbar’. Each language only helps me tell you how grand you are!”

“Honey, U danced so hard I smelled your perfume”

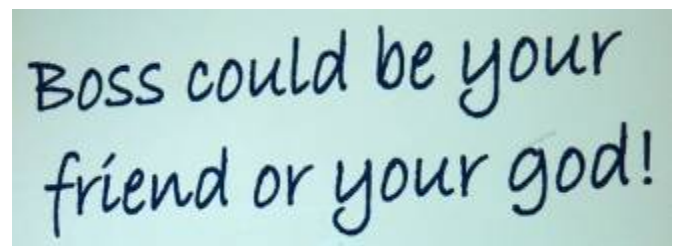
Send us the title and the performing artist. The first one who has all the correct answers, will receive a personal gift.

“Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments.”

SPAM – instruction manual ...



... and a few more remarkable images ...



13. This Issue's Portfolio's (following pages)

Changes ... like everyone and everything everywhere: we're all on the move. In the portfolio's you see moments from people on the move in their lives. Click, said the camera. Most were sent to me, others I ripped from MSN Spaces. The picture section is the most popular part of What is Wisdom??? But, what wisdom would they be hiding? Yet, we hope for glimpses of it, like watching our friends enjoying themselves, extracting hope, as it were, for better days if you feel sad, and joining their pleasure, if your life is a happy one. Smiles cause smiles – for the happy and unhappy alike. Pictures deliver them: colorful images of happy moments.

"Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments."

PORTFOLIO 1: SASHANKA & PRADIPTA'S ENGAGEMENT



Sashanka Poudyal & his girlfriend Pradipta are now engaged to be married on December 2, 2007.
These pictures were taken at their engagement ceremony in Kathmandu, Nepal.
The girl in blue on the far right is Sashanka's sister.

PORTFOLIO 2: GIRLS BECOMING WOMEN



Thu Thao (Amy) completed her training at Vietnam Airlines



Guess who!

“Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments.”

PORTFOLIO 3: BOYS WILL BE BOYS

It's not so easy to find pics of boys. They rather stay out of sight when a camera is near. That's why I added some fine samples of boys from the animal kingdom to fill up this portfolio.



Wang Jun (Bauer) & Nijntje at Schiphol Airport; Peng Jianxiong (Saxon) ready for a boys game



Left: boys can be so serious. Like this imprisoned philosopher at Leeds Castle, Kent. Right: yours trulies, wearing Chinese shirts bought by Loek on the Chinese market in Cholon, Ho Chi Minh City, for twice the price he should have paid ("But I got two, didn't I?") (photo: Hilde van Oosten)

"Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments."



Left: Jing Ling's (Kate's) son Gavin, nearly 5 months; right: Andrew Arda, Deniz' just-born son



Old boys: Gerard Smits & LH at a legendary Deventer café; Liu Tian Jian's (Joe's) dog *looks* like a (naughty) boy



Boys meet girls: Peter meets Serap in Drachten (July 17), & Loek meets Nga (Anna) in Ho Chi Minh City (August 26)

“Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments.”

PORTFOLIO 4: FAMOUS GIRLS



Zhou Lincheng (Apple) après ski in Shanghai; Zeng Qian (Tracy) ballooning with friends in Holland



Serap Zorluer with Hilde van Oosten, in Friesland; Liu Fan (Sarah) with her colleague, in Shanghai



Thu Thao (Amy) with her fiancé Nhat in Binh Quoi (HCMC); Caroline Chang drinking a Munich pint

PORTFOLIO: SWEETHEARTS IN RED, WHITE & VIOLET



Dai Jiaying (Wing) in Shanghai; Bella & Apple in Nanjing



My colleague from Hopstaken International, Lien Huong (Jane), showing her self-designed dress & her brandnew, decorated Atilla bike
(photo: her brother Louis Vo)

PORTFOLIO 5: SUMMER '07 - CHEN YAN'S BEIJING MEETINGS



Chen Yan (Morgan) with Wendy ...

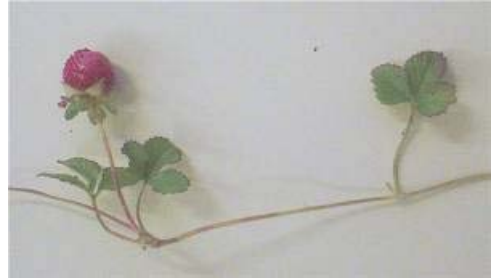
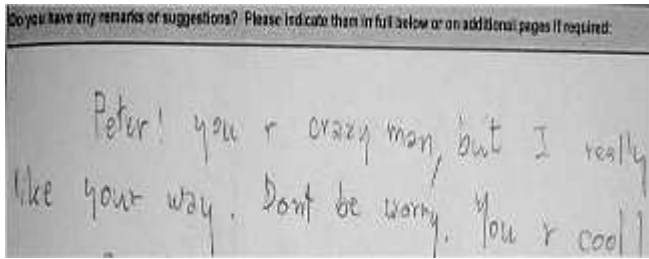


... and Meng Ying (Christina)

“Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments.”

PORTFOLIO 6: 1st EXPERIENCES “NEXTDOOR”

(class, project week, work placement- & graduation presentations, exam week, Graduation Day;
no further texts: more space for pictures!)



“Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments.”



“Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments.”

