

This was basically my last week of work, since the next I am going to be spending most of it helping out at the directors' meeting. For the most part, this week consisted of me rushing to finish my last few projects. Then, this Wednesday I had the opportunity to chaperone two high school kids with a fellow intern, during their visit to several capitol hill offices as part of the R2L program. At first, I felt kind of nervous and unprepared to host the High School students. I felt kind of inadequate you could say, since they were 17 while I 19, which isn't that much of an age gap when you think about it. It also didn't help that they easily towered over me a foot in height, give or take a few inches.

However, as the day progressed I realized that those two years did make a tremendous difference, not because of the age difference itself, rather it had more to do with the experiences they have yet to have. For example, they were still very nervous and jittery about their grades and GPA, it was not hard to see how much pressure they were putting on themselves regarding a few slips in their grade that had taken place thus far. My advised to them was to not become so obsessed with grades, that in the end, grades or only one part of your application process when it came to applying for schools and scholarships. You don't have to have a perfect 4.0, so as long as your GPA isn't too bad and you are able to demonstrate your passion for something and your involvement and commitment to something (like sports, community service, clubs), you are pretty much golden. I told them how institutions and organizations who review your applications are more interested in people who are involved, who have interpersonal skills, and who can cooperate, over people that yeah, they might have the highest grades, but can't even communicate with their fellow students, or even co-workers when it comes to jobs. They want to see well-rounded individuals.

I closed my rant, by admitting to them that when I was a freshman in High School, I failed Algebra twice. Yet, that I still worked hard to make up for those grades, and though my GPA wasn't in the top ten seats, I still managed to go off to University, obtain scholarships, and even had the blessing of participating in this internship. It's alright to mess up, don't try to be perfect. Just try your best.

Then, the next day it was graduation time! I swear, that Thursday was one of my best days in this whole two months. For starters, that morning I was able to tackle a huge chunk of work. Afterwards in the afternoon, my coworkers surprised me and Julian with cake celebrating Julian's departure and my upcoming birthday that weekend. They also gave me a birthday card signed by all the interns, staff, and even the congressman himself! We had a mini celebration until it was time for me to head out to Rayburn where our graduation was going to take place. We had a lot of fun taking pictures with each other in our best formal get ups, having a bunch of incredible Congressmen such as Congressman Luis Gutierrez, come in to say a few words in recognition of our efforts and what we stood for. The staff from my office is also showed up to congratulate me at the end, which is something that I really appreciate because not a lot of staff from other people's offices took the time to do so ( Viva Grijalvista family!). At this point, everything that took place that day is pretty much a blur of happiness, pictures, accompanied by an overwhelming feeling of accomplishment.

Lastly, this weekend we finally took our long awaited trip to New York! Funny story, when we got to New York we started looking up the address for the Best Western with had made reservations at. So, we got the address and looked up our current location so that we could order a Lyft. That plan quickly died though, as we discovered that Lyft was charging \$90 to take us to our hotel in the outskirts of New Jersey. Rebeca, being the independent and confident woman that she is, decided that there was no way in hell she was paying that much, even split amongst us 5. So she told us, "I don't know about you guys but I'm taking the Subway." in an are you coming or staying tone. Of course, we followed her haha, if we were

going to survive NY, it was going to be because of her more than anything else. Rebeca quickly figured out which line we had to take, which was line A. The problem was that there was two A lines, and we only had one chance to get it right since it was the last train. She picked a line and pretty much established that she was jumping on that one, again in an are you coming or staying tone haha. Luckily, Gloria was able to ask someone who confirmed Rebeca's guess.

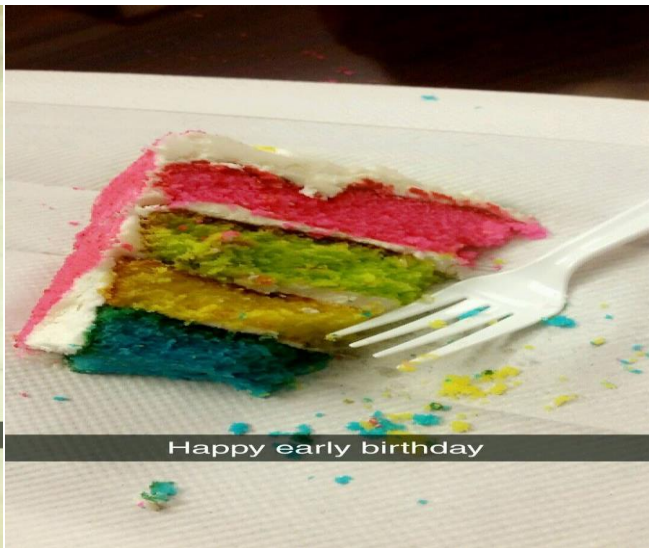
The subway did not deliver us near the hotel, but it left us at the stop closest to NJ. From there, we ordered an Uber for \$35. God... just from remembering that driver makes me so angry all over again. Long story short the GPS of the driver was wrong and he left us about a block and a half away from the hotel, and no matter how much we argued with him about his mistake, he still refused to take us to the right address. I could've been willing to walk that distance, the only issue was that for one, there was no pedestrian walkway. We had to walk back using the edge of the HIGHWAY, whilst praying that we wouldn't get run over by incoming transit. And for two and three, he was super rude and we did pay for a service which wasn't exactly cheap.

