

Week 7

This week was significant in terms of work in that it was my last full week of working in the office. As such, it was appropriately busy, and I felt the most needed and integrated as I ever had. Besides being entrusted with a tour for a personal friend of the Congressman, having an intern breakfast with the boss himself, and being tasked one final time with the weekly legislative report, I was also invited to join the office softball team. The breakfast was especially notable, as I was able to connect with my Congressman's shared history as an immigrant and farm worker in the official members dining room in the capital – a scene I had never pictured a conversation about field work to occur. Alongside this I was also tasked with creating the weekly legislative report, an important job which I had previously been given the honor to fulfill only once. In learning from my mistakes and more confident in my abilities, I completed the report with haste – earning a cool “looks good” from the legislative director. And as if the week had not been star studded enough, I was invited to play in the weekly softball team the office organized. My time learning and adapting to the various personalities of the office paid off as we ended the Thursday being unmercifully beaten by a Pennsylvania office – due in no small part to my rusted little league skills. To cap this all off, the interns in my office organized an outing this Sunday to Eastern Market where we all ate brunch, gossiped about the office, and picked on each other. It is the nature of things to end, I know – but the melancholy was not aided by the fact that my last full week in the office just happened to be the most fulfilling in terms of work and play.

I was provided some form of distraction from this peculiarly proactive nostalgia on Friday, when the CAMP interns were invited out to a fundraising reception hosted by the Foundation for Farmworkers at the Mexican Cultural Institute. The night was a scene from a movie, as we stifled chuckles navigating and rubbing noses with premier looking folks in the crowded floor. After consuming a lion's share of miniature tamales and sodas (free, mind you) we heard various speeches concerning the Foundation and East Coast

Head-start accompanied by a youth-led mariachi band. The night ended late, with a hopelessly lost uber driver and the dread of waking up early the next day to volunteer in the blazing heat of that was the Colombian festival.



TOP LEFT

The projection of the Saturn V rocket on the Washington Monument before the light show on Saturday – in celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the Moon Landing!



TOP RIGHT

A photo of the CAMP interns at the Foundation reception – notice the Mariachi band packing up in the back.