



ESSAYS TO WARM UP THE SOUL

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1 INTRODUCTION

A limitless number of young people from all over the world “dream big” about America seeing it as a focal point in the process of turning their lives around. Dozens of them make their dreams come true through Project Arizona, a project that has been established and sustained through Liberty International. The cause to which these young people dedicate themselves is special. It involves the linkage between their own personal goals (career boosts) and their passion for liberty which they plan to support and promote for the sake of their beloved countries. Talent, passion, determination, and human goodness! These are the qualities that characterize these students of Project Arizona.

One year ago, we initiated a magnificent collaboration with Mary and Doug Fallon, retired teachers with big hearts and a positive and dedicated attitude. They conducted a workshop on writing skills, a preparation our “dreaming big” students truly need to fast-track their dreams toward reality. The Fallons worked miracles. They not only opened the minds but also the hearts of Project Arizona’s young fellows. This beautiful collection of written essays is a celebration of these open minds and hearts.

Jacek Spendel

2 DREAMING

As I walk through an empty alley on a Saturday night, far away from home I can still remember how the breeze felt in Bolivia during the weekends when I used to walk with my father. Every Sunday a particular beautiful street was filled with merchants, and it didn't lose its charm. Old books being sold in improvised shelves. Food placed above an old table as the cooker would say out loud "come and try our delicious dishes". People would approach because of the delicious smell. You could see children games in every corner while kids pull their parents hands so they can use the inflatable slide. The introverted kids were painting in canvasses laying on the street under an umbrella as their imagination comes to paper. There is people walking their dogs, slowly, so they can appreciate all of the attractions the street has to offer. Live music being played, of all sorts, loud but it's enjoyable. This huge speakers, wrongly equalized, have their charm after a while as old couples dance to the rhythm of a folkloric Bolivian song. It is almost like a movie. Some would say it is a mess, but it is a beautiful mess.

I am walking, and as I contemplate all of this I can't imagine being somewhere else. My mind is way into the mood of the street. I remember that the main attraction for me and my dad was looking through the old book section. We could find some rare and interesting novel by Ernesto Sabato, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Adolfo Bioy Casares and every other Latin American author. Finding a poem book from the early 70's or even finding a completely new author that, by the cover of the book would immediately caught our attention. This is something that would fulfill me more than anything. I could stay there for hours. Watching books without even buying them.

As the afternoon arises the merchants pick their products, leaving some remains in the street. The street slowly becomes more silent, less crowded. The feeling that everyone is just resting, it's just peaceful. Walking down empty streets, it is like I am in a different city. I can feel the weekend has almost come to an end. I arrive home and I am in my room looking at the ceiling. I close my eyes and then, everything is gone.

I wake up in a different room and start to realize it was only just a dream. This is no longer Bolivia. I feel kind of scared because now my loneliness feels visible. Being 4600 miles away from home confuses me, I try to find something familiar. It's as if I'm gasping for air. I close my eyes one more time so I can go back to my beautiful place, but instead, I can hear my father's voice. He is telling me, you are going to be okay, you are a smart kid. Sadness seems to fade away. I realize I am not alone anymore. My lungs start to fill with warm air and my strength comes back. Weeks go by and Arizona becomes a more charming place. I feel I'm in another familiar place.

Now as I lay in my bed sudden thoughts come to mind, remembering a life that is so distant yet so vivid in my head and I say to myself; keep finding beautiful places and enjoy those moments because some day you may wake up and everything was just a dream.

Pablo Garcia

3 DEBUT

A day before a major play. A theatre room enjoys notes of excitement, freedom, and happiness. A troupe of actors rashly go through final dress rehearsals mastering every part of the play. Vigorous moves, emotional speeches, and live debates! All agitates the air preparing it for tomorrow's debut. The artistic director encouragingly nods. She is calm, confident, and relaxed. It should be all fine.

A major day. Final countdown. It's time. The stage welcomes actors. How do they play? They live it through, feel all dramatic shifts of play scripts, improvise when necessary, and accommodate any subtle change of audience mood. Continuing rounds of applause follow today's heroes – a team of four to seven-year-old kids and a not much older artistic director (me).

I started this home theatre when I was eight-years-old. My three younger sisters and a cousin cheerfully joined the gamble. We all had much fun spending days and nights searching for suitable plays in children's magazines, drafting scenarios, choreographing, learning scripts, designing costumes and preparing invitations. We felt very serious and overwhelmed as we were doing “real adult work.” We performed the first play “Winnie-the-Pooh” during my dad's birthday. Parents and other guests lauded our debut, and since that time, we have pleased them with monthly performances for almost three years.

