“What makes someone American isn’t just blood or birth but allegiance to our founding principles and faith in the idea that anyone—from anywhere—can write the next chapter of our story.”

— Barack Obama
Dear colleagues,

Our February newsletter celebrates our team members whose path to Stanford Radiology involved a long journey. We are proud of your determination and achievements and we are grateful for your dedication and your hard work. You enrich our community with unique insights and ideas!

The topic of immigration is personal to me as I, too, am an immigrant: With a dual citizenship and family members in four countries and two continents, I had the opportunity to experience many different cultures and many different viewpoints. I experienced first hand the struggles and exhilaration that come with embarking on a new journey, trying to find a new home and trying to find a new community. All of us immigrants have an inner longing for social acceptance. It is wired into our DNA to be a part of a tribe. And while I learned a lot about different ways of thinking along my path, the exposure to many different belief systems and modes of operation also provided me with clarity about my own values and priorities. I saw impressive examples of who I do or do not want to be. I learned that leadership is not something that one does, it is something that happens when the right person is in the room. I learned that anyone of us can lead change.

Unless you belong to the indigenous people of America, you or your family has immigrated to this country. I hope that this newsletter will help us to open our hearts to each other, to judge less and understand more. Please join me in learning about amazing journeys of our team members and celebrating our unique community!

Heike E. Daldrup-Link, M.D, Ph.D.
Associate Chair for Diversity
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Learn to read Chinese
For foreigners, learning to speak Chinese is a hard task. But learning to read the beautiful, often complex characters of the Chinese written language may be less difficult. ShaoLan walks through a simple lesson in recognizing the ideas behind the characters and their meaning -- building from a few simple forms to more complex concepts. She calls it Chineasy.
https://www.ted.com/talks/shaolan_learn_to_read_chinese_with_ease

India and the West
Devdutt Pattanaik takes an eye-opening look at the myths of India and of the West -- and shows us how two fundamentally different belief systems help us consistently misunderstand one another.
https://www.ted.com/talks/devdutt_pattanaik
The Merriam-Webster Dictionary defines an Immigrant as: “A person who comes to a country to take up permanent residence.” I was born in city of Winnipeg, in the province of Manitoba, in the country of Canada. In my career and personal life, I have visited 43 states, two territories, as well as one district in the United States (US). My children have lived in the US for their university study and grad school. Despite visiting these many places, I have never taken up permanent residence --in a country other than the one that I was born in-- until last June when I joined the Department of Radiology at Stanford University as a pediatric radiologist and nuclear medicine physician. Where have I emigrated from? From the city of Vancouver, in the province of British Columbia, in the country of Canada; this is a mere 800 miles and 1 hour 46 minute flight from Vancouver’s YVR to San Francisco’s SFO!

Part of the reason I am able to be here professionally, is that medical training from Canadian and US schools are essentially equivalent, provided you have passed your own licensure exams. Many Canadian medical students routinely take the USMLE steps at the same time as the Canadian licensure exams. This is because many Canadian medical graduates do post-graduate training in the US and may need these exams in order to fulfill visa and training requirements. It is always easier to do these exams when the info is fresh than in later years. Similarly, for Radiology a majority of eligible Canadian radiology and nuclear medicine trainees routinely apply to take the American Board of Radiology (ABR) or American Board of Nuclear Medicine (ABNM) exams. In Canada, our certifying post-graduate training body is the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada and we have training agreements with ACGME programs in the US. When we obtain specialty certification and pay our Royal College society dues we can use the designation: FRCPC: Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada. So maybe some of you are interested in a career in Canada- come see me… In fact, the ABR and the ABNM have members of their boards who are Canadian (I was the second Canadian to serve on the ABNM as a director for 7 years). Many Canadians have been heads of various medical organizations such as RSNA and SNMMI.

And now for something slightly different: Canada. Canada spans 9,984,670 km and comprises 6 time zones. Newfoundland is the most eastern part of Canada. So when I lived in Toronto for my residency training at Toronto General Hospital and the Hospital for Sick Children, they would announce a television program in various time zones in Canada and always say: airing 30 minutes later in Newfoundland.

Here is a great story about my hometown. A bear cub named Winnipeg was exported from Canada to the London Zoo in 1915. A little boy named Christopher Robin Milne loved to visit Winnipeg, or Winnie for short. His love for the bear cub inspired the stories written by his father, A.A. Milne, about Winnie-the-Pooh. I was born in Winnipeg and attended medical school there at the University of Manitoba. Winnipeg often has the distinction of being one of the coldest inhabited places when -40 degrees is the same in Farenheit or Celsius. It is nice to be from there.

