

Reflecting on My Time at the Juvenile Court

Wed, 09/13/2017 - 00:00

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I finished up my internship a few weeks ago, so I'm posting this reflection quite late. Part of the reason for that is that after twelve weeks of working at the juvenile court and at two other places in order to save money, I spent the very end of the summer sleeping like a hibernating bear.

I hadn't realized how exhausting my work this summer would be, but I also couldn't predict how much I'd learn over those twelve weeks- both professionally and personally. I turned in my first research paper that wasn't for a grade. I learned how to summarize information and how to organize my research in a way that would be

easy for others to understand. I learned to listen and when to ask questions. I learned that this is what I want to do. Personally, I learned how to sympathize with people I couldn't empathize with. I learned how to live on my own, manage a power outage, and how to survive the New Orleans heat. I learned how to work hard and how to change gears from thinking and questioning to following and serving as I went directly from court to my catering job.

I certainly fulfilled my goals for the summer. I understand the judicial system and its effect on women and minorities better than I did before. I feel comfortable dealing with dense material and my writing skills have vastly improved.

This was an invaluable experience and I'm so grateful to NCI for giving me the resources to have it.