

## Journal Week 3

This week I settled more into my duties as an intern. My job mainly consists of handling and filing all incoming correspondence. That includes both constituent letters and department letters, which can come in via digital, fax, and paper format. It might sound a bit monotonous, but it's not in the very least. Being able to work with the correspondence has opened my eyes to a lot of issues of which I was not aware. One issue that I read about frequently that surprised me is the legal sale of dog and cat meat. I was completely blown away that this was a legitimate issue. It was one of those "wait a minute-- what?" moments for me. There was a lot of correspondence on this issue, enough to make me question just how big of a problem it is, to have so many people be concerned enough about sanitary practices and animal rights to actually take the time to write a letter about it.

There is so much knowledge to be absorbed from constituent letters alone. It really gives you a close up on the clear political divisions we see every day in the news between Democrats and Republicans. Not only that, but it also helps to understand the reasoning behind both parties' opposition, and even gives you a bit of an insight as to why the constituents of each party are unwilling to compromise. Both have valid concerns, although some of the opinions are narrower minded than others, and sometimes some of the opinions seem to have been shaped by misconstrued statistics or by false reports made by the media.

On the other hand, one thing that really frustrates me about constituent letters is my inability to do anything about them. Some people are desperately asking for help for their causes, concerns, and organizations but sadly many times they are sending their pleas to the wrong district. Since they are not part of the district our hands are pretty much tied. A lot of people don't realize that letters from constituents outside the district aren't taken into account, because Congress members are only responsible for the residents of their district. This means that people who send their petitions to multiple congress people are pretty much wasting their time. As I've learned, the best thing to do is to garner awareness about the issue you are trying to promote in your own district so that enough people start calling and mailing in to show that the issue is of great concern to many. People don't realize how much power their opinions have; there is power in numbers, and every single piece of mail and phone call is recorded and taken into account by their Representatives. When enough people express their desire for change, Representatives can then act to reflect on the collective concerns of their district.

Alright, so I'll take a break on serious matters and talk about something terribly embarrassing that happened to me this week. As I've mentioned before, I am completely terrified of phone calls. I feel that I am steadily getting better at answering them, but once in a while I mess up royally. Another thing that I've mentioned before is about the ongoing competition to see who can answer phone calls the fastest in my office. The other interns are typically much faster than I am, so many of the times I find myself answering an empty call because it has already been answered by someone else. This particular time however, I actually answered, and I was so astounded that I forgot my greeting. At the confused "Hello?" coming from the other side, I panicked and answered with the first thing that came to mind, which was "Good afternoon, Congressman Grijalva speaking." As soon as the greeting left my mouth my face flushed tomato red at my mess up, and what's worse my supervisor was standing right beside me. I wanted to crawl into a hole and die, just by looking at my supervisor's "What the?" expression. The rest of the call went on decently, and luckily my supervisor was understanding of my predicament and just laughed it off when I apologized after I had hung up.

The rest of the week went by pretty smoothly. I had the chance to meet and escort this year's winner for the district's annual art competition, and she and her sister were great. I had a lot of fun talking to people from back home, escorting them around between buildings and chit-chatting in my beloved Spanish. Just like that, Friday came around, and once again we had CHCI programming. This Friday's programming really gave me some food for thought. We had

a panel on immigration, and at the end we were gifted shirts that read either “I stand with Immigrants” or “I am an Immigrant”. These two short phrase kind of put me in a bind because I wasn’t sure with what label I identified with.

I was born here in the United States, and all of my education took place here, along with my friends, my job, and my future life. But at the same time, a lot of my life has been based around México. My family went through an economic struggle back during the recession of 2008, and as a consequence we had to move to México for a while. For me that was not a huge change, as we already were visiting my grandma on the Mexican side of the border every day, so actually moving to México wasn’t hard at all. The only thing was that I had to wake up a lot earlier to get in line to cross the border to get to school on time and during the work season we would stay at my aunt’s house on the US side.

