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This week was the biggest week of my internship. It was the Annual Directors Meeting! It was sooooo exciting to meet many directors of the programs. I have worked for hours with names of the various universities and with names of people firsthand. When I got to meet and shake peoples' hand, part of me already knew them from their program. I felt so proud of the programs knowing some of their results from this year. I also got quizzed on my Good News segment by a director who had a student featured in the PowerPoint. We were introduced by Dr. Ramirez and all seven of us, Cinthia, and Denise (who had an exciting story featured on NBC!) came up to the stage. We then supported OME with passing out papers, making sure that everything was running smoothly. Sometimes Cinthia and I had to run upstairs to make copies or get something that was needed. This is where I learned how important it is to troubleshoot and when things don't go as planned, just go with the flow.



I got to meet Amas, the President of the HEP/CAMP Association and someone that we owed so much to for creating the opportunity for us to come Washington DC. He asked a few of us to come up on stage during the Association meeting and share a little about our time here. I decided to share about something that really affected me during 4th of July. A year ago, on 4<sup>th</sup> of July, I had been working in the cherry fields. Even though it was a holiday, we had worked that day because those past few weeks, it had been raining more than usual. The rain made us stop early and we lost a lot of paid hours and work productivity. Last year's 4th of July, the weather was great so many of us came out and still worked to try to make up for some of that lost time. One year later, I never would have thought, it couldn't have crossed my imagination before, that I would be standing in front of the Lincoln Memorial. That kind of comparison, two sides of my life, still leave me feeling like "I can't believe I am here." Something that amazing can happen. After me, Samantha and Gabriel spoke. When Gabe started to cry a little bit, like choke up a little bit with tears, I started crying hard. This experience has made each of our families so proud of us and I am so grateful we bring this experience to various communities to share.

Irene and NVG organized congressional visits for us on the Hill. So, I went with Washington state directors to visit Patty Murray's office. It is so wonderful to learn how she is so supportive and vocal about the HEP and CAMP programs. However, when a couple of us from our district went to visit our Congressmen, it was another story. Long story short, I simply didn't feel as welcome and I walked out feeling confused.

On the second day, on Tuesday, we had various sessions to attend where we were in charge of helping. I was part of the HEP crisis management session. I really enjoyed this one because it made me reflect on all the things that affect student learning outside of the classroom. Plus, I thought about tornadoes and hurricanes, things that affect the academic year that don't normally happen in my hometown. I also attended the CAMP data in depth session, where Harold discussed some of the statistics and profiles of the programs. Then, one of my favorites, even though I missed a portion of it because I was making copies, was the coordination with MEP. Several Washington state directors talked about their Dare to Dream Academies where they created programs for students in high school, to

inspire them to look at going to college and future professions. I was going to apply as a mentor for this program until I found out about this internship. Last, we talked about student strategies for success regarding CAMP. One of the directors said some really powerful things about how we think about money and the cost of education. It made me think about how in a way, scholarships and aid are important, but it also shouldn't be free in the sense that it should be easy. Getting funding is hard work.

Lunch time on Tuesday was pretty exciting. Last Thursday, we heard Arne Duncan speak to us about issues in education. He came into the room and put his jacket in the chair right next to me, Secretary of Ed Duncan's jacket! He shook my hand afterwards and all the interns took a picture with him. This week, it so happened that he came out during the conference and some of the Directors and I were sitting at tables eating BBQ. We got to take a picture with him! My CAMP director Luz and I were so excited.

After that day, Amas took us out to dinner at El Chalan, the same Peruvian restaurant where we had dinner on our first week with Patrick. We bonded with two CHCI interns, one of which was a previous CAMP student. I wish I would have gotten a chance to talk to Amas more, but I did learn that he has worked in Washington State and he was one of exceptionally few people who knows where Mesa, Washington is. Props to Amas!

Meeting the directors of the HEP and CAMP programs from Washington State was one of the highlights of my summer. I had seen some of the Directors before at conferences but hearing their stories made me feel so inspired. On Monday, the directors took Alberto and me to dinner to a Mexican restaurant. The waiters kept making us guacamole and at the end we learned that is was really expensive. We took part in a really exciting meeting as they organized events in Washington. This was the first time where I completely forgot where I was. I forgot that I was in DC and for a while I just felt at home surrounded by this group. I heard names of cities I knew, people I had met, and schools my friends went to. For about an hour, I was perfectly at home. When I snapped back to DC, I realized that I missed home and that I was excited to dive into things this year at UW.

At the office, I decided I wanted to finish my week by asking more questions to people on the staff. I set up about four interviews, each one about an hour. I gained so much from these talks. Different perspectives and ideas flowed. My regret it not scheduling more meetings with people inside the office more frequently, and with people outside of the Office of Migrant Ed. There are several Latinos in the Department that I might have connected with. On Friday, it was Vianney's birthday. Three of us went to go sing to her at midnight. We watched House of Cards, which is so surreal when we actually are in DC. It was one of those Fridays where I didn't want to go out. I just wanted to stay in and relax.



Saturday, we had a fun Zumba morning at Lisa's home. Cinthia, my fellow intern, led the class. In the end, we worked up a sweat and I was cracking up because Chive and Yonny kept modifying the moves and doing the Carlton and the Pharaoh. We talked about dentistry, jigsaw puzzles, and gluten-free food, among other things. In the evening, we went to a lounge and we actually danced some Latin music. One of Ruby's friends was DJing and he did a great job.

Sunday, we woke up super early...5:30am and went to get free tickets to go up the Washington Monument. Doors opened at 8:30am and we were there a little before 6am. We got our tickets for 9:30am and when we got up we had the most stunning view of DC. Like the Empire State Building, we got to see all the places we've been to from high above and how far they are from one another. We also saw how much we walked. Then, again, using my Federal ID, we got free passes into the Holocaust



Museum. One picture impacted me so much that it had me sobbing. A little boy had drawn a picture of a Nazi soldier, apparently hitting someone who was a Jew who had hidden the golden star on him (the ones they had to wear to be identified). You could see the Jewish man's arm, trying to stop the Nazi soldier from hitting him, like a defense saying "stop." They drew everything down to the detail of the Nazi soldier's uniform and



the Jewish man's clothes. And it affected me so much as I thought about how children knew this, they saw the violence, and through this small drawing, they told the truth. Then, I went on my own to the National Gallery of Art where I enjoyed seeing the European and especially French painters. I saw Cezanne, Picasso, Pizarro, Van Gogh, Monet, Renoir, and Degas. It was like art heaven in there, it just went on and on.

I went to the Newseum and asked if our CHCI passes still got us in for free. But they had expired the day before. I left the museum because I didn't want to pay \$25 for a new ticket. I was about a block away when I turned around and decided I didn't want to miss out on something I really wanted to see. I walked right back into the museum and was taking out my cash and counting the money for my ticket. Suddenly a man tapped me on the shoulder and offered me his ticket because he was leaving. He said that it was good for two days and that he thought the ticket was overpriced. I had just began to thank him, so surprised, when he had already disappeared. Needless to say, I enjoyed the museum even more and still in awe at his wonderful act of kindness. Just his actions made my trip worth it.