For over 30 years I have resided in Vancouver which is on the west coast, north of Seattle. This is now the place that I have emigrated from. So, we don’t get a lot of snow in Vancouver, but it rains a lot just like Seattle (this is the most common thing I am asked about, the weather and cold in Canada). We have mountains and coast and they say you can sail, ski, and golf in Vancouver all on the same day!
Let us not forget that a long time ago, Canada has twice been invaded by the US: first in 1775 and again in 1812. Canada also takes pride in owning the longest open border. Ninety percent of the Canadian population of approximately 37,000,000 live within 60 miles of the US border. I am often asked: How do you know so much about the US? Since the advent of television we have always had access to American television stations and programs. My husband and I have always watched the US News National Network followed by the Canadian National News Network on CBC (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation) or CTV (Canadian Television). Just as you have been on a first name basis with Walter, Dan, Peter (Jennings-a Canadian) and now Lester, we are on a first name basis with our anchors, Lisa, Sandie and Wendy- yes all women. We have also had a woman as our 19th Prime Minister- the Right Honorable Kim Campbell- from June to November 1993 before she was defeated in an election. Justin Trudeau is our current 23rd Prime Minister and his father, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, was our 15th Prime Minister spanning several terms between the late 60s and mid 1980s. We do not have limitations on number of terms served by the Prime Minister. His charisma coined the term “Trudeaumania” and his son is equally as charming on the world stage today.

Like in the US, Sports are also very popular in Canada. Instead of the NFL and AFL we have the CFL, Canadian Football League, and our championship is held around US Thanksgiving called the Grey Cup. Many of our football players come from the US or return to careers in the NFL. Doug Flutie is one of the most famous quarterbacks to play for both countries. Of course, no discussion about Canada would be complete without including our most famous sport: Hockey. The rivalry for both men and women's hockey is the fiercest with the US. Perhaps we shouldn't engage in hockey debates at Stanley Cup Playoff time or during the Olympics...

Here are two notable Canadians that have been part of the Stanford Family: Richard Edward Taylor is a Canadian born scientist from Medicine Hat, Alberta who shared the Nobel Prize in Physics for discovering the Quark model. Raymond Burr was a Canadian actor who famously portrayed the title character, lawyer “Perry Mason” on the famous television drama.

In my time here I have noticed a few other differences of culture, such as that Amazon.com deliveries are quicker, the mail actually comes on Saturday --which is not delayed when there is “snow, rain, heat or gloom of night.” There is at least one postal strike in Canada every year and mail from/to the USA could take weeks not days!

Finally, the Merriam-Webster Dictionary has a second definition of an Immigrant: "b: a plant or animal that becomes established in an area where it was previously unknown." This is the main reason I have come to Stanford -to establish the new Department of Pediatric Nuclear Medicine at Lucile Packard Children's Hospital. This is the most rewarding part of my immigration: to build this new area and impact care of children here in the Bay area and beyond. I am grateful to have been given this opportunity to become an immigrant here in the US. I will always be a proud Canadian. So, if you get the chance come and visit my old country (Canada) please be sure to bring me news from the Canadian National News anchors that I miss!

Helen R. Nadel, MD, FRCPC

Professor
Stanford Medicine | Radiology
The Immigration Crisis that We Stopped Hearing About 6 Months Ago

It has been over 6 months since the headlines of “Immigrant Children in Cages” at the Southern U.S. border raised questions about the consequences of keeping children apart from their families upon arrival at the border. No matter one’s political views, this is a healthcare issue. The persistent separation of children from their parents has real psychological consequences. In addition, the medical literature has volumes of data indicating negative effects of trauma-related stress in children including excessive food consumption leading to obesity, smoking, heavy alcohol use, drug use, and sexual risk taking. Moreover, California’s family physicians indicate that immigration rules may affect herd immunity by discouraging legal and illegal immigrants from using healthcare services for which they may be labeled a “public charge”, hurting their chances of continuing in the process of legal immigration.