This back and forth between countries and cultures isn’t uncommon for us who live in border towns. At some point, we become somewhat of a neutral ground for both countries, and we stop being Mexican or American. We live the struggle of the unwanted Mexican immigrant despite most of us having papers. Yet at the same time we live being strongly influenced by the American culture and individualistic prerogative, despite being unwilling to give up on our traditions and family values. Borderlands are a third culture in between.

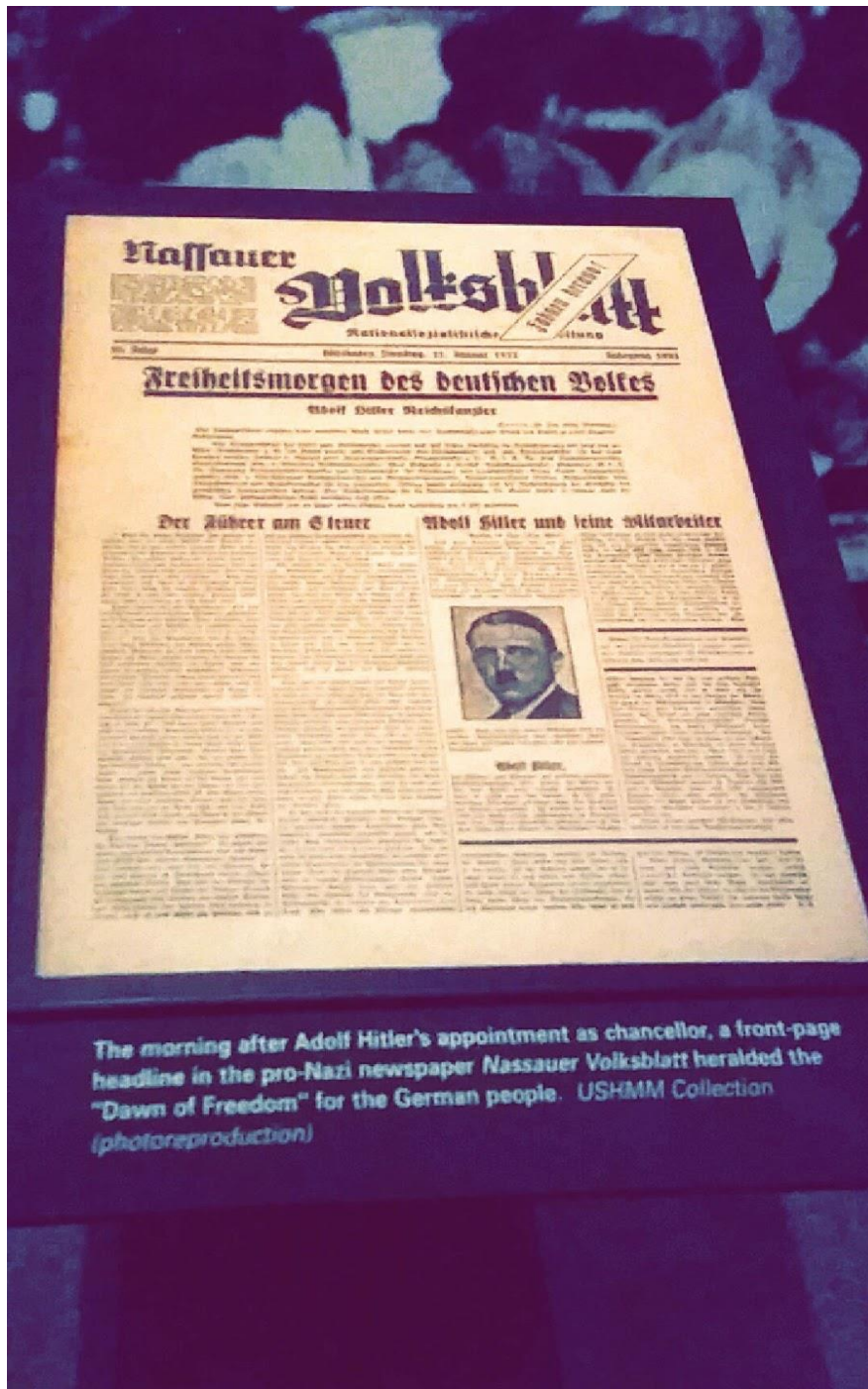
But the point of this discussion is not to define the borderlands, but rather my label. Do I stand with immigrants as is my right by birth as a legal citizen free to practice my freedom of speech? Or am I considered an immigrant due to my experience of living back and forth of both countries, coming from a community who lives on their knees due to systematic discrimination? You’d think that my answer would be the latter option (which at the end it was), but labeling myself as an immigrant I feel like I give legitimacy to those who ask us “Where are you from?” Where am I from? I’m from Arizona, I live right on the border.