They were beautiful, carefree, and super happy times. We just followed our hearts and passion and considered the smiles of our audience as the highest ever reward. This served as the lesson for the rest of our lives.

Now we are all grown-ups: rising stars of economics, medicine, IT, and genetics.

Obviously, none of us became an artist, but even so, we continue pursuing the same principle in our professions – follow your heart and work for a smile from your client.

Kate Shapovalenko

4 HARDSHIP AND PROSPERITY OF MY BELOVED HOME COUNTRY

The country that is Austria has been through many hardships. At the end of WW I, it was separated from Hungary, and in World War II it was incorporated into the Third Reich. Through all of the terrors and the suffering of war, Austria has become one of the most prosperous countries in the world. The country's prosperity can be attributed to its economy, physical geography, and its culture.

As one of the most economically stable countries in the world, Austria's economy is one of the strongest reasons why the country is so prosperous. With an unemployment rate of 4.4%, and approximately 3.7 million workers, Austria has one of the lowest unemployment rates in the EU. Austria has a thriving service and industry sector that produces chemicals, processed foods, textiles, and machinery.

The capital of Austria, Vienna, produces cars and other vehicles which employ a large amount of people. Austria's main trading partners are Germany and Italy and in 2012, Austria exported about \$160 billion in various items. Even with all of the industry in Austria, farming and agriculture are a major reason for Austria's economic success. Austria has become the second leading producer of soybeans in the EU and is also responsible for 1% of global wine production. One of the biggest reasons why Austria's economy is so successful is because of tourism. Austria's beautiful landscape attracts many tourists and employs almost 170,000 people. As a result, Austria has a per capita GDP of \$43,100, the twenty-first highest in the world and a GDP of \$398 billion, making it one of the twelfth richest countries in the world.

Austria's physical geography is another reason for the country's prosperity. The mountains of Austria contain large deposits of natural resources, some of which include iron and numerous minerals. The land is also a reason Austria is so prosperous. There are more than 3 million acres of arable land in Austria and a plethora of forests, offering a good source of timber. Austria's breathtaking landscape contributes to the country's prosperity in the form of tourism. Another reason Austria is so prosperous is because of the Danube River. The Danube is an important trade route and offers a way of water transportation for the otherwise landlocked country. These factors are what make Austria's physical geography a reason the country is so prosperous.

Finally, Austria's culture is a reason why it's so prosperous. Some of the most famous composers of music were born in Austria. Some names include Mozart, Haydn, Liszt, and Strauss. Beethoven also spent most of his life in Vienna, Austria's capitol. The waltz was also invented in Austria and as a result, Austria is well known for its musicality. Another factor for why culture is a reason for prosperity are the customs and etiquette. In Austria, the people are extremely focused during business, and there is little joking around. Punctuality is a must, and presentations must be accurate. These customs and etiquette make Austrian people successful businessmen and help the country economically and socially.

Austria is a prosperous country with many different factors attributing to its prosperity. Austria's economy has helped the country tremendously, making it one of the richest countries in the world. The country's physical geography offers a plethora of resources, and the Danube River grants the country the ability to travel by water. Austrian

culture has helped the country be prosperous with its musicality, and the customs and etiquette have helped the country be successful in business.

Ben Frommann

5 ON MY WAY

I love traveling alone, and I like to share with people the interesting places I have explored and friendly strangers I have met. What's more, I have developed my interest in entrepreneurship.

That time, I led eight people to participate in my project, located in a remote village in Enshi, China. This beautiful village is famous for its local tea. In my opinion, the best way to learn traditional culture is to experience it, to experience it, but not just read some articles or see some pictures. We arrived at a homestay, made of red trees with golden painting. This homestay is surrounded by tea trees and mountains. We sat down on the handmade wooden chairs on the- second-floor balcony to get a better view of the beautiful scenery.

It was raining, with a gentle breeze. So we knew we must wait to pick up tea leaves until the rain stopped. All of us were gazing at the land, a piece of green planted with tea trees. Raindrops kissed the leaves of tea trees, which made them glamorous.

Fortunately, as the sun gradually cleared the clouds, the rain stopped. Each of us carried a weaving basket as we walked to the field. One of our partners slipped down because of the slippery clay soaked with rain. We bent down to the level of the tea trees, grabbed the trunk with our left hands and pulled the tender treetops with our two right-hand fingers.