Who do people look to for leadership in the face of moral crises? Us. Whether due to the image of students toiling through years in school as they passionately follow their dream to help the sick, the history of the incorporation of moral responsibility into the medical curriculum since the 1700’s, the sight of doctors risking their own lives as they care for those during disasters, or the observation of the inherent ethical responsibility that each and every doctor faces daily, society continues an age-old tradition of looking to doctors to provide a moral compass. People trust us. They divulge their deepest secrets to us and listen to our advice, no matter how painful it may be to hear.

As moral leaders, we can do something, and we are doing something. In June 2018, the American Medical Association as well as numerous county medical societies (including the San Francisco Marin Medical Society) adopted official positions against the separation of children from their parents. But we need to continue to be aware of this crisis and continue our efforts even as the practice falls out of the headlines. As doctors, each of us has a responsibility to our more recent immigrants; after all, most all of us either immigrated or have ancestors who immigrated to our country. As a profession, we rely on our immigrant colleagues, estimated to represent 18% of all practicing physicians and medical residents in the U.S.*. With a doctor shortage projected to number as many as 120,000 by 2030**, our healthcare system will fall apart if no one wants to immigrate to a country that separates children from their parents.

We need every member of our society to have the opportunity to contribute to his/her fullest, and that depends on their psychological and physical health. If you know of other ways that we as doctors can help to address these issues, I hope that you will share your ideas with all of us.

Benjamin Franc, MD

Professor
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* Data from the American Medical Association
** American Medical Colleges
My name is Fatin Alkhadra. Up until now, my journey in life has been full of ups and downs. I am an American/Saudi Arabian citizen with an atypical background comprised of an ethnic landscape spread amongst 3 continents. From a society where females until recently were banned from driving to a society where it was: sink or swim, make it or break it -- choose your own destiny.

HERE IS MY STORY

My mother’s family were immigrants from India who fled political persecution and my father’s merchant family immigrated to Saudi Arabia from Palestine on foot through the lands of Syria and Arabia. My grandfather later excelled in dentistry, which led him to achieve citizenship in the Kingdom.

I was born in Saudi Arabia in the late seventies to parents who fell in love during medical school in Pakistan. At the time, Saudi Arabia had no higher educational institutions for women, let alone employment opportunities in the healthcare sector. My parent’s nomadic bloodline and aspirations for the best provisions for their children drove my dad to seek his MBA stateside in California from USC. We moved to California for 7 years for him to pursue his dream.

We moved back to Saudi Arabia in the Summer of 1988. It was a very different world then of course as the politics were strict, women’s rights had become obsolete, and here I was a 9 year old child that didn’t speak Arabic being ridiculed by every kid in the school. I struggled to integrate into the strict dogma of the culture. By 1990, Iraq declared war on Kuwait and Saudi. I remember the preparations at home and school in the event of a chemical attack. I understood the dangers, but couldn’t perceive how hatred could lead to such oppression. I still remember how the interceptions of scud missiles by the coalition forces caused the night sky to turn to day.
A year after the war my mom received a scholarship for dermatology residency in London. There, I was introduced to new cultural challenges, as I not only looked different, but I also carried an American accent. This was my third continent of residence before the age of 15.

A year later, we were back in Saudi and I had decided to go to nursing school. The choices in Saudi healthcare were limited to nursing, dentistry, or medical school due to dependence on expatriate labor. I loved taking care of patients, but on the other hand, I wanted to learn something with more technology. So, after consulting with my family, I decided to go to the United States to study radiologic technology. This didn't come without my father's apprehensions of a single female living abroad. The Saudi society is very unforgiving with what people say about you. An unmarried female venturing out on her own to a foreign land was almost unheard of. My parents knew the “shame” this would put on our family, but they also knew me, and how determined I am when I have a goal in mind. The only recourse was to send my younger brother to study with me.

We ended up at California State Northridge. I was set to graduate in December 2003 and become the very first Saudi female to get a Bachelor's degree in Radiologic Sciences. My world was finally coming together.

A month after I started on September 11, 2001, I was on my first day of clinical service at the Veteran's Army hospital in Los Angeles. Something was not right. The whole hospital felt tense. I went to the break room to put away my belongings and the entire department was glued to the TV watching the tragic terror that was going on in New York. At first I thought I was watching a movie. I thought that this was some weird show people were watching because it was an army hospital at 0900 am. But to my horror, it was true. The World Trade Center was collapsing in front of my eyes.

I was 22 years old. I was scared. I was alone. All eyes were on me. All of a sudden, I was the enemy. My Clinical Instructor knew where I was from and she immediately pulled me out of the VA clinical site. Not for something I had done, but for something the whole world was involved in. My life in the USA was never the same after that. Before 9/11 no one knew where on earth Saudi Arabia was. They knew exactly where it was now and the word Bin Laden became a household name.

