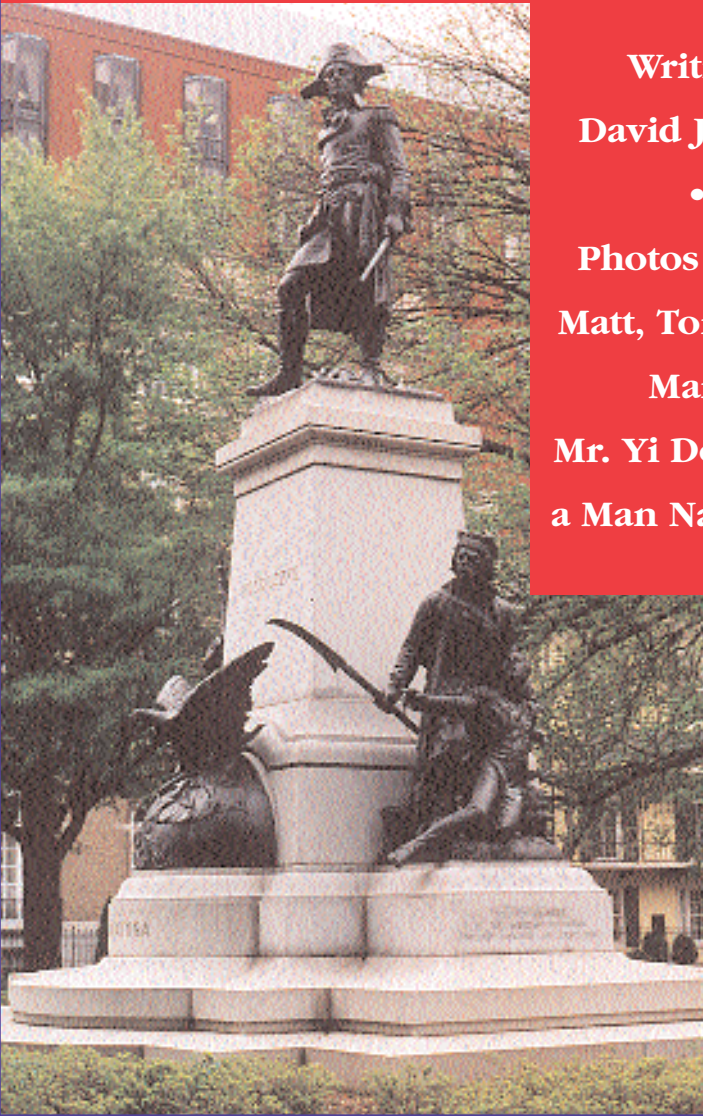




# VITAL WASHINGTON

*A Jubilee Year 2000 Photo-Essay*



Writing by

David J. Marcou

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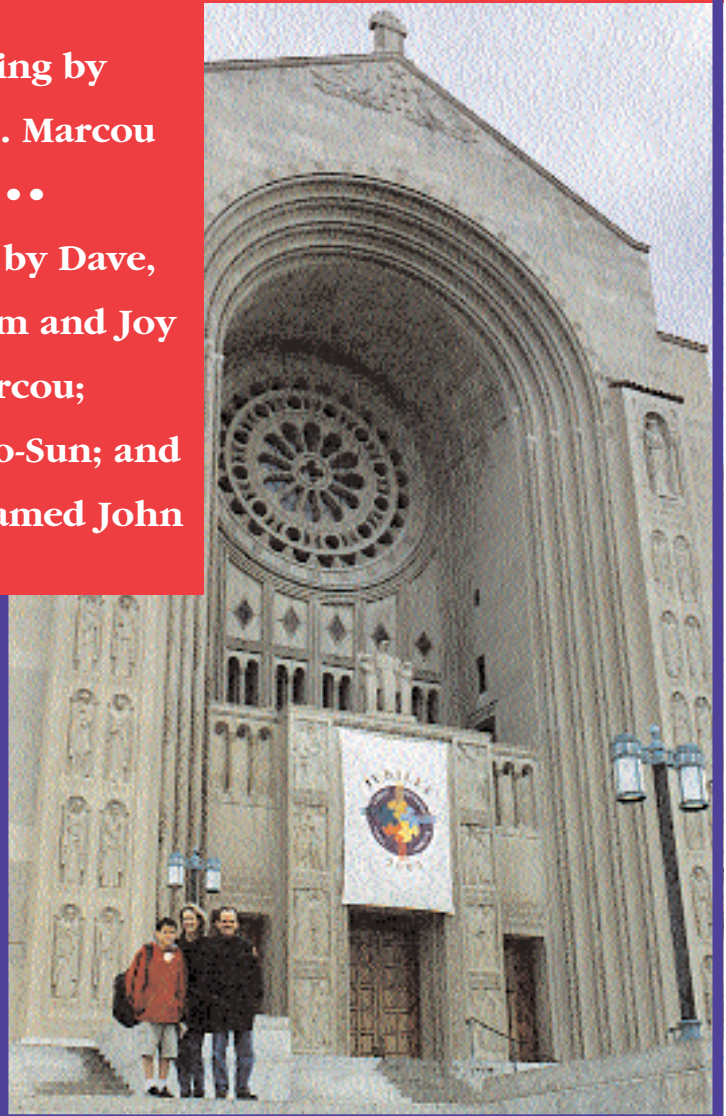
Photos by Dave,

Matt, Tom and Joy

Marcou;

Mr. Yi Do-Sun; and

a Man Named John



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*A Jubilee Year 2000*  
*Photo-Essay*

Writing by David (Dave) Joseph Marcou

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Mr. Yi Do-Sun; and a Man Named John

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*Dedicated to Pope John Paul II,  
the entire David A. Jr. and Rose C. Marcou family,  
the Brian Hall family, Ethel Dycus, the Yi Do-Sun family,  
the Sean & Rebecca Niestrath family, Manmohan Singh Virk,  
and to the true vitality of all the sons and daughters of this world.*

•••



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Thanks go to many people not listed here, too, but all of you, named or unnamed, especially all our family, friends, peers, students, and confessors, should know we are grateful to, and will always share our gifts with, you. Finally, we are grateful to God above and all the Saints, who have helped most of all. Have a Great Jubilee Year 2000, all of you, in Washington, La Crosse, and wherever else the sun shines. God bless us everyone, forever!

### **COLOPHON**

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IN LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN BY DAVID J. MARCOU IN THE SUMMER OF 2000,  
AND THE COMPLETE BOOK WAS PUBLISHED IN SEPTEMBER OF THAT JUBILEE YEAR,  
WITH HELP FROM A FINE AND VITAL STAFF —  
INCLUDING THE AUTHOR'S SON, MATTHEW AMBROSE MARCOU —  
TO INSPIRE A SUPPORTIVE GROUP OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS  
TO VISIT THE U.S. CAPITAL AND ALL IT CONTAINS.

