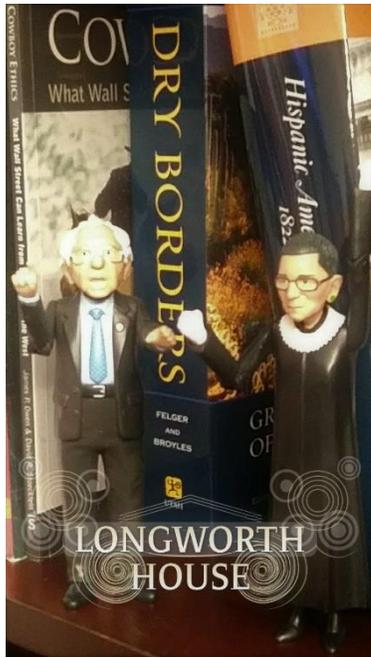


Eduardo Fox

Journal 1

My trip and first week to Washington D.C seemed, in accordance to nature, both a beginning and an end. From when my plane tilted just enough that I was able to draw a line from the Lincoln Memorial to the U.S Capitol, to my final day of office and teamwork training I knew my time here in D.C may serve as a finale to a story I began my first day on an repurposed school bus on my way to plant young chili peppers with my mom. I could not imagine a more fitting final chapter to my history of determination, passion, and often despair. I felt the support of countless teachers, mentors, family members and friends carry me through the dusky national mall as I walked up the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. From there, standing on the very spot which Martin Luther King Junior etched his blessing of hope in 1963, I knew a sun had set on the first part of my history. It was also there, after I looked to my right in more proper acknowledgement of the power of MLK, Jefferson, and FDR through their respective memorials that I felt how much this day also signified a start – a rising sun from the East Coast to illuminate and test all I had built throughout high school and as a freshman at USF. Would my morals fail, my dedication and passion - my very work? Would I? As I looked out to the National Mall, flanked and characterized by the history and daily functioning of a nation, I knew the cycles of renewal and change which ever so slowly bring about worlds incomprehensible to the past would not wait for me. Such a realization charged me to do the work I could do well, to grow in knowledge and patience, and fulfill my duty to those who have sacrificed for me with only faith to assure them. Now energized, I joined my

small fledging group of CAMP/HEP interns and our ever-present surrogate father Pat Doone, ready to set my feet on a path with an unknown end.



A couple of figurines of the recently infamous Bernie Sanders and bombastically trailblazing Justice Ginsberg placed in an office in the House Longworth Building.



A Kongorikishi statue within the Freer-Sackler Gallery of Asian art. A wrathful protector of Buddha, this imposing statue is one of two which guard the hallways of the galleries.