Here was another war I was stuck in. Both the Saudi government and the US government were involved. I was helpless, I was mocked, I was called names for something I had nothing to do with. I knew I could not let the
negativity and a few people’s remarks reshape my destiny. I was on a mission—I was in healthcare, learning to save lives regardless of skin color, religion, or race. I was not going to allow anyone to take my dreams away from me.

In June 2004, I returned to Saudi, passed my ARRT boards and began my life’s career. I was paid a quarter of what the expatriates made and felt the gender gap as well as the differences in the cultures. I felt trapped and discriminated much like the post 9/11 environment mentioned above. The inequalities would break the strongest of people so I strove to pursue my Master’s as a means of show and prove.

Back in the States I was met with new challenges with immigration and job availabilities. I was happily married to my husband Grant, who is also a radiologic technologist. But I was still unable to find gainful employment. Then one week in October of 2008 I woke up to see that I had 4 interviews aligned in 4 states; the doors had opened.

I scrambled across the US to complete the interviews within a week. Before thanksgiving, I had an interview with Darryl Costales and Dr. Volney Van Dalsem for a CT Technologist outpatient position in their newly built Sherman Clinic in Palo Alto Exclusive for CT and MRI patients.

I went in fatigued from the travels aided with a Redbull in my hand, refusing to put on any charades or facades. I was a young immigrant woman seeking opportunities in her new country. Darryl and Dr. Van Dalsem were very pleased with my responses. This was the first interview where the interviewers wanted to get to know me, and not just my skills. They were impressed by the fact that I knew how to operate a Siemens Scanner as most CT Technologists in the USA are more familiar with GE.

The week after Thanksgiving I called all the interviewers that considered me. I was selected for all 4 jobs in one week after months of rejections from other smaller hospitals! I was over the moon! After careful consideration, my heart felt that Stanford would be my new home for me.

The rest was history. I worked at the Stanford Medical Imaging Center at Sherman from January 2009 for 6 years. I made a new family and lifelong friends there. They have supported me through thick and thin. I had trouble with my immigration process simply because I was from Saudi Arabia. Both Darryl Costales and Dr. Van Dalsem wrote letters to congress and to the department of homeland security commending me and attesting to my character. After 5.5 years of immigration agony, I finally got my green card in 2012. The whole SMIC team was ecstatic and were cheering me on. I couldn’t believe it. I was finally a permanent US resident. This was the same year Grant got accepted at foothill in their Radiologic Technology Program. It was indeed a blessed year.
In the end of 2014, I decided that I wanted to step out of my comfort zone one more time. I knew I could do more, and go further. The sky was the limit for me, as it was for my parents, and grandparents. I decided to apply for the Radiology Technical Supervisor Position that was posted on the Lucile Packard Children’s Hospital on the Stanford Website. Once again, I went in with the mindset that only good can come out of this interview.

I met with Lori Hart initially, and then with the rest of the crew (Becki Perkins and Gerald Encinias). All of them had smiles on their faces and were very welcoming. Stanford Children’s Hospital had a very different feel than the adult side. Although I really enjoyed my job helping adults, the feeling of helping and caring for a sick child was one that could not be matched. It was a feeling I needed since we did not have children of our own. It was a void that I felt would be filled in this environment. This job was different. It had emotional challenges I did not have to face before. It had challenges that I wanted to experience. It was still Stanford, but from a different perspective. It felt right.

I accepted the offer Lori Hart gave me in December of 2014, and said a very hard and tearful goodbye to my SMIC family in January 2015. Everyone knew that the time has come for me to venture out into new opportunities. They were beyond happy for me and will always remain forever friends of mine.

I had a new work family. I had a different environment. I had different responsibilities. I had skills that I could use to enhance the existing workflow, while acquiring new skills in leadership and simply working with children. It was a little tough in the beginning because no one knew who I was. I had to change my work habits and cater them to smaller people. I had to prove myself to my peers and reports. It was like moving to another country all over again. It was at this moment I remembered again the traumatic changes I had as a child and spun them around as skills that I now use to my benefit. It was not easy, and there were a lot of ups and downs in this road.