## Introduction: A Great Man and the Capital City Named for Him



One of the servants of the Father of Our Country said in 1838, 39 years after his master died, "The sun never caught [George Washington] in bed, and he was unwilling it should find any of his people sleeping. . . ." That wise African American knew Washington the Man very well—the Man who Henry Lee said was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"; the Man who was fully capable of leading the United States into being and beyond; the Man who was also capable of choosing the site for the District of Columbia and the new nation's permanent capital there, Washington, D.C.

Philadelphia was the first, albeit a temporary, federal capital. Washington, D.C. was founded in 1790 and called Federal City until 1800, when it was renamed for our first president (1789-1797) and became the seat of national government. The District of Columbia originally contained within its boundaries Georgetown, Maryland, and Alexandria, Virginia. Andrew Ellicott, assisted by Benjamin Banneker, surveyed the area, while Washington appointed Pierre L'Enfant to design the capital city. L'Enfant created a grand plan for a city bounded on three sides by the Potomac and Anacostia rivers and on

The memory of George Washington lives on.  
Mount Vernon, Virginia. (DJM-4-23-00)



the north by the present Florida Avenue. George Washington also oversaw the design for the White House, which was begun in 1792 and first housed President John Adams (1797-1801). It was set afire in 1814 by the British during the War of 1812 (1812-1814), and had to be rebuilt.



Honeycombed Metro roof. Washington, D.C.  
(DJM-4-21-00)

When the federal government moved to Washington in 1800, it was a town of fewer than 5,000 people. In 1847, that part of the District lying on the western bank of the Potomac was returned to Virginia; as a result, the District today covers only about two-thirds of the original 100 square mile area. By 1850, the District still had a resident population of fewer than 52,000. During the American Civil War (1861-1865),

the city was a major supply depot and hospital center for Union armies and was repeatedly threatened by Confederate forces. In that period, the population increased dramatically, reaching 132,000 by 1870. Many blacks migrated there starting in that era. In 1895 Georgetown was annexed, and the city of Washington became co-extensive with the District of Columbia.

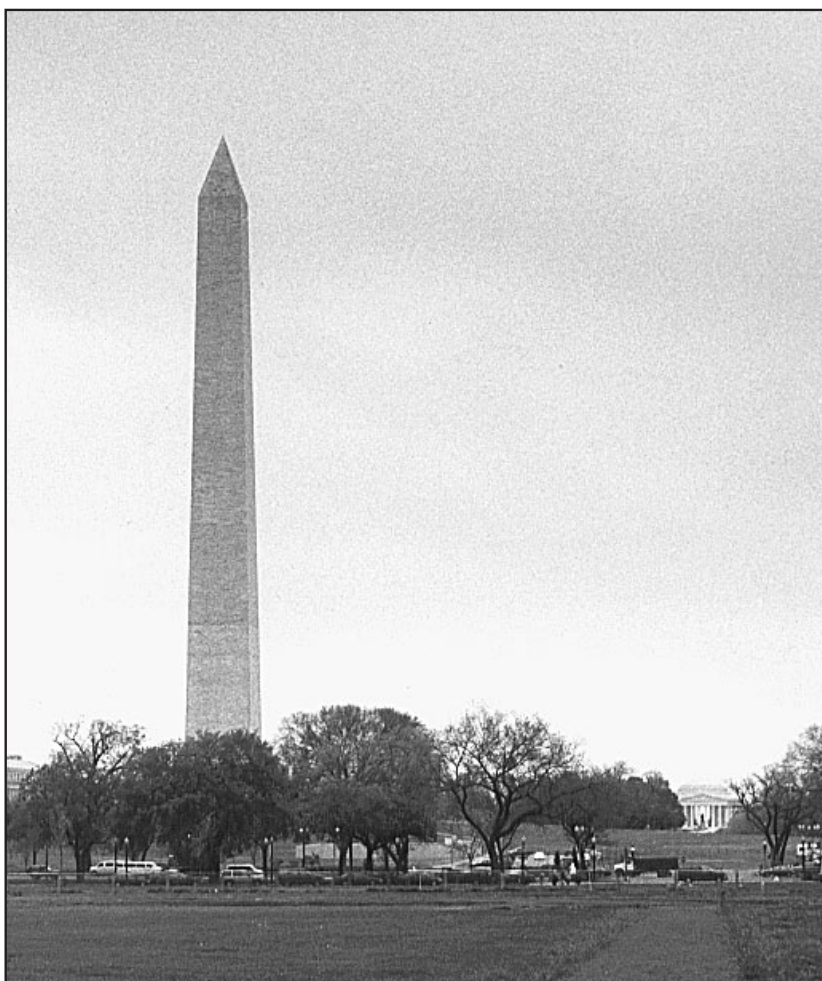
By 1900, as the population surpassed 250,000, urban construction, particularly to the north, had spilled outside the area of the original L'Enfant plan. The growth of a streetcar system and the increased use of cars, beginning in the 1920s, quickly pushed urban development to the District's limits. During the twentieth century, as during the Civil War, the capital's growth was greatly affected by national emergencies. The Great Depression of the 1930s, with accompanying New Deal policies, and the two world wars brought increased federal spending and enormous spurts in population. Between 1920 and 1940, the city's population increased by 250,000. Since World War II (1939-1945 for most countries, 1941-1945 for the United States), the Maryland and Virginia suburbs have been big growth areas. During that period residential suburbs like Bethesda and Chevy Chase in Maryland and Arlington and Alexandria in Virginia began to develop population centers. In 1940 about 70 percent of the metropolitan pop-

ulation lived in the District; in 1990 it was a mere 16 percent. The population of the city itself decreased by more than 190,000 between 1950 and 1990. The makeup of the city's population also changed considerably, with an increase in the number and proportion of people of color. The percentage of blacks increased from 35 percent in 1950 to 65.8 percent in 1990. People of Hispanic background represented 5.4 percent of the city's population, Native Americans 0.2 percent, and people of Asian background 1.8 percent. The total population of Washington, D.C., in 1990 was 606,900, a decline of 31,532 since 1980.