Two hours later, tea leaves filled our baskets. Then we went to the baking room, spread all the leaves, put them into a big pot, and started to fry them with our hands. The

last step in the process is to rub the fried and dried leaves and wrap them with packing bags.

On the last day of our project, I decided to find a place to climb the rock. So I got out of the car alone, heading to a scenic spot. Then, on my way to the passenger center, I tried to google where the climbing place was located. But I failed. I called the host of our homestay to ask if he knew where it was. He said because the climbing rock was not built completely, there was little information about it online. He seemed to remember a place called Gao Ping, where I might climb the rock.

Because that was our last day in Enshi, I did not have another choice. I had to take the bus to Huaping even though I was not sure if there was a place to climb the rock. I bought the ticket and got on the bus at 9 am.

Around 9:45 am, the driver said something to passengers in the local dialect, something which made me quite confused. I was the only outsider. The other passengers were all local people and got out of their seats to get off the bus. I just followed with confusion. Then all the passengers got on another van. I guessed maybe the bus went wrong somewhere so we needed to change to take a van.

Around 11 am, the driver put me on the highway and said, “Here is Gao Ping.” I looked around and felt helpless. There was no one and no house on the highway, but only high mountains bathed with silence. I kept walking for fifteen minutes and tried to inquire from local people. Finally, I found a woman washing dishes in front of a

restaurant. I asked if she knew any place for climbing the rock. Her answer made me disappointed. She said she never heard there was a climbing rock place in Gao Ping.

So I called the homestay host, and he promised that he would call someone to ask. I kept walking, trying to find some advertisements or other local people. Then I arrived at the village committee office. The staff member there told me she was one hundred percent sure that there was no climbing rock, but she did know about Shi Men, a scenic spot that had existed before but had already closed because an accident had occurred.

When I almost gave up, I got the host's call. He told me that he was so sorry. The place was called Hua Ping, not Gao Ping, which was 70km apart. Worse, the climbing rock project had just finished and was not open to the public yet. So even though I could get there, I could not climb.

I looked at the surrounding mountains. They were so steep and majestic. I wanted to conquer them. I did not want to give up. I asked the host to help me to get access to the manager of the climbing rock project. After twenty minutes, the host finally gave me the number of the manager.

He told me the project had not opened to the public yet as what the host said to me before. I pleaded to him to let me try because I had already arrived at a remote and unknown place alone. Thank god! He agreed with that!

Around 12:30 pm, I set off to Hua Ping by private car. I arrived at Hua Ping around 1:30 pm, and the driver told me that he could take me to the climbing rock place

by charging me about 20 dollars. I refused him and decided to take a public bus to Jing Yang town. I waited for one and a half hours, but the bus still did not come. I was so hungry that my legs kept shaking. I decided to buy some fried potatoes.

Around 14:35 pm, I set off to Jing Yang from Hua Ping by bus. Along the way, beautiful and dazzling scenery constantly came into view, scenery with thousands of walls and majestic peaks. Green and clean rivers crossed one mountain and the next mountain. I sat still. The rivers and mountains kept moving past. I kept gazing and gazing. Suddenly, the driver shook my shoulders and said, “Here is the terminal. You should get off right now.” I was awakened from my beautiful natural haven, realizing that I had passed the stop where I should have gotten off. Because of the wonderful scenery, I had totally forgotten my destination.

I asked the local people how I could get there. Most local people didn’t even know there was a climbing rock around here. So I called the manager. He said that because the climbing rock project hadn’t opened, there was no round-trip traffic and few people knew it, and he would let someone pick me up.

I finally got into my last car and went to the climbing ground. The mountain roads along the way were all twists and turns. The deeper into the ravine, the worse the road conditions. The twists and turns, potholes, and rubble were everywhere. It is difficult to imagine how such bad traffic can support this tourism project. Curiosity drove me to understand the company in depth.

I learned from the dialogue between me and the driver that the company adopts a militarized management mode and focuses on outdoor activities. The project has only been in operation for one year. In the long run, to a large extent, it will drive the development of the local tourism economy, and it has received government investment of three billion yuan.

Successfully arrived! It took me eight hours to get there. I was exhausted with excitement. It was 17:00 pm. A group of staff members in camouflage uniforms were meeting and speaking in local dialect. I couldn't help overhearing a few words. They were discussing some security issues.

After I was handed over to the manager, he would rush to the government office to do business. He said that the project was originally closed to the public and that the place was so remote that it was difficult for even local people to find. Seeing me so brave, just like him when he was young, he promised to let me experience it and then arranged for some people to receive me, and I felt flattered.