In June 2016, I finally became a US citizen. I finally belonged. I finally was a citizen in a country that gave me a chance when I had nothing regardless of my gender. I was able to work here and get paid based on my skill and experiences and not based on the color of passport I had. I climbed up the ranks at Stanford and I am where I am not because I knew anyone in the inside, but because I was given a chance when no one else would.
I am grateful to God that he bestowed this blessing upon me where there are millions of people that never got the chances I did. I am thankful to my parents who believed in me and defied the society I grew up in because they saw something in me that not everyone did and because they knew that I could accomplish some things better than any male could. I am grateful to my husband Grant who always stuck by me through it all. We both had nothing when this journey started and now he is also a CT technologist at Stanford. We are each other’s rock and everything.

I will be forever grateful to Darryl Costales and Dr. Van Dalsem who saw a young woman with a red bull drink, that stood out from the rest of the crowd. They have given me a chance that will never be forgotten. I am also eternally grateful to Lori Hart, Becki Perkins, and Gerald Encina as for giving me the chance to prove that I am a competent leader with no prior leadership experience, but with world experience spread over 3 continents that helped me prep for this journey: A Saudi girl who was alone and immigrated from a country that only recently began to recognize basic female rights.

I am the daughter of people who saw wars and were refugees, who walked in the desert to countries that gave them opportunities. I am the daughter of educated parents that saw past the society that they were living in and believed in me. I am a wife of a white American husband who sees no color and married me for who I am, not what I am. I am proof that the American dream exists. The Statue of Liberty in Ellis Island States: “Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

Let us not forget what this great country was built upon. This was MY story.

Fatin Alkhadra

Stanford Medicine | Radiology
Where are you from?
Los Angeles, CA.

No, where are you really from?
Fine. Cerritos, CA.

No, where are you really from?

I get this series of questions quite often, and I'm guessing most people are actually asking about my ethnic background rather than my physical place of birth. I wanted to share what I know about my family history not because it is unique- in fact, >90% of my high school was Asian American- but because I think this is a common story that represents the majority of my community growing up as children of first generation immigrants in Cerritos, CA (Los Angeles County) in the 1990s.

Paternal side
My father's family is Taishanese or Toisanese (台山人), a subgroup within the Guangdong province of China. Although this dialect is similar to Cantonese, Taishanese has very little mutual intelligibility. Most of the first Chinese immigrants to the United States were from this region and congregated in ethnic enclaves that became
present day Chinatowns. My great great grandfather was one of them: he traveled by boat to America and worked as a line cook on the Union Pacific Railroad in the late 1800s. Unfortunately, he gambled all of his earnings and had to return home.

My father was born in 1947, a few years after WW2 and during the Chinese Civil War. This was a very difficult time in China, having already lost millions to starvation, disease, and battle, and now in the middle of another war. We had a family member who was an outspoken politician in the Kuomintang, the opposing political party to the communist party. As a result, our family name was flagged as enemies and put on a literal black list. The most immediate consequence of this was that my family was not allowed to attend school and obtain an education. Eventually, our property was seized. My father fled on a small boat with a tiny suitcase containing everything he owned, first to Hong Kong (then a British territory), and then to Macau (then a Portuguese territory). He later moved to Taiwan for high school and college. There is a term for this specific group of people who retreated from China to Taiwan immediately following the Chinese Civil War: 外省人 (wai sheng ren), which literally translates to “people from outside the province”.

After college, my father served as a second lieutenant in the Taiwan air force and then moved to the United States for graduate school in electrical engineering. As the first in his family to finish college, my father was responsible for taking care of his parents, who worked in the laundry service in a central valley hospital when they immigrated here.

**Maternal side**
My mother’s family is Hakkanese (客家人). This literally translates to “guest family” as this subgroup is not known for a specific geographic location but rather for their constant migration out of Central/South China into the rest of the world. Most Hakkanese migrated to Taiwan or Southeast Asian countries, though some have migrated even further. For example, the first president of Guyana was of Hakka descent. My mother’s family has lived in Taiwan for hundreds of years, though we can trace our first migration to Taiwan from Xi’an in the 1600s.

My grandparents grew up in Taiwan when it was a territory of Japan. They grew up speaking Japanese and attended both high school and college in Japan. As a college student in Japan during WW2, my grandfather was drafted to the military, but dodged and did not finish college. After the war, he returned to the rural countryside in Taiwan (Miaoli) and raised silkworms for a clothing factory. My mother was born soon after in 1948. She graduated from college in Taiwan and moved to the United States for graduate school in math, where she found one of the only other Asians on campus- my father.