Washington's economic life is bound to the city's role as the federal capital. No other large U.S. city has an economy so clearly driven by a single economic force. About one-third of Washington's workers are federal government employees. The executive branch is the largest federal employer; the legislative and judicial branches employ fewer people directly, but they draw various service industries to the city. And the military has a strong presence, with the Pentagon and Arlington Cemetery located in Arlington and Andrews Air Force Base in Camp Springs, Maryland, among many military installations in the area. Thousands of organizations, such as trade associations, labor unions, and private interest groups, are located in the city, and lawyers and consultants abound. Functionally related to the U.S. government are the embassies and legations representing some 140 nations. Major international organizations, like the World Bank, International Monetary Fund, and Organization of American States, add to the international flavor and to the financial and political importance of the city.

Tourism is the second most important ingredient of the city's economy. The national monuments and museums attract more than 18 million visitors each year. The city hosts many conventions annually, hotels are numerous, and a major convention center was opened in 1983. The functions of federal and local government and the tourism industry have created a large service economy, which employs over one-third of all Washington's workers. Manufacturing is of minor importance in the city, and is dominated by the printing, publishing, and food industries. Hospitals and clinics are also located in the area, including Walter Reed U.S. Army Medical Center, which has treated many presidents.

The Washington Monument as viewed from the White House end of the Mall. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-21-00)







A subway system now about 100 miles long, was opened in the mid-1970s, and extends into the Maryland and Virginia suburbs. Subway service combined with bus service provides an effective transportation network. The city is served by three commercial airports, with extensive national and international connections. Union Station, located north of the Capitol Building, is Washington's principal railroad station.

Washington's street system is essentially a grid pattern overlaid by broad radial avenues. This plan produces a series of squares and circles at the points of intersection; many of these intersections were planned to occupy natural rises in the terrain. The city as a whole is divided into four quadrants (northwestern, northeastern, southwestern, and southeastern) by lines running north-south and east-west through the Capitol. The central open space, called the Mall, is surrounded by public buildings and museums, and is flanked on the east by the Capitol and on the west by the Lincoln Memorial. The major federal office buildings are located in the vicinity of this nucleus. The city's downtown area is extensive, mainly due to an ordinance limiting building height. (No building in the District can be taller than the Washington Monument, an obelisk built in 1884 that stands 555 feet tall.)

The downtown commercial business district flanks F Street Northwest and lower Connecticut Avenue. The broad Pennsylvania Avenue, which links the White House and the Capitol, is Washington's ceremonial street and is the site of the President's inaugural day parade.

The oldest sections of residential Washington are dominated by row houses, which, toward the District boundaries, give way to detached housing and, on the major radial streets, to apartment buildings. Since the 1960s, many older areas have been revitalized by urban renewal, as in the southwest, or by urban rehabilitation, as in the Capitol Hill, Logan Circle, and Mount Pleasant areas. Residential Washington has many varied neighborhoods, each with a distinctive social and ethnic character. Georgetown, for instance, has the character of a village, with many fine old homes and gardens. Other sections show Victorian influences, and some neighborhoods are run-down.

As for educational opportunities, the majority of universities in Washington are private, including Georgetown University, American University, George Washington University, the Catholic University of America, and Trinity College. Two universities — Howard and Gallaudet — are funded by the federal government. The University of the District of Columbia, established in 1976, is Washington's urban land-grant college. Also, the city contains at least two national church buildings, the National Catholic Basilica and the National Episcopalian Cathedral.

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*No building in the District can be taller  
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an obelisk built in 1884 that stands  
555 feet tall.*

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Cultural opportunities abound in the capital, with the National Museum of African Art (1987), the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum (1993), and the Arthur M. Sackler Gallery (1987) of ancient and modern Asian arts being among the most recently established. Other museums on the Mall are the huge Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum, the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, the National Gallery of Art, the Museum of American History, and the

Smithsonian National Museum of Natural History. In the downtown area are the National Portrait Gallery, the National Museum of American Art, and the Textile Museum. The Corcoran Gallery of Art and the Phillips Collection also contain major holdings.

Overlooking the Potomac, the multi-theater John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, which opened in 1971 as a memorial to the late president, is a center for drama, opera, film, and music. Other major theaters downtown are the Lisner Auditorium, Constitution Hall, the National Theater, Warner Theater, and Ford's Theater. Near the Capitol is the Folger Shakespeare Library, which contains the world's leading collection of works by and about English poet and playwright William Shakespeare, and the Museum of African Art. Also, Washington has three professional sports teams including the Redskins, a National Football League franchise, but no pro baseball team anymore.

Washington has been the scene of many major public demonstrations, such as the March on Washington by civil rights advocates in 1963, when Martin Luther King gave his famous "I Have a Dream" speech. Recent large-scale demonstrations have included the Million Man March, organized by Muslim leader Louis Farrakhan, in 1995. Most federal work, including legislative and judicial, is housed in and/or directed from the city, which is one reason for the many marches and protests there.

Like all big cities, Washington has a few drawbacks — a high crime rate, a bad District economy (right or wrong, Congress has veto power over the District government's budget), complex traffic patterns, and a former mayor who was a civil rights leader in the 1960s loved by residents until he became a drug addict and financial miscreant (Marion Barry, 1979-1991). But so many people of note come and go there that it still impresses travelers with its ability to house a huge federal government and great cultural institutions, and with the efficiency of its Metro subway system. Although some bad things can be said about the District, it's the good things we need to dwell on here — the things that kept my son, Matthew Ambrose Marcou, and



A rainy day walkway between the Capitol Building and the National Gallery of Art. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-25-00)

me interested in our week there in April 2000, while we visited my brother Tom and his wife, Joy. We hope this photo-essay, will help others see how and why Americans and our system tick, in and around a vital city — our nation's capital.

How and why did Matt and I visit the capital when we did? Since 1995, when my son and I visited my old Mizzou J-School/Yonhap News Agency friend, David W. Johns, in Kansas City, we have been taking vacations about once a year. And when we arrived back in La Crosse following a 5-day summer 1998 tour of Green Bay and Wausau, Wisconsin, where we stayed with our friends Charlie and Chris Freiberg, Matt and I speculated about where we could visit next. Late in 1998 or early in 1999, my federal accountant brother, Tom, who was then living in Denver, said he and Joy, also a federal accountant, might be moving to Washington. We began to make plans to visit our nation's capital when Tom confirmed they would be moving there. But soon after, we learned their plans had fallen through. Matt and I didn't talk about vacations for a few weeks, but Tom eventually let my parents know he and Joy would be moving to the District of Columbia area, after all — in the summer of 1999. I phoned Tom next. Although he said we could visit him and Joy later that year, my parents advised against it, and we scheduled our visit for spring 2000 instead, which was between regular semesters at Western Wisconsin Technical College, where I teach writing and photography. We soon reserved two round-trip Amtrak coach seats for Washington and paid a total of \$290 for them. (Just before we left, Pope John Paul II made an historic Lenten pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which Matt and I hope to visit someday, too.) It was over Easter break, then, that we spent seven days and seven nights in our nation's capital, and a total of almost 60 hours on trains heading to the District of Columbia and back home, to La Crosse.