Finally, we got to the hotel were all the anger drained from my body when the receptionist communicated to us that at least one of has had to be 21 to be able to check in the hotel, as that is the law in NJ. We all kind of froze up, freaking out, thinking that we would have to sleep on the streets because their was no way we were going to find a place to stay at 2am. Thank god almighty, that we had invited another intern from our dorm to come with us, who turned out to be 22. And so, after a very long and eventful day, we finally went to our room showered and slept. The next morning, two other interns arrived to join us for the rest of the trip. We visited and did as much as we could in those two days, and plus, I got to brag that I spent my birthday in New York.

Pictures of the week:



Happy graduation

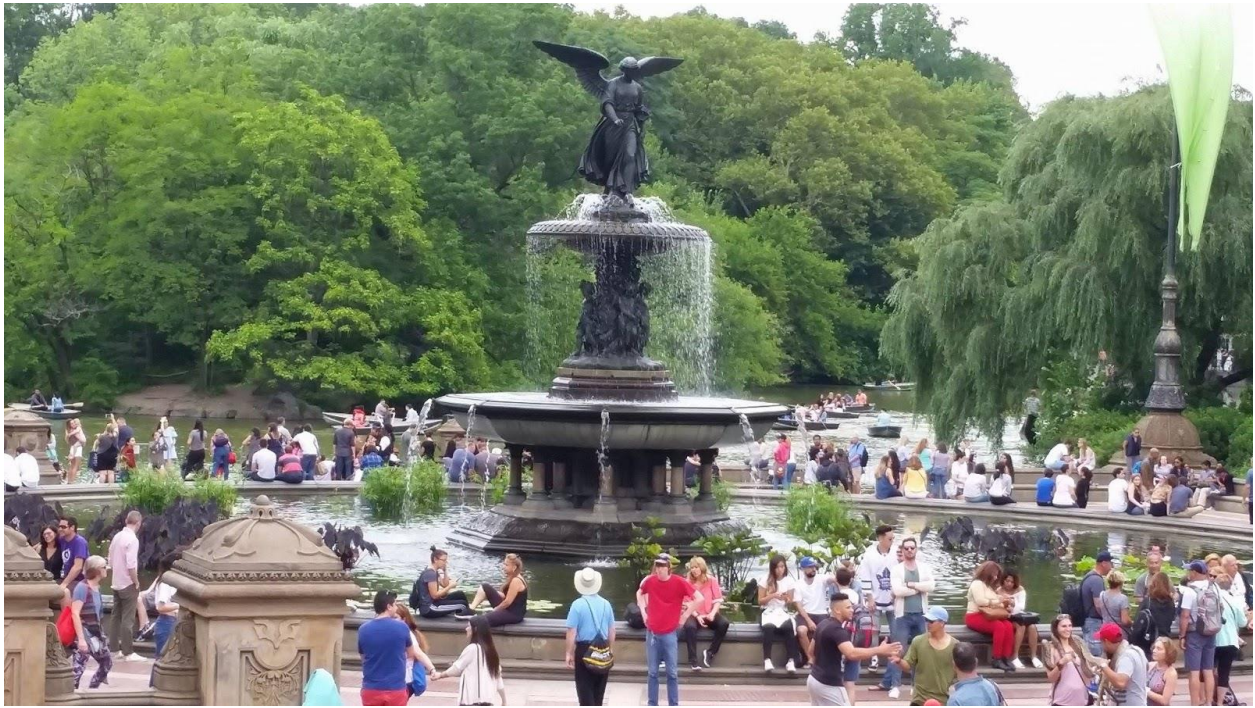


Happy early birthday





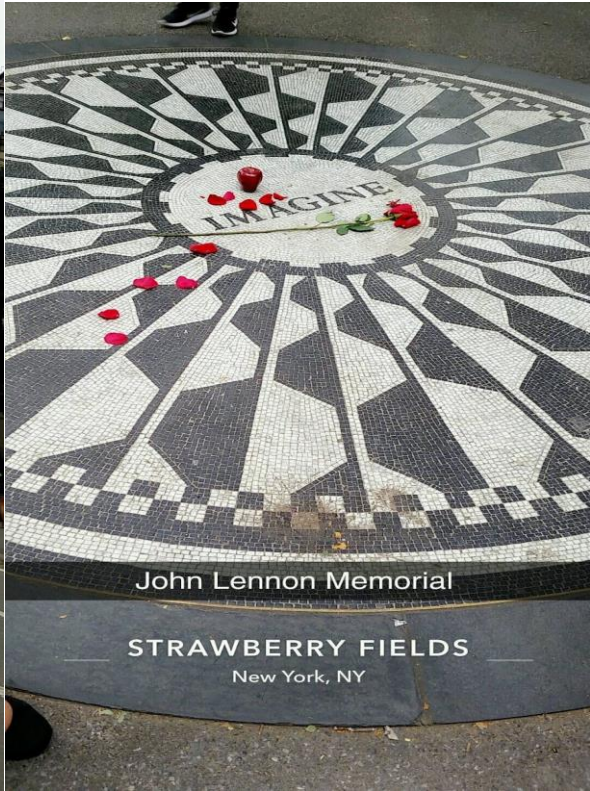




Central Park



That's the building where John Lennon died



John Lennon Memorial

STRAWBERRY FIELDS  
New York, NY

