

## **Julia Santiago: Week 7**

**July 8-14**

The forecast for Monday was a rainy afternoon and cloudy skies. That is what I was expecting, a rainy afternoon, not a rainy morning. As I headed out to the metro, I met Rosa in the elevator and engaged in conversation. As we were heading out, people were huddled by the door, and I wondered, “What’s going on?” It was pouring outside, and thankfully Rosa shared her umbrella. That didn’t stop the rain from wetting my hair, shoes, and clothes. And that is how I walked inside the Department of Education, all drenched and cold. My supervisor informed me that just in that one hour they got 3.3 inches of rain!

Monday afternoon, I had my check-in with Sasha from CHCI. She asked how I was doing regarding my internship, D.C life, and if I was excited to go home. Although, I miss my family and my mom’s posole, D.C has grown on me. I’ve accustomed to the fast city life filled with busy streets. As the internship is almost coming to an end, I must remind myself to keep attending briefings, panels, and to build connections. My supervisor was gone from Tuesday-Friday for training, so I made to sure to keep myself accountable and focus on tasks I had been assigned.

Monday evening, my partner and I rode scooters across the National Mall. Not going to lie, I was scared to fall, but soon got the hang of it. The sky soon turned from a sunset to a night sky. We rode scooters for almost two hours, looking at different Monuments.

Tuesday afternoon, I had the chance to go to the Holocaust Musuem. Before entering the main exhibit, we got an I.D. that highlighted a survivor of the Holocaust. It was heartbreaking to see and read about the atrocities that Jews, Homosexuals, Jehovah Witnesses, and Gypsies had to endure. My heart broke even more when I saw the shoes that belonged to the victims of the Holocaust.

On Thursday after work, I wanted to attend the graduate school panel at CHCI. At first, I hadn’t thought of going to grad school after college but being in D.C. has changed my perspective. Hearing about various institutions and what kind of support they offer has made think of going to graduate school. As of now, I’m not sure if I would like to master's in educational or public policy? That is something I would like to look more into as I start my sophomore year in August.

For CHCI programming, Professor Augustine talked about the census. I learned why it’s important for Hispanics to be counted in the Census. I am glad that the citizenship question will not be in the Census, because that question can prevent many Latinos from participating.

After CHCI programming I attended Lights for Liberty, a vigil for the children who have died at the border. I was surprised to see people of all ages, and ethnicities. My heart leaped when I saw such support to close the camps and posters that read “Fighting for Justice.” Many educators were there with posters saying “Classrooms not cages,” and Congresswoman Norma Torres spoke about her experience as a migrant child. Lights for Liberty was held in many cities and, in my home state Idaho.

On Saturday, all the CAMP interns celebrated Metzlin's birthday. She turned 21 and so we celebrated by going out to eat at "El Techo." It was a nice to see everyone together and make another memory, here in D.C.

I ended my week by going to the mall and cleaning my room. As I was ready to go to bed, I got a call from my mom, which made me happy. She reminded me how much she's proud of me and how much she loves me. I will miss D.C., but I am ready to be reunited with my family in less than three weeks.