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*But so many people of note come and go there that it still impresses travelers with its ability to house a huge federal government and great cultural institutions, and with the efficiency of its Metro subway system.*

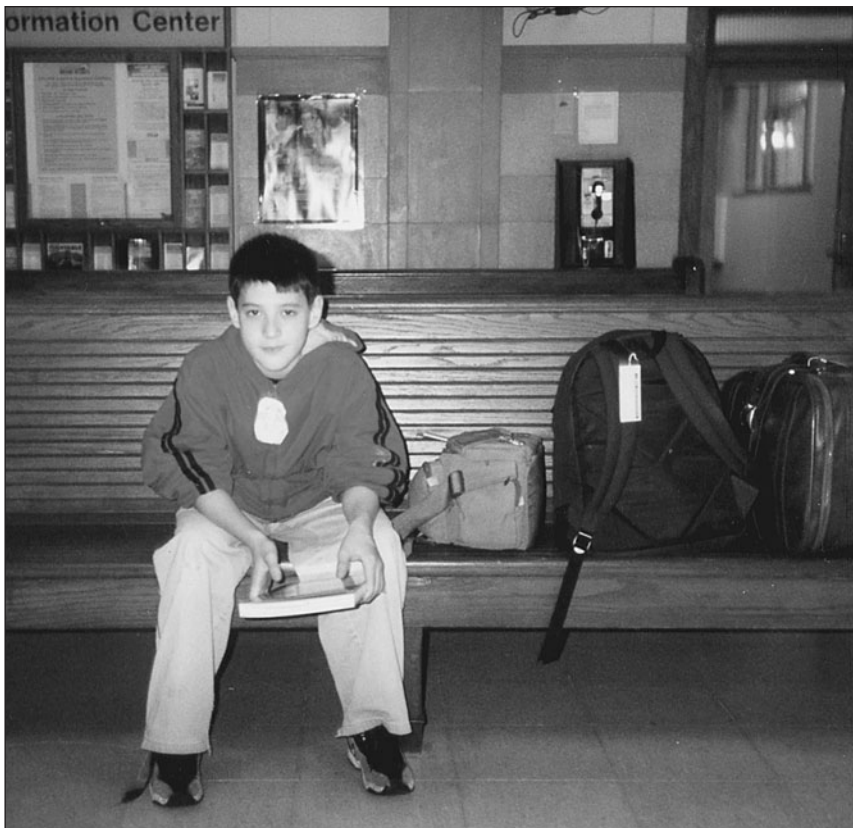
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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19

## Traveling by Amtrak to Washington, D.C.

Rose Caroline and David Ambrose Marcou Jr., my mom and dad, saw us off Wednesday morning, April 19, at La Crosse's Amtrak Station, after a hearty breakfast at Ardie's Restaurant. Matt had never ridden a train, except for the subway in Seoul, when he and his mom visited there in 1989 and 1990, and I hadn't ridden Amtrak since 1974,



Prepared, Matt awaits the Empire Builder with his dad, the photographer, at Amtrak Station. La Crosse, Wisconsin. (DJM-4-19-00)

when my first wife and I visited New York, en route from there to Europe by ship. Amtrak's service had really improved by April 2000. Dining, snack, and restroom facilities were super and abundant. We recommend rail travel to those people shy about flying and/or who enjoy the landscape of trains. Of course, seeing people embark on and disembark from trains can be rewarding, too.

We drank lots of apple juice and ate good, reasonably priced food on the Empire Builder (between La Crosse and Chicago); we also met some nice people, including one of the train's conductors, who lives in Chicago. And in the Windy City, while we were waiting to transfer at Union Station, we met a friendly young artist, Steve Boricevic, and I took his picture. We also locked our luggage in a locker at exorbitant rates (something like \$4/hour), and we ate at McDonald's.

Through a window during our lunch, I photographed people walking up and down stairs. It wasn't a bad way to pass the time. We ducked outside in the mist long enough to take a few more photos and to make some copies at Kinko's.

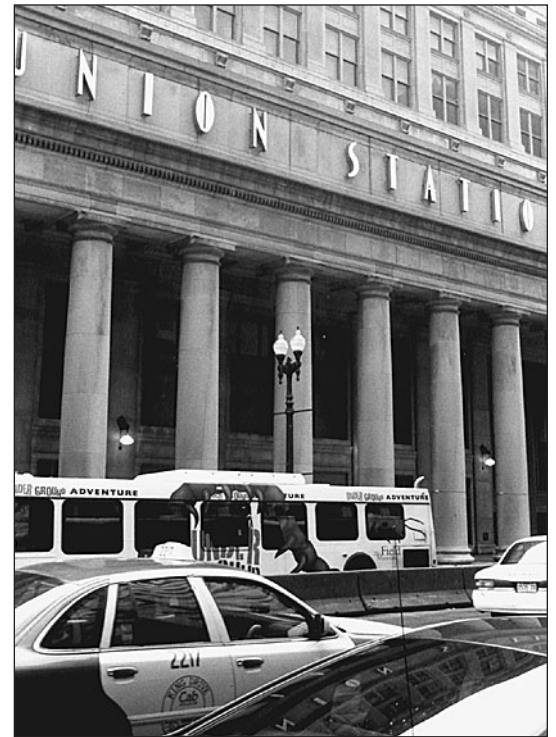
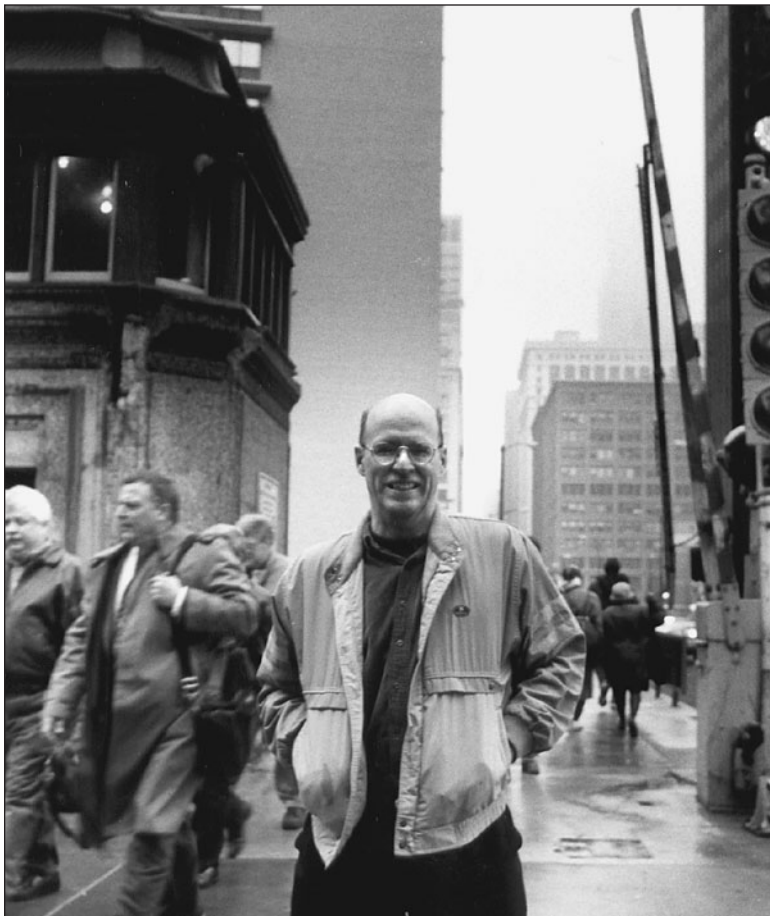
Back on the train, this time on the Capitol Limited (between Chicago and Washington), we were seated across from a mother-son duo, Sheila and Malcolm, from the Windy City. Malcolm and Matt played video games for most of the 18-hour ride, and slept 4 to 6 hours each, that night. While they played their Game Boy Colors, they didn't talk much, except when they bargained over a potential trade of individual Game Boy games. (Thankfully, they ended up not trading any of those prized possessions.) Sheila and her son were going to her uncle's funeral. There were other nice people on that train, too, like a middle-aged couple from Minnesota and a boy who made balloon animals in the observation car.



