

Gloria Ramirez
Week #3

Time has never gone by so quickly. Without realizing it, I have spent 3 weeks on my own. Before this trip, I have never been independent. Even while moving away to college, I had my boyfriend there to support me. These past few weeks, I have been thriving and I now fully comprehend what I am capable of.



This week differed from the past two weeks in that I was tested like I have never been before. Working in D.C. is a privilege that not many people will get to experience in their lifetime. Aware of that, I began to feel as though I did not belong here. My fellow interns come from completely different backgrounds from my own. They have parents who attended college, have important connections, and some even attend Ivy League schools. I don't fit any of those descriptions and I have never been so aware of where I come from. My parents did not even get a high school diploma, I have always gone to public schools, and the important people I have met have been because of my own hard work. I won't deny that at first it bothered me and I felt like I was inferior to them. However, after this week I will never believe that again.



Recently, I have been working with the United Farm Workers Association (UFW). They are a nonpartisan organization that dedicates their time to helping agricultural workers in the United States. My dad having worked in agriculture for almost the entirety of his life, is an example of who this group helps. Their work touched me and I decided to work alongside them to help them get a bill passed which would help undocumented, immigrant, agricultural workers. Beginning on Monday, we started meeting with different Congress and Senate offices in order to gain support for the bill. It has been beyond humbling to tell my story in front of people who have not faced the same struggles. I realize my fortune in receiving the opportunity to even meet our public servants, but to be able to take part in change that our world really needs at this point in time, is a blessing I cannot even begin to describe. On Friday, two of the offices we met with joined the bill and signed up to cosponsor it. It was so rewarding to know that my family's story matters. That the sacrifices we have all had to go through were worth it. As of now, the future of the bill is unsure as our current administration is unpredictable, but to know that we have representatives fighting for our immigrant communities is enough for me to place my trust in our democracy. Knowing that I hold power in my story has also inspired me to continue my work. I no longer feel inferior, contrary to that, I feel empowered and ready to take on the world.

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