

Describe your objectives in applying to this program, and explain what you hope to gain from your experience in Washington as well as what unique qualities or skills you bring to an internship sponsor. Please discuss internships that you would be interested in, emphasizing type rather than a specific organization.

It's March 2010 and my dad just left for work. He left the newspaper on the dining table, with the Affordable Care Act being passed on the front page of The Washington Post.

I found myself at nine years old, reading about what the new healthcare reform ensued. I failed to understand about 90 percent of it but it didn't matter, because I was learning something and I loved it.

I live an hour away from D.C. and it has become a sanctuary for me. I value how lucky I am to go see landmarks others travel internationally for. What I hope to gain from my experience in this program is to be more in touch with the workings of Washington, and how the political process goes. I believe experience defines one's knowledge of something, and this program is orchestrated in a way that offers authentic involvement within the nation's capital.

I see the media as the chain of news in this world. Media is how we communicate with one another across the nation, or across the world. Media influences how we view the world and take in our experiences and how we learn from our mishaps and look forward to the future. Washington D.C. is a journalism goldmine. I see this program as an innovative and valuable way of learning that helps its participants grow, and my goal is to transition more smoothly into my desired career path which this program will help me do.

My expectations involve being able to experience the D.C. area and the heart of politics, how to strategize and analyze every day news stories and workings of political leaders, and how to plan and execute these tactics needed to achieve these goals. By learning this, I will gain real-world experience of what it takes to work in a vast, busy political capital.

I have a variety of skills I can use on the job, including public speaking, writing, planning, and leadership skills. I plan to apply my communication and technical skills in this position to lead team projects, conduct research, identify trends, and present findings.

Since I aspire to be a lawyer one day, I would love to work at the Department Of Justice to learn about the enforcement of the law and administrative justice in the United States. Knowing that the Department Of Justice works closely with the Supreme Court, I would love to build a substantial working knowledge of the role, functions, and history of the highest court in the land. I aspire to work in a compelling and challenging environment that exposes me to a professional work environment.

Sitting in a White House Press Briefing would also be a great honor. From an experience like that, I hope to gain a better understanding of the world and how we transfer news from one

continent to the next. By sitting in on a White House Press Briefing, I will better understand how professional journalists ask questions on a particular topic and how readers obtain their knowledge through the media. I hope to work closely with news outlets, professional and experienced journalists, and more importantly, learn how to make a positive impact in modern media.

It would be an honor to be apart of the Donald P. Bellisario College of Communications Stanley E. Degler Washington D.C. Program. If given the opportunity, I will dedicate all of my time and energy to make sure I am making a positive impact on this program and learning about my career path for the better.

Submit a short writing sample from a course you have taken recently. OR, assess a current sociological, political, cultural, environmental or economic issue that is of particular interest to you.

On the morning of March 24th, 2018, I pulled into my friend Yasmine's driveway. Holding a sign reading *How many more?*, I exchanged a quick goodbye with my mother in the passenger seat with the "1.05" price tag wrapped around my left wrist.

"Be safe today. I'm so proud of you." She said to me. She knew today was a fight for young people and it was our chance to show not only America, but the world what we are made of. Those first three words sent a pang of uncertainty into my chest, but I knew the fight was greater than the fear.

With three sandwiches she persisted on making, tightly packed away in my backpack, I hopped out of the car and walked into the house that would become my sanctuary. I was greeted with the political integrity that had been brewing inside of us for ages. Through countless meetings we held in school organizing the safest routes for students to travel to DC for the March For Our Lives, conducting debates about gun reform in classrooms alongside peers during lunch, and utilizing social media to get the word out, today was the day our hard work would pay off.

Yasmine was busy putting the finishing touches on her sign reading *Our blood will be on your hands!* with her handprints in red paint below the words in white ink. I recall it reminding me of when babies are first born, nurses taking their foot and handprints for documentation. It made the sign even more chilling, and the meaning more touching.

My other friends sat at the dining table, taking small bites from muffins and eggs Yasmine's mother prepared for us with the price tags dangling from their wrists. We were all wearing clothing representing our high school. We were proud of our identity, and to represent a place that will forever be part of who we are. However, Yasmine's mother continued to persist that we eat to have plentiful amounts of energy to march later in the day, but we kept telling her our spirit was our form of energy. And oh boy, it was.

We were five blocks away on Pennsylvania Avenue when Emma González told the story of those who were killed at Parkland — “Aaron Feis would never call Keira Miss Sunshine .. Meadow Pollack would never. Jaime Guttenberg would never.” — and then stood silent with millions watching her all over the world.

A minute went by. Nothing. An additional five minutes went by. Nothing. I looked around at my friends and the eight hundred thousand others surrounding me in confusion. We were certain the jumbotrons we were watching from were lagging, and the speakers were broken. The silence persisted. I started to feel awkward standing there recording ultimately nothing for six minutes straight. Scattered groups around me filled the silence by chanting slogans and encouraging Emma to continue her words. I felt a sense of power surge through our veins. It was euphoric. I felt the soul of the young people.

“We are the movement.” I thought to myself.

González opened her speech by saying “In six minutes and twenty seconds seventeen of our friends were taken from us, fifteen were injured and everyone, absolutely *everyone* in the Douglas community was altered.” It was only until she walked off stage that I realized the tension, the anxiety she purposefully created with her unpredicted silence conveyed the horror students at Marjory Stoneman Douglas faced that fateful day, but the horror was not about the speech or the jumbotrons — it was about their lives, and how it was forcefully taken away from them.

It was at that moment I felt I was watching González deliver her inaugural address. She reminded me that it is our time to revolutionize and to stand up against the political corruption and the stigmatization against young people, and that there is a great road ahead of us.

The great road was right in front of me. During those seven hours marching the streets of D.C., I met an alumnus of Columbine High School who dedicates his life to his non-profit organization helping others deal with gun violence, a woman who lost her nephew to the Newtown shooting, and a reporter who was on campus during the massacre at Parkland.

I knew the presence of these individuals was purposeful that day for more reasons than the obvious. I vitalized the lessons they had to offer, and carry them with me every day. My dedication to activism lives through my integrity, and the March For Our Lives will forever be the driving point nurturing my political interest.