The artist Steve Boricevic flashing a victory sign at Union Station. Chicago, Illinois. (DJM-4-19-00)



Matt and Malcolm playing Game Boy games on Capitol Ltd. between Chicago and Washington. (DJM-4-19-00)



Traffic outside Union Station. Chicago, Illinois. (DJM-4-19-00)

Dave standing outside Union Station, near a bridge. Chicago, Illinois. (MAM-4-19-00)



**THURSDAY, APRIL 20**

## Arriving at Tom and Joy's Home

Thursday morning at 6 o'clock, Matt and I ate breakfast with the Bystrums (a spelling estimate), of Minnesota. Matt had french toast and I had a meat-and-cheese omelette. Mr. Bystrum was a retired high school girls' hockey coach who knew a lot about Wisconsin Badger

and NHL hockey, too, including the history of the deceased University of Wisconsin-Pittsburgh Penguin coach Bob Johnson, whose teams won national titles at both levels. After breakfast, we took the Bystrums' picture and they took ours; then we returned to our respective seats.

It rained from La Crosse to West Virginia. Meteorologists had been talking about drought conditions in the Midwest in early April, but rainy weeks would follow, beginning on April 19 in La Crosse. In any case, we were safe and secure aboard our Amtrak trains, all the way out to and back from Washington. Due to many unexpected stops, though, the Capitol Limited was 2½ hours late arriving in Washington, and after I took their picture, we said good-bye to Sheila and Malcolm, who had awakened later than we did, and had eaten breakfast at 7:30 a.m.

We were happy Tom was there to meet us at Union Station (yes, Washington's station has the same name as Chicago's), at 5 p.m., Thursday, April 20 — 30 hours after we'd left La Crosse. He spirited us over to his and Joy's workplace, a Department of Defense building called Crystal Mall Three in Arlington. Joy was happy to see us, too. That night, Matt and I cleaned up at Tom and Joy's home in Centreville, Virginia, ate an excellent chicken dinner prepared by Joy, watched TV (thus, learning about national and district personalities, like Washington Mayor Anthony Williams, "close-up"; that mayor seems to be a good leader), and read, before turning in at 10:30 p.m.



"At the door" — Matt, Tom and Joy in front of Tom and Joy's home. Centreville, Virginia. (DJM-4-20-00)



**FRIDAY, APRIL 21**

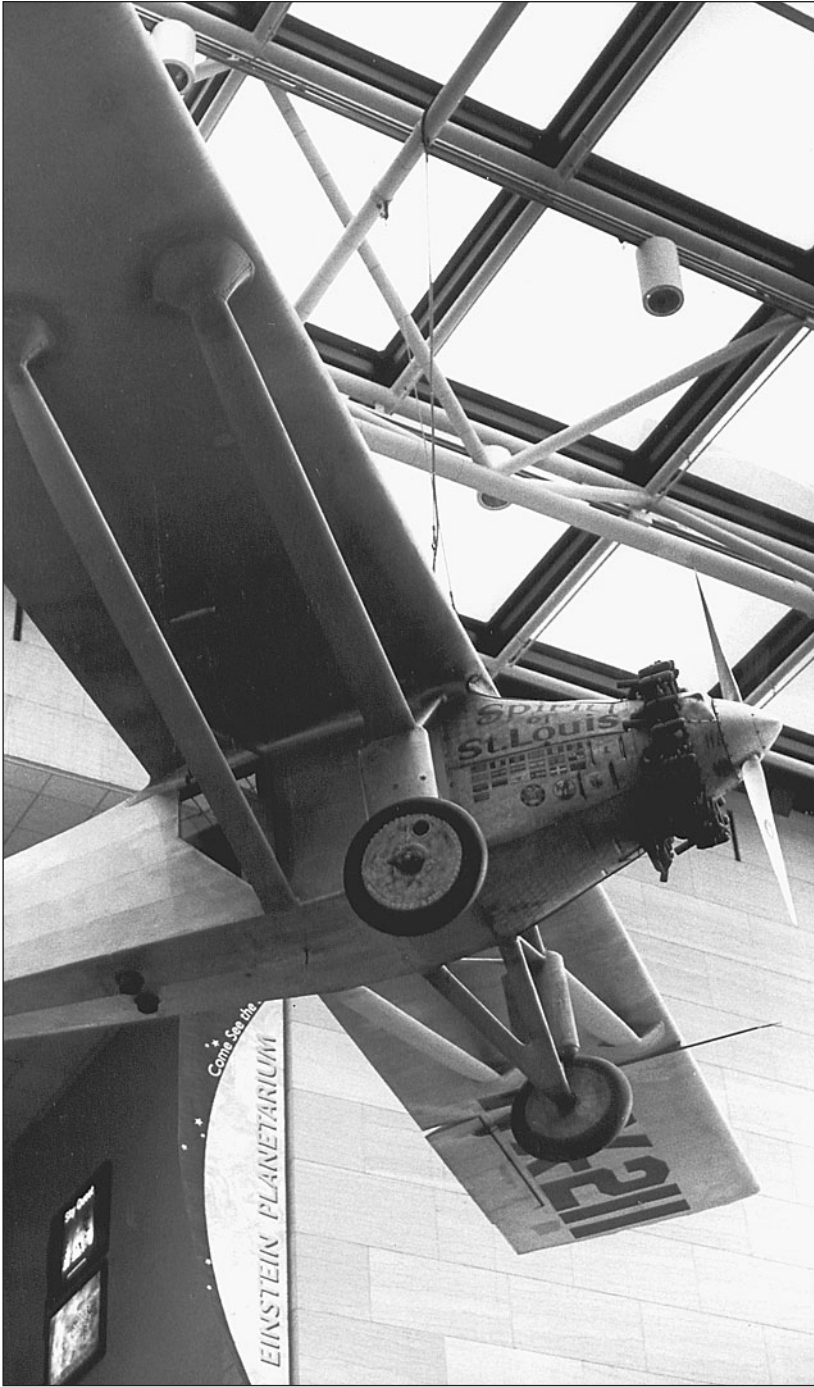
## **The White House, Smithsonian Air and Space Museum, and National Archives**

