

Week 2

Monday was the day I stepped into a Congressional office; it was the start of my internship. To me that means so much. It means having the opportunity to observe and quench my curiosity. What better place for me to evolve than Capitol Hill. What a place indeed, full of fast paced people, coffee, politics, hope, fear, phone calls, press, stairs, crisis, passion, stagnation, and change. My first day was a blast of exposure. The staff that I get to personally work with are genuine and supportive people. I was extremely nervous, but those nerves were put at ease throughout the week with the help of such a welcoming staff. The congressman himself, who I idolize, made me feel like I belonged there. This was the medicine for my imposter syndrome.

As the week continued, I learned a plethora of skills. I became familiar with constituent work, batching mail, and attending briefings. The briefings I went to were amazing. I felt like I was getting access to a live streaming of government textbooks. I was invited to attend a briefing/ meeting regarding immigration, this was quite intense. This subject is very sensitive due many factors from personal reasons to simply the status of the issue, but that did not change the fact that I plunged into a pool of knowledge. My staff and supervisor are very encouraging when comes to making the most out of my experience on Capitol Hill, in fact they push for me to branch out, go to briefings and hearings. I am extremely thankful for that.

Ending the successful week of interning and adjusting to a new environment, the interns received an invitation to the Tri-Caucus. This was a great networking opportunity. I loved the diversity and culture at the event. One of the highlights of the night was getting to personally meet Congresswoman Sheila Jackson Lee. She is a remarkable motivational speaker. This week was helpful in reminding me that this internship is a huge step to help fight for my community and the unrepresented. I am thankful I ended the week with great people at the Mexican Cultural Institute. Never forget your roots.

The HEP/CAMP interns are like my little family here in DC. We all miss Patrick not being here, but he left us with such a strong foundation. I really want to express what amazing man he is and how supportive he is.

I can't to see what next week brings us. DC is full of adventure, I love it! Who would have known a Latina from the small town of Rigby, Idaho would be here immersed in such a beautiful place? SI SE PUEDE.