14. Why I loooove making pictures – by Loek Hopstaken

Mostly, I make pictures just for myself. For one, because it helps my already overloaded memory to retain the more memorable images. And, because it makes me look twice: it teaches me to look at what's around me more intensively, which leads to some discoveries. I often see things others overlook. But when I see the work of professional photographers, I realize I'm just a beginner. The reality that surrounds us offers so many possibilities! And yes, sure, I like to share these images. Put them online. It's a thrill to see that a new album is looked at by sometimes 30 – 40 visitors within 24 hours. And do I need to add that I just LOVE looking at other people's pictures?



Mid September: Air, Earth & Water in Kent & Sussex, UK; The Police live in the Amsterdam Arena



“Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments.”

15. THIS ISSUE'S SONG LYRIC

Love is the inspiration to a zillion poems. When a fine melody is added, the poem becomes a song. Poets and composers are, and have been exploring this topic since time immemorial. I'm often deeply impressed by simple statements, that come straight from the heart, and that can only be written by someone who knows, feels, what love really is. These lyrics are by Johnny Mercer. The music by Harold Arlen. Very '30ies'. What hits me? From line 11 on, that's what living & loving is about. The best version I know is sung live, by movie and stage legend Judy Garland, in Carnegie Hall, New York City, 1961. The way she sings it, makes you feel like she sings it just for you. Breathtaking!

I'm gonna love you like nobody's loved you
Come rain or come shine
High as a mountain and deep as a river
Come rain or come shine

I guess when you met me,
it was just one of those things
But don't you ever bet me,
'cause I'm gonna be true if you let me

You're gonna love me like nobody's loved me ...
Come rain or come shine
We'll be happy together, unhappy together
Now won't that be just fine?

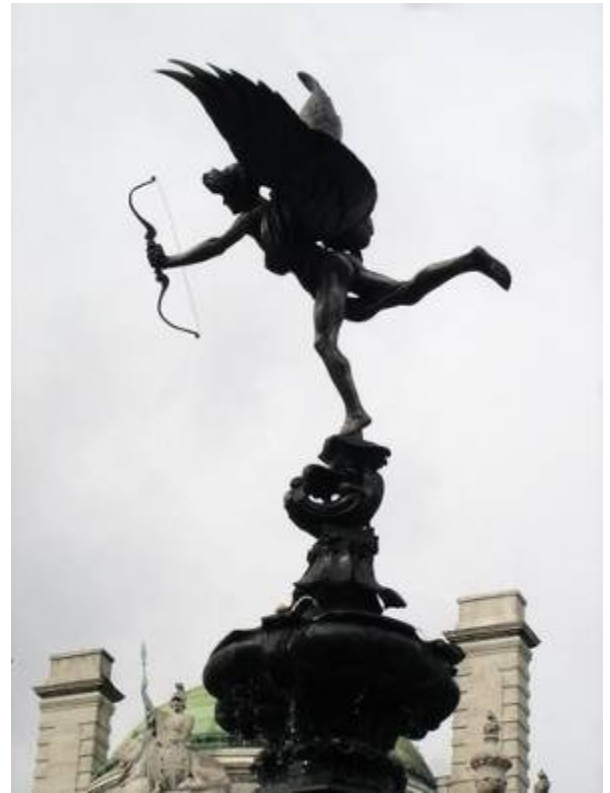
The days may be cloudy or sunny
We're in or we're out of the money
But I'm with you always
I'm with, you rain or shine



T-shirt worn by a fan of The Police, Amsterdam Arena (13.9.07)

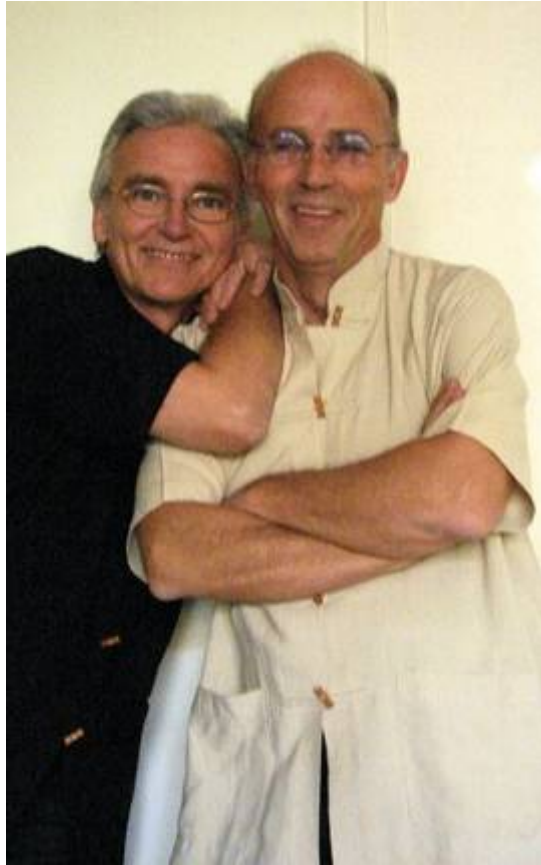


Bee visiting a flower in Sissinghurst Gardens, Kent, UK (21.9.07)



Originally, the artist meant to depict 'the Angel of Christian Charity'. It crowns Piccadilly circus. The Londoners didn't buy it. They soon baptized this guy 'Eros' – the Greek God of Love. This is the only Eros I know of that is fully grown. All the other ones look like fat, winged babies. He's quite fierce, a brilliant archer, accomplished flyer, and somewhat carelessly determined. No way escaping *his* arrows, turning boys & girls into Princesses & Princes. (20.9.07)

Message from the Editors



Edition no. 10 will be out around December 20.



“Rose is a rose is a rose is a rose.”

Gertrude Stein (1874-1946)

“Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of breathtaking moments.”