Friday began for us at 5:45 a.m. Tom and Joy would be off work the next four days, and they proved to be superb guides. After Matt and I waited in line with an affable Irish-American businessman from Chicago whose name escapes me at the White House Visitor Center (where it seemed we saw more Korean-descent tourists than Korean-Americans who live in La Crosse, and where I photographed my son reading under an umbrella) to get four tickets to tour America's most fabulous public home that afternoon, we met Tom and Joy, who'd parked, and the four of us walked past the White House front gate, where we took some pictures of each other, past the Washington Monument, which we photographed, too, and on to the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum. The National Archives, which house the original copies of the Declaration of Independence and Constitution, also provided a good exterior photo opportunity — complete with a banner featuring a Lewis Hine photo of a working man. (Hine was born in Oshkosh, Wisconsin.) We didn't go in, because we needed time for other activities that day, and Tom said the lighting on those splendid documents, which were stored in glass with special gases, made it almost impossible to photograph them. Outdoors the lighting was good; it was overcast most of our time in the city — usually with white clouds, which made for good pictures.

Although we also photographed the exterior of the original Smithsonian building on that walk — a red-brick, castle-like structure built in 1855 — the only Smithsonian building we entered was the Air and Space Museum. There, we photographed the *Spirit of St. Louis*, the Apollo 11 moon-craft, and the Wright Brothers' inaugural plane. I bypassed the Wrights' plane at first, because I didn't think the museum would have the very first airplane ever piloted, but they do. (My policeman-historian brother, Dan, later said, "They



Manmohan Singh Virk in a turban at the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-21-00)



A great airplane, the *Spirit of St. Louis* at the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-21-00)

don't have any replicas in the Smithsonian — only the real thing!" My brother Dennis, La Crosse's municipal judge, voices similar sentiments about the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York.) I also took a picture of a man wearing a turban — Manmohan Singh Virk, who said he'd been a brigadier general in the Indian army — with black-and-white film, which I've since compared to color results. I shot four rolls of black-and-white film in the first three days of our visit, along with color film. Thinking the Wrights' plane might not be a replica, after all, I put color film in and shot more pictures of it as we were exiting. The film didn't advance well, so I rewound it and left. (We returned later that day, after seeing the White House, to get a sure photo of the Wrights' craft; and Matt photographed me near the *Spirit of St. Louis* and Apollo 11 moon-craft then. I'm shy about flying, but Matt's stepfather owns a plane, and his family enjoys air travel.)

Walking past the Ronald Reagan Building, which houses federal offices, we bought some hot dogs and I loaded some film; then we began our trek to the White House. Along the way, at an intersection, I loaded (or was about to load) more film into one of my Pentax K-1000's and fired a quick shot at three African-American girls, who all had small buns at the back of their hair. I only had time for one picture, because they started across the street when traffic changed, and unfortunately, because it was an end-frame, only part of the film was exposed. Thus, I only have the back of one girl's hair-do on it. Three would have been great.

We then snapped some more pictures of each other near the White House front gate. Our tour-group was slated for a Noon tour, and we waited on the Mall to begin. At 12:30, our group was told to walk to the side gate of the White House; we were about to find ourselves inside and checked by security guards and x-ray equipment. We were first advised we could take no photos inside the presidential residence — the oldest, most venerable public building in the city — so I snapped two shots just before entering, including a good view of my son looking back at me while he entered.



As we walked from one carefully-appointed room to the next, it would have been helpful to be able to use my cameras, which were allowed in, but were not to be used — the policy for all tourists. (Apparently, picture-taking would slow down tour groups, and fewer people would get to see the White House.) The interior was very beautiful,



with the highlight being the portrait of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis in one of the sitting rooms. We were not allowed to enter certain rooms, even on our route, but at least we could stand at the open doors and gaze in. Presidential paintings also adorned the walls, including good likenesses of George Washington, Teddy Roosevelt, Jimmy Carter, and George Bush. A bust of Abraham Lincoln showed him with a bare face, and I pointed out that his chin was not dramatic — “which may have been why he grew whiskers,” Tom added.

Passing out the front door, everyone who had one began using their cameras. The grounds were almost as beautiful as the interior, accented by the often-seen fountain and flowers. The four of us took pictures of each other, and made our way slowly out the front gate. Across the street, there was an aging, bearded protester against U.S. militarism, wearing a cowboy hat. Matt fed a squirrel at another protest site, and Tom took a picture of a young protester at yet another site, feeding peanuts out of a jar to a squirrel on his leg. We’d expected to see groups of dissenters, not “lone sentries,” because the IMF-World Bank protests were still occurring when we got to town. But there would be other critics operating soon, e.g., on both sides of the abortion issue at the Supreme Court the following Tuesday, but we didn’t photograph them, because I didn’t realize they were there. (Matt would hear them, but couldn’t get my attention.)

