

### Journal 3

This week's journal entry came to me on Tuesday, when I ran the perimeter of the Tidal Basin and saw the last of the prominent monuments and memorials on the west side of the National Mall. This was a culmination of a young history buff's dream – to see the soul and words of greater than life figures imbued into stone. As I felt the grooves of FDR's most prominent quotes, and read the vaulted panels of Jefferson's Declaration, I recognized again the peculiar dualism of history's distance and proximity. As I walked the Mall and stood on what previously had been a canal before becoming the iconic Constitution Ave, I thought of the drastically changed landscape. Besides the staples which dominate the Eastern Mall – the Washington Monument, the Capitol, and flanks of Smithsonian's – one would be hard pressed to imagine the current array of memorials replaced by temporary buildings. To more easily illustrate, I have included two photos of the Western Mall separated only by 50 years. Yet for all the change, both in terms of society and in landscape, much about the seat of United States government remains the same. From the back of the Lincoln Memorial where I rested from my run, I saw the slow churn of the Potomac and the hills it carved with ancient waters and patience. These hills provided a view into the murky water for every president, every member of congress, and the first explorers from the old world. As I gazed over the ridgeline to the Arlington House, Robert E. Lee's mansion across the river, I knew the current scenes of contention, oration and frustration which D.C houses can't be much different than those occurring when the infamous hilled mansion became the headquarters for the Army of the Potomac. Here, I struggled the same way

one must always when confronted with their limited time – what am I to contribute to the change and immortality of this place? With history to my back, the words and memory of greats on my lips, and fickle pavement on my soles I ran home to contribute another day to answering that haunting question.

LEFT  
Goofing off on The Tidal Basin! I'm hanging on one of the iconic D.C Cherry Trees.



RIGHT  
HEP/CAMP group enjoying the stereotypically American Nationals baseball game after work. I was the only one without time to change!



BOTTOM LEFT  
A view from the Washington monument in the 1940s – how austere!



BOTTOM RIGHT  
A more modern view of the Eastern Mall – with gardens and ponds replacing temporary Government building.