The coaches took me to the climbing ground, and when they helped me wear the props, they said that I had received special attention, and I was puzzled. They said they were surprised that President Shen (that manager) had arranged for someone to carry me up into the mountain for free and arranged for someone to receive me. He said that the project was not open to the public yet, but today just happened to be under the leadership of inspection and exploration, so it was open for one day. What's more, usually each

coach needed to take care of many persons in climbing the rock, and they had never experienced doing it for only one person- that was me.

Because it was too late, and it was very dangerous to climb in the dark, I didn't have a chance to experience all the climbing routes, but the simple attempts satisfied me. I finished climbing. There were no hotels, no restaurants, and no buses in the mountains. When I was worried about how to set myself up for the night, the coach took me to a local family for dinner! Grandpa and uncle kept picking vegetables out for me while they were eating. Their hospitality was felt in every dish.

After dinner, the coach sent me to town to stay overnight and then return to Enshi the next morning. Surprisingly, God of Fortune visited me again! Someone in the car happened to be driving to Enshi that night, so I took a ride back to Enshi!

The driver and his friends were born here. When we started to chat, they were amazed at how I arrived in the deep ravine, saying that even Enshi locals may not find this place. There was a policeman in the car. He shared with me all kinds of wonderful citizens and cases encountered in his work. We discussed various legal procedures and the disadvantages of regulations, etc.

When passing by the famous peach chip cake factory in Huaping, a woman got out of the car and bought a few packets of peach chip cake for me! I really don't know how to thank these lovely people.

Eventually, I arrived at my hostel in less than two hours. How can I believe that it took me eight hours to get there?

Myra Huang

6 WHAT A COUNTRY!

What a country! What an amazing country! It is amazing how you can be part of any place in the world, perhaps knowing for yourself that it is not your beautiful home. The home, your sweet home, used to be something related to a kind of 'place where you feel saved, where you feel represented by your value, culture and, in general, are proud of that. Sometimes it is huge, like the great Pacific Ocean for a small fish, and sometimes it is so insignificant even for a small monkey that got into the "jail" of a zoo.

But ... It is well known that every "home" has implicit problems. Who is perfect? No one, at least, no one who has never seen me yet. These problems, I mean, most of them do not exist, and a couple of them have been eradicated from the whole world. However, the question is not "why me?" or "why my country?" because it sounds completely selfish. The correct question is, "Are we prepared for it?" or "Why does anyone else think we are ready for anything?" Also, nobody cares if you're ready or not. Just face it and do your best to succeed or go home and dedicate your life to playing video games and watching documentaries about birds and wolves.

That is why, personally, I don't care at all about the question or the answer. I feel that I don't have enough time to think about these metaphors. Yesterday I was a cute, 11-year-old boy who played with my bicycle and spent all day talking to my mother about what I wanted to be when I was an adult. What I wanted to have for dinner or lunch! Why smoking was not healthy! Or what if the whole world would disappear in 2012?

In short, the world does not have enough time to be calm and deliberate about its own problems. Why would they have time to wait to solve our problem? Forget it! You are fine as a country, as a nation, as a group of people or whatever you want to call it.

By the way, yes, I am talking about Argentina, my lovely country, because it is mine. I was born and grew up in the land without freedom, but definitely, my land. But, again, nobody cares about Argentina, even its citizens, because of inflation, poverty, lack of institutions, bad manners, arrogance, self-centeredness, hostility (even among them), but thankfully it is surrounded by beautiful mountains, rivers, lakes, lands, incredible countries that sometimes share the same language and sometimes not.

Argentina! Argentina is one country of America, located in South America, bordered by Chile, Bolivia, Paraguay, Brazil and Uruguay.

We have more problems than all the countries together in the summoned word, but here I am, ready to solve these problems one by one, step-by-step as if my life depended on it. I really don't know how I will do it. I'm just a 24-year-old man who likes to spend more time writing and learning about ancient Rome than taking care of others' problems ... Honestly, I just follow my own steps, looking at my background (I mean against the background of my country) but still following my steps, because ... Again, I don't know. I'm improving, growing and improvising as I continue.

Sometimes I think that Argentina's problems are the same as Argentinians themselves. Well, as my grandfather used to say, "Buenos Aires is a beautiful city, but there are a lot of porteños" (people who are different from the people who live there). So,

why cannot we suppose a static inference for all the country? I strongly support this point of view, this hypothesis.