Joy, Matt and Tom across from the White House Gate. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-21-00)

Frontal view of the Ronald Reagan Office Building. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-21-00)







Frontal view of the National Archives Building—complete with Lewis Hine photo on banner at right. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-21-00)

We wandered into Lafayette Square, also across from the White House, and photographed a statue of President-General Andrew Jackson and one of Thaddeus Kosciusko, a Polish patriot and general in the American Revolutionary Army. After we had returned to the Smithsonian, in a short downpour, for more pictures, we headed back to Centreville. We ate a good supper and watched TV. On various nights, we very much enjoyed video-movies at Tom and Joy's home — including *The Full Monty*, *Austin Powers*, *Starship Troopers*, *South Park*, *Notting Hill*, and *Waking Ned Devine*. Also, I'd begun reading *Angela's Ashes*, by Frank McCourt, which Joy had given me after she'd read it. Matt read the book *Starship Troopers* throughout our visit, which Tom and Joy had given him Thursday as an Easter gift. (Although we did not photograph any of the many schools and colleges in the capital, and also missed out on the Holocaust Museum, the Folger Shakespeare Library, Ford's Theater, and the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, not to mention the football Redskins' RFK Stadium, we still felt we were being educated and entertained at every step in and around the capital — photographically and otherwise. Even *Starship Troopers* related to what we were doing there, thank goodness — Rico lives in the end.)

**SATURDAY, APRIL 22**

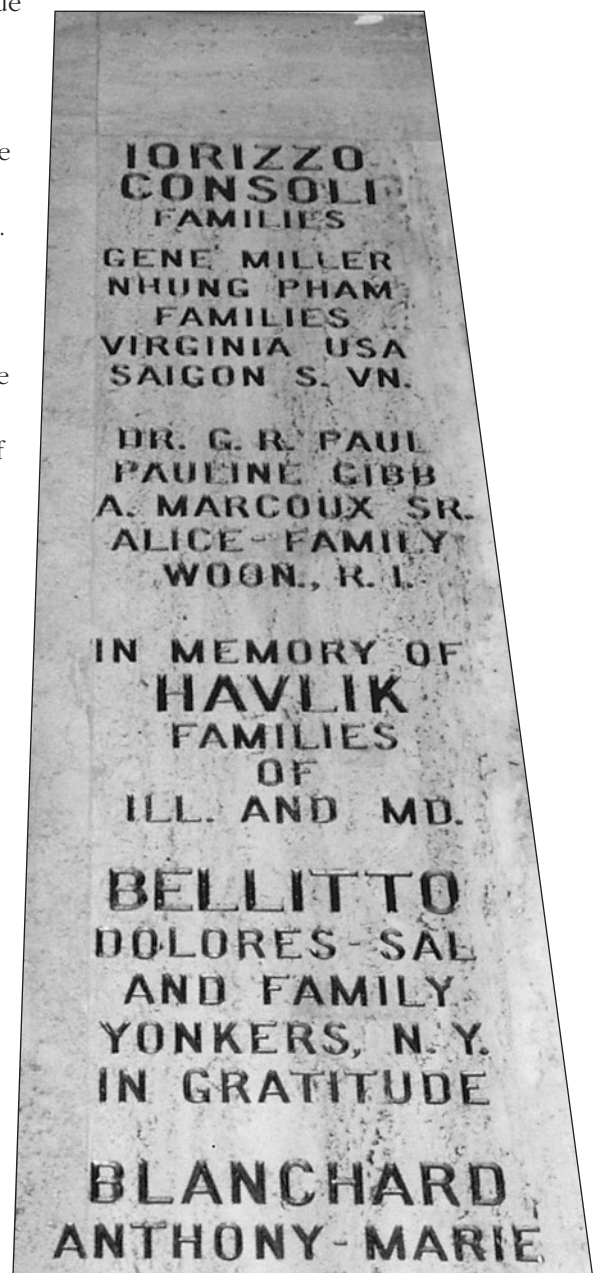
## **The National Basilica, National Cathedral, and Iwo Jima Memorial**

Bright and early Saturday, we headed for the National Catholic Shrine, the Basilica of the Immaculate Conception, where we took many photos, prayed, and bought mementos. In 1792, the first U.S. Catholic bishop, John Carroll, declared the nation to be under Mary's protection. In 1847, Pope Pius IX named Mary Patroness of the United States. And in 1913, the Catholic University of America donated land to build a National Shrine to her. The Boston architect Charles D. Maginnis, Jr. was named designer. His first plans were Gothic in style, but were soon replaced by a Byzantine-Romanesque plan — a style more suited to the architecture of the nation's capital, with a spiritual quality emblematic of the best in Church architecture.

The Basilica's south facade was completed in 1959; that entrance has admitted millions of Catholics and quite a few interdenominational visitors into the largest Catholic place of worship in America. The Catholic Church's Jubilee Year banner topped the doors when we were there, celebrating the Church's successful realization of 2,000 years of Christian living since Christ's birth. (In the Catholic Church, a plenary indulgence is granted in Jubilee Years, which are usually celebrated every 25 years.) The steeple and blue-and-gold dome also were grand. But Matt's best photo is his interior view of the huge central ceiling mural behind the main altar: a good picture of what God in heaven may really look like. Other murals, and the icons, sculptures, ceilings, walls, doors, windows, and flowers, were gorgeous, including the images of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and St. Francis. Many vital images of the Virgin Mary there, reminded me of other good women, including my mom and my sisters (Diane, Lynn and Mary). Pope John Paul II put the Basilica's exquisitely diverse, globally-derived views into perspective while visiting the Shrine in 1979: "This Shrine speaks to us with the voice of all America, with the voice of all the sons and daughters of America, who came here from the various countries of the old world... who came together around the heart of a Mother they all had in common."

My best views of the art in the church-proper may have been my photos of depictions of Jesus, the Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, and St. Francis. I also took a good picture of an inscription in tribute to St. Patrick just inside the south facade's doors. Along with Tom and Joy, Matt and I also took many other photos, including our images of the Shroud of Turin display in the Basilica's basement. Eastman Kodak had built a traveling display of huge photographs of the shroud, not the original itself. And my view of the back of a seated old man with cap and cane,

A wall inscription with A. Marcoux's name at the National Catholic Basilica. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-22-00)







Twin towers of the National Episcopal Cathedral.  
Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-22-00)

near the shroud panels, was fairly poetic. In addition, I photographed Matt and Tom taking pictures. For his part, Tom took a nice shot of Matt and me standing by the name of A. Marcoux (our French name was first spelled with an “x” at the end), who is memorialized in stone there, like many other good Catholics. Matt discovered its whereabouts by using the church computer. Tom took other good pictures in the church-proper, including his view of a huge bouquet of flowers and a photo of the walkup to the altar from the center aisle.

When we’d finished at the Basilica, we headed for a store in Chevy Chase, Maryland, where Tom and Joy picked up some house-paint to be used in future weeks. While they were in the paint store, I photographed a couple walking near a Wisconsin Avenue sign. We also stopped in a beautiful neighborhood in that suburb, where I took pictures of the houses; red, white, and pink flora; a flag; and Tom and Joy by a Military Road sign. My brother photographed that neighborhood, too, including a distant view of me taking pictures of some flora. Later, we stopped at Joy’s favorite Mexican restaurant, Chipotle Mexican Grill, in Bethesda, Maryland, where we each ate a huge burrito half.

