

Week 3

When I was a little girl, I would sit in front the television, close enough to get a good glimpse, but not enough close to earn my mother’s stern look. Her look would queue the catch phrase “*vas a necesitar lentes si te acercas mas*” (you’re going to need glasses if you get closer). I couldn’t help myself getting lost into the headlines; CNN, Fox and ABC news would hypnotize me.

Ironically, I am known for my bright red glasses and now my days in DC consist of living in the headlines I would watch. Interning this week on Capitol Hill was like a dream full of political speeches. Speeches that ignite fury and rage for someone and for others were words of hope and better days. I saw Member of Congress advocate for #KeepFamiliesTogether, while others were #No Amnesty. How is it that I listened to constituents, yet saw their colors? I witness with my own eyes how much red and blue bleed throughout the phones and throughout the country. *I felt* the great divide. I am interning at a time where cries of children are heard and denied at the same time.

This week has made me realize that I want to be the change and hope for future generations. I want the America that was once the Dream. This week and the rest to come will be an experiment for me. With trial and error, I seek to find what truly moves a nation and what brings it down. I ask myself the clichés, “who will I be?” and “what can I do?” I voyage to find true answers by the end of my journey here in DC.

Living in the city of politics and never-ending knowledge has become my ecological niche. Out of the black suit and high heels, I still learn. History tells its tales here. This weekend I found myself at the National Mall, yet I was lost; my mind pondered, gravitating to questions of origin and architecture. I was astonished. My mind grasps these moments tight so that I can share my thoughts with my parents, who still ache from low wages and repressed dreams. I hope my words and recollections remain as picturesque as Lincoln does in his chair, it is only fair I share with my family enough for them to paint their own picture.

From my present journey, I stepped back into the mid 1900’s. How? Why? These two questions never left my mind as I walked through the Holocaust Museum. This museum was the pinnacle of my day of learning. I will never forget, just as the world should never forget what happens when humanity is lost.



Moreover, my mind is open. My neurons will continue to make more and more connections throughout the next couple weeks. I simply love learning.