Why do I support it? Because throughout my life I saw that we cannot handle our own problems by ourselves. We cannot have a point of discussion whether political, football-oriented, economic or even about whether the land is flat or about the usefulness of vaccines. How could I assume that we can solve our structural problems? Impossible! We need help. We need a holy god to help us and tell us how to walk, how to speak and how much the subway's crowding should cost.

Although all is not lost, as we did in the late 1800s, we can rebuild the country and raise the principles that made Argentina great one day. But I need to finish. It's too late to continue writing. I'm on my way home...

Nico Zelada

7 RESTRAINING FREEDOM TO CREATE ORDER?

Does being free simply imply the complete freedom to do whatever one might desire without any constraints or limitations or does it also mean sometimes putting constraints on one's actions in order to respect the freedom that other people have?

As mankind evolved there was a strong tendency to start restraining most of our basic instincts in order to start engaging in more complex, cooperative social relations. These relations required the establishment of traditions and rules that were fundamental to develop and maintain a larger cooperative and interactive society. Order and cooperation based on the restraint of our instincts can seem contradictory to the concept of freedom and maybe even alienating. Showing that the restraint of our basic instincts creates order may seem to be the opposite of what the definition of freedom tells us it is. The question now would be how we can end up with such relatively peaceful societies if we are suppressing something that can be labeled as an expression of freedom itself. In this broader sense, an understanding of the evolution of the traditions is fundamental to understanding this concept of freedom and how this concept creates order.

Going through some definitions of freedom I found one that can be easily accessed by anyone. This is the definition from the dictionary. This basic definition tells us that freedom is “the power or right to act or think as one wants without hindrance or restraint.” Humans by nature are driven by their basic instincts, and acting according to them would be completely natural and free. But acting without restraint would be the equivalent of living in a chaotic society. Yet we live in a peaceful and ordered one. Here, I think, lies a contradiction that might misrepresent what freedom is. Most of our

instincts, as free as they seem, have been modified or tamed throughout our evolution in order to establish the extensive order required for the maintenance of a large cooperative society. Cultural evolution requires the establishment of ground rules developed and passed down from older generations that we implicitly agree with and accept.

More than instinct, the guidelines that are transmitted to us are based on tradition, learning and prohibitions. As we grow, we can tell that stabbing someone in the back is not right or that breaking into someone's house will have serious repercussions. We can see that private property and the respect for other people's lives have been inherent throughout our evolution and are intrinsic to our nature in order to live in a larger society among other aspects and rules. This doesn't mean that no one will kill or steal, but most of us wouldn't because we were taught not to, and we just know it is not right. However, whatever we as a culture accept or do not accept or whatever we think is right or wrong is another discussion that can distract from my initial premise.

As Hayek said; "It may seem that going against our biological instincts we would be in an anti-natural order, but also it can be considered natural because like other biological realities, order arises from the process of selective evolution." This mindset that is accepted by most of us can somehow explain how we differ from animals and how we manage not to kill one another in order to survive.

In this regard, the concept of freedom includes an implication of order. This is what Frederick Hayek would show in his last book and throughout some of his work as well. He would point out that the reason we have order is because there is an amalgamation of the goals each individual has in order to voluntarily cooperate with

other individuals so they can accomplish what they think is best for them. Most of these interactions are based on trade, and in order to interact with someone else, there has to be a respect for private property. This order that is the result of many people's goals within the boundaries established by our previous generations couldn't be seen by Hayek as something that can be derived deliberately from a master mind. In fact, the exercise of freedom would result in an outcome so abstract and large that it would be impossible to understand by only one mind or one central planner. Hayek would call this "the fatal conceit." Because the concept of freedom has been perfected through traditions passed on to us by previous generations, it has come to be accepted that these guidelines that constrain us from acting solely on our instincts need to be reformed because they do not support a larger and more abstract society based on cooperation.

The breadth of what we can do with freedom might lead one to believe that it has to be controlled. But what this controlling mindset fails to realize is that humans are also driven towards order. The attempt to put a higher morality above the actions we can take would be utterly mistaken. With freedom there is a degree of responsibility that we have to slowly assimilate as we grow and start becoming part of a more dynamic society. When people are free to think, they create. When people are free to act, they interact to benefit mutually. In this sense, freedom can be the power or right to act as one wants without hindrance or restraint, but this will not lead to any sort of order, because action without responsibility is the equivalent of living in a primitive society.

Pablo Garcia