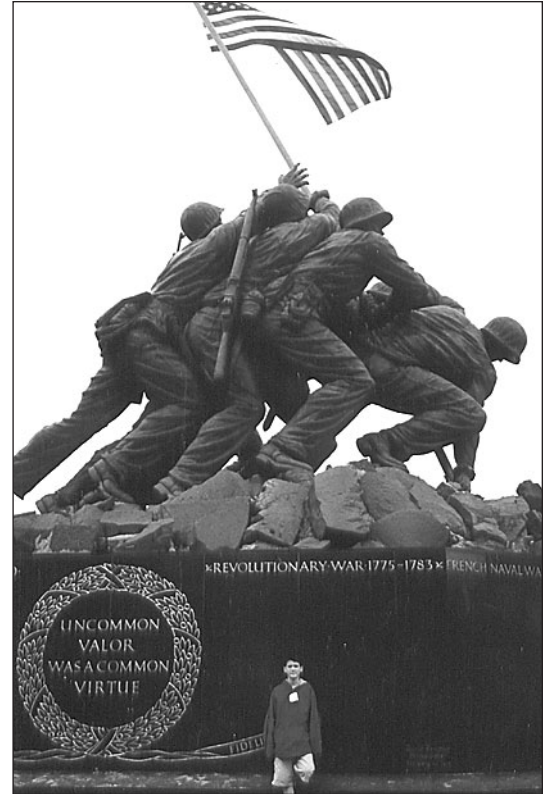
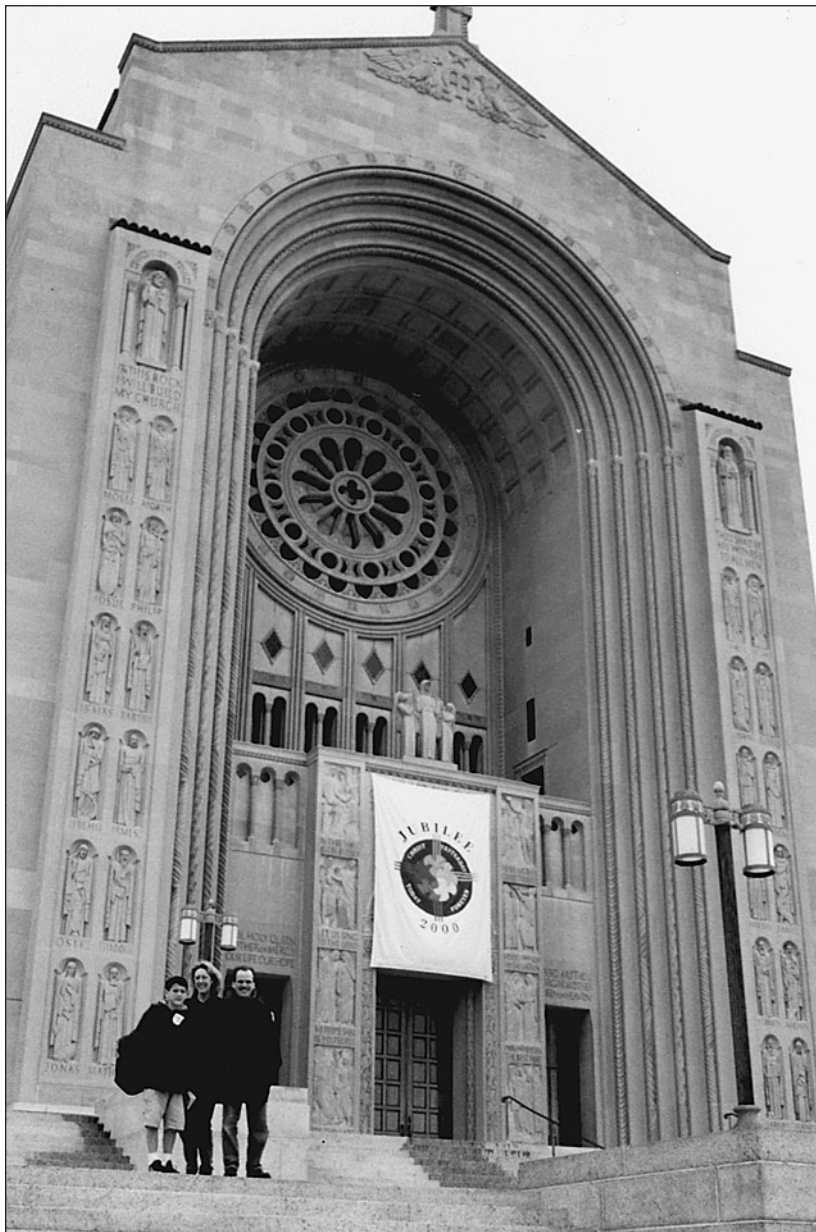
The Washington National Episcopal Cathedral, at Mount St. Alban, was next up. The Cathedral took 99 years (from concept) to build, and was completed in 1990. In

1976, Queen Elizabeth II, President Gerald Ford, and Archbishop of Canterbury F.D. Coggan were present for the dedication of the completed nave. The Cathedral is a beautiful, momentous example of Gothic architecture, with stained glass windows that have the most vibrant colors one can imagine.

The Gothic style of architecture originated in France in the twelfth century. Entering the Cathedral, each worshiper confronts the mysteries of Christian faith. The otherworldly light and great interior height hint at the radiance of the Heavenly Jerusalem, as described in the Book of Revelation. The structure of the Cathedral’s interior, the vaulting ribs and supporting shafts, provide a place for artistic carvings — lifelike sculptures depicting the history of Christianity in a pageant of stone. We took fewer pictures there than at the Basilica, but we still



have some memorable ones, including photos of Matt and me posing separately in front of the dual front-towers. Tom also took a good picture of those towers, with some nicely composed trees in front. From my interior views, I best like my photo of a tour group looking up to the ceiling at the behest of their guide. The four of us next took the elevator to the top (sixth) floor for a decent view of the Washington skyline. Then we browsed in the Cathedral gift shop. Afterward, we headed for a military PX (Tom is an Air Force veteran) to buy more film; on the way, we photographed the Iwo Jima Memorial and one part of Arlington Cemetery.



Matt in front of the Iwo Jima Memorial. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-22-00)

Matt, Joy and Tom in front of the National Basilica. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-22-00)

**EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 23**

**Mass and a Mt. Vernon Easter**