**Growing up as a first generation Asian American**
I hope this shows that my family is more diverse than what meets the eye. My maternal grandparents shopped at Nijiya and still spoke Japanese to each other until the day they passed. My paternal grandparents shopped at Hong Kong Supermarket and spoke Taishanese to each other. To their children, they spoke Hakkanese and Cantonese, respectively (Mandarin was everyone’s 3rd language). My parents speak Mandarin to each other and English to me, the only language I can claim to be somewhat proficient in, though it is technically my 2nd language and have spent years learning both Mandarin and Japanese. There are so many languages spoken at family gatherings that no one knows who is insulting who.

We believe that 8 is lucky, eat duck on Thanksgiving, and celebrate the new years twice- on January 1 and in February during the lunar new year. We think that boba milk tea is a great idea for a first date and that doing someone else’s chores is a more powerful expression of affection than saying “I love you”. We dine family style, at cash only restaurants with low health code ratings (as they say, B for better tasting, taste over service). When I lived in LA, a good day meant fried dough / soymilk for breakfast, beef noodle soup for lunch, and shaved snow
topped with mochi for dessert in the 626/SGV- though now I depend entirely on In-N-Out and taco trucks for subsistence.

Both of my parents are in their 70s now. They were born in the turbulent and divisive time period immediately following WW2. Each time they moved, they were forced to learn a new language and start over without a network. Although I had an easy childhood by comparison, they impressed on me the immense struggles they endured to reach this point and taught me the value of resilience, community, and most importantly- fortune (幸運). Without a series of very fortunate events, it’s unlikely that I would be able to share this with you. I represent the product of this generation of immigrants that persevered. Yet I am not unique: this is the family history shared by the majority of my high school classmates whose parents left their country of birth for economic, political, and social reasons. We are and will always be seen as wai shen ren in both America and in our respective homeland, wherever that may be, but in spite of this, we adapt, sometimes even thrive. This is our story, and I don’t think it is told often enough. On behalf of my parents, we are extremely grateful for all of the opportunities we are provided here.

So when people ask me where my family is really from, it’s a hard question to answer. As far as we can remember, we’ve always been outsiders, but nevertheless always accepted by our new community. Apart from America, we span Xi’an, Taishan, Hong Kong, Macau, Japan, and Taiwan. Perhaps we are still in transit. As for myself, I’ve lived my whole life on the California coast exclusively in cities with Spanish names and roots. I think “Cerritos, CA” sums it up pretty nicely.

Justin Tse
PGY-4 Resident
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An Immigrant’s Perspective

https://www.nature.com/articles/d41586-018-07453-3

Amin Aalipour
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My Undocumented Journey

Your car is German. Your vodka is Russian. Your pizza is Italian. Your kebab is Turkish. Your democracy is Greek. Your coffee is Brazilian. Your movies are American. Your tea is Tamil. Your shirt is Indian. Your oil is Saudi Arabian. Your electronics are Chinese. Your numbers Arabic, your letters Latin. And you complain that your neighbor is an immigrant? Pull yourself together.

Florence Adewale
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American Expressions that can be Confusing to Foreigners

“How are you?” = This is not a question about how you are, it just means “hello”.

“You can say that again” = Don't actually repeat what they said, they are just agreeing with you

“To table an item” = remove it from the agenda (in the UK/Ireland, it would mean to add it to the agenda)

“Bi-weekly” for every two weeks = it should mean twice a week, just as bi-annually means twice a year.

“Hitting” everything i.e., 'hit the gas’/‘hit the light’/‘hit the button.’

“Giving someone a cold shoulder” = ignoring someone

“Horseback riding”. Where else would you sit?

“Chai tea”. According to Hindi language chai means tea. So basically we are saying Tea Tea?

“Entrée” means beginning, not main course!

“Pocketbook” = Why is a handbag called that?

“Koala bear,” = this is a confusing name because a koala is a marsupial, not a bear

“Entrepreneur” = someone who develops creative ideas and realizes them within their company

More are examples described in an article by the Huffington post: https://www.huffingtonpost.com/entry/50-americanisms-that-dont-make-sense-to-foreigners_us_5aeb345be4b041fd-2d240ad2
This is the most beautiful corn I have ever seen. It is a Native American variety called I believe ‘Glass Gem Corn’ and yes it really does grow like that. I can’t stop admiring it.