Regardless of how much I love México and the time that I lived there, at the end of the day, my Mexican and non-Mexican friends live in the US, my education is in the US, part of my family is in the US, and my career will be US based for the most part, so it is not anyone’s right to assume where I am from just for the language I speak, the occasional accent that slips out, or because of the color of my skin. Therefore, I made up my mind and decided that while my life is that of an American, my experience is that of an immigrant, so chose the shirt that read “I am an immigrant.”

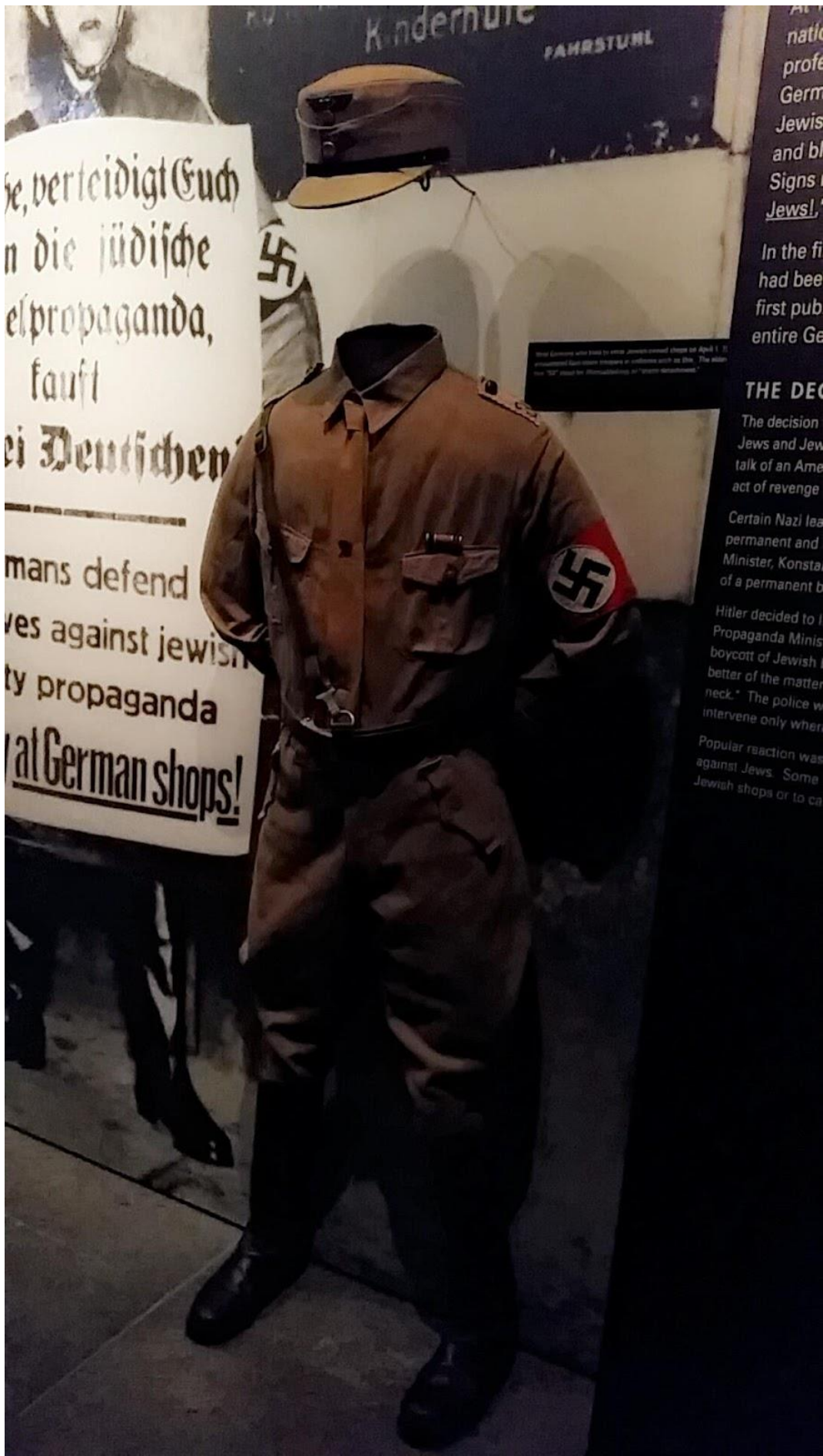
Holocaust Museum:



The victims



The morning after Adolf Hitler's appointment as chancellor, a front-page headline in the pro-Nazi newspaper Nassauer Volksblatt heralded the "Dawn of Freedom" for the German people. USHMM Collection (photoreproduction)







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Jeanne Daman-Scaglione (b. 1919)

A Roman Catholic, Daman became a teacher, and later headmistress, of the Jewish kindergarten "Nos Petits," in Brussels. When arrests and deportations of Jews began in 1942, she worked with Belgian and Jewish resistance units, helping to find hiding places for 2,000 children throughout Belgium. Daman also helped rescue many Jewish men about to be deported as slave laborers by obtaining false papers for them.

Photo: Yad Vashem, Jerusalem

Dr. Anna Binder-Urbanov  
Pawel Boharczyk  
Jan and Maria Caraj  
Maria Cemeřicková  
Anna and Jaroslav Chlup  
Juraj Csiky  
Anna Daubner  
Martin and Betti Dobrovoc  
Magda and Tomáš Dudaš  
Anton and Maria Duran; ch  
Olga Fierz  
Joseph Fišera  
Karel Frydl  
Ladislav and Maria Gondzar  
František and Maria Gorog;  
Géza and Klára Hajtaš  
Kateřina Hrubešová  
Kristof and Ludmila Jahn  
Michal and Maria Jančík  
Václav Juran  
Lajoš Juria and wife; his siste  
Ljudevit and Margita Kaciř  
Karol Kaminski  
Michal Knap  
Dr. Karl Koch  
Gustav Kochol and wife; sons V

Vlado, Milan  
Lamac and Paula Krajiček  
Jozef and Rozalia Kuchar  
Pastor Vladimír Kuna  
Jan and Koloman Liška  
Dr. Michal and Anna Majerčík  
Josef and Ema Markov  
Jan and Kateřina Matějik; children  
Anna, Ludovik  
Rudolf and Katharina Mednanský;  
Ondřej, Rudolf, Marischka  
Adéla and František Melo; son Fran  
Ondřej and Marie Mikuláš  
Jan and Anna (Martinková) Modla  
Edith Mullner  
Julius Natally  
Gertrude Ondriska  
Maria Pekařovicová  
Premysl Piter  
Etelia Poláková  
Julia Ralbovská-Kaldi  
František Řásla  
Ulka Riecan and husband  
Jozef Riha  
Anna Schiller  
Jozef Schowanek  
Dr. Jozefína Ševčovicová  
Karl Rudolf Simončič  
Viktor and Justina Šmida; daughter Lidk  
Irena Sobotková  
Jan and Anna Tkadleček; son Bohuslav  
Jan and Julia Trnovsky  
Anton Trokan  
Martin Uher  
Anna Valasiková  
Peter Valo and mother, Josephina  
Michal and Anna Vítus  
Peter and Adéla Vičko; children Peter, Růž  
Valeria, Anna, Božena  
Antonia (Tonka) Víková  
Viera Vrablová  
Anna Weiner  
Emanuel Zima and son Josef

## DENMARK

The Danish people  
Anna Christensen  
Pastor Arnold and Karen Gurners  
Esben Hansen and sister Helga  
Helga Holbek  
Dagmar Lustrup  
Harald Petersen  
Grethe and Henry Thomsen  
Gerda Valentiner



