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This was my first week of work! I started off Monday with quite an adventure. Diana and I were walking to the metro stop together when I realized I needed my passport to fill out my I-9 forms with the Department. So, I ran back to the dorms and by the time I got there I was so sweaty that I had to change my shirt. Then I ran back to the metro stop and got off at L'Enfant. But then I took the wrong escalator and ended up so confused. So I walked around the block and went back down into the metro, trying to find the right escalator. Eventually, I got it. I called ahead of time saying that I was going to be late. I met my fellow intern working on the Migrant Education Program (MEP) side of the Office of Migrant Education (OME). Dr. Lisa Ramirez, director of OME, took us into her office to give us some prep talk.



Right out of the gate, she told me that she'd be taking me to the White House the next day. We attended the ceremony for the Champions for Change. This panel of ten young men and women were all Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals (DACA) recipients and had done incredible things since receiving DACA. As I was sitting in the chair, looking at the backdrop on the stage with a giant picture of the White House, the immensity of what was happening hit me. It is so frustrating how students who have done everything right can still be held back from obtaining their dreams. One student

shared how her parents told her "if you work hard, you can make it", and yet for the DREAMers it's frustrating how sometimes that is not even enough. We get the same advice and upbringing from our parents, this ethic of always, always working hard, of "trabajando duro" and yet the only difference is one of having the right documentation.

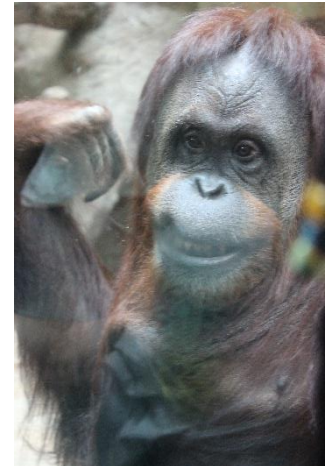
On Wednesday, Dr. Ramirez took her interns on another trip. This time she spoke to a group of several hundreds of migrant students from California, Florida and Texas. It was so funny how we got out of the office and headed out in the taxi and everything was a rush as we got ready, briefed over the meeting, got directions on what to do, and then we arrived and BAM! We were polished and ready to go. We were there for about one hour and Dr. Ramirez shared her story and helped inspire the students. They were on a trip to Washington D.C. and it was so true when she said "Your families may never have the chance to be here, you are their eyes here in D.C., and you are seeing it for them." I had the chance to introduce myself over the microphone which I loved because I really felt the connection with the students. Since talking to Vianney, who is so active and passionate about doing things like registering her community to vote, she has inspired me to go to new lengths and return to my schools to speak. I am already thinking of how I can present the students with information and resources for college and scholarships. After the talk, three students came up to me asking for more information about the College Assistance Migrant Program (CAMP). I gave them some advice because they were scared as they work on applications to sound "like a sob story." I tried to explain that one should never hide what has happened in one's life, and rather it's important to say the truth and then demonstrate how it has

helped one grow. That was something that I think I learned over the years. I had my business cards ready so hopefully they reach out to me if they have more questions.

This week my duties at work were not too intensive as we had several events to attend. However, I did get a taste of sending out information to our national programs and starting a PowerPoint for the Annual Director's Meeting in July. WHOO! As I was reading over stories for the PowerPoint, the photos that made me so proud were the ones of High School Equivalency Program (HEP) graduates as they were of all ages. Another was a young man who was in CAMP in 2001 and in 2014 finished his Ph.D. I made a little timeline of his journey to explain as a visual for the PowerPoint. I felt so official using the office phone to make phone calls as I finished my work.

My supervisor at work, Tara, told me that it was a great idea to make appointments and meet individually with the staff. So far this week, I talked to two staff members who both had undergraduate majors related to my field of International Studies. I was nervous at first, but I think I am starting to get the hang of this asking people out to coffee or for a chat.

On Thursday afternoon, we headed out with Areli who was the HEP/CAMP intern last year, to the Martin Luther King Memorial. A movie was going to be playing called "Undocumented." It was the story of a young man who worked for the Washington Post and who is ineligible for DACA by just one year. It was very sad how he can't visit his mother in the Philippines because he doesn't know if he can come back. I liked how he also gave a new face to Immigration Reform because so many people just automatically think that it's a Latino problem. The staff at the Memorial were super nice and they even gave us little bags full of things before we left.



This weekend, we started off with CHCI training. We had several guest speakers and I especially enjoyed listening to Paul Taylor. It was shocking to learn how as the Millennial generation grows older, Latinos in the U.S. will make up more and more of the population. We discussed the census categorizations of Hispanic and how we might define Latino/a and Hispanic identity.

I ended up taking a four hour nap and I woke up on time for all us girls to go dancing on Friday night. We went to a club that had several floors and on each floor, different types of music were playing. The third floor had Bachata, Reggeaton, and some Hip-Hop. The next day we went to the Zoo! Chive, Gabe, and I managed to walk around most of the zoo. My favorites were the elephants because one female

elephant kept doing a little dance. The seals also did a little show for us. They were getting fed by their trainers and one didn't want to share his or her food.

I'm off to collect more photos for my PowerPoint. It's due later this week. I found a place to buy postcards fairly cheap and I'm looking to send several every week to my high school friends, my family, and the research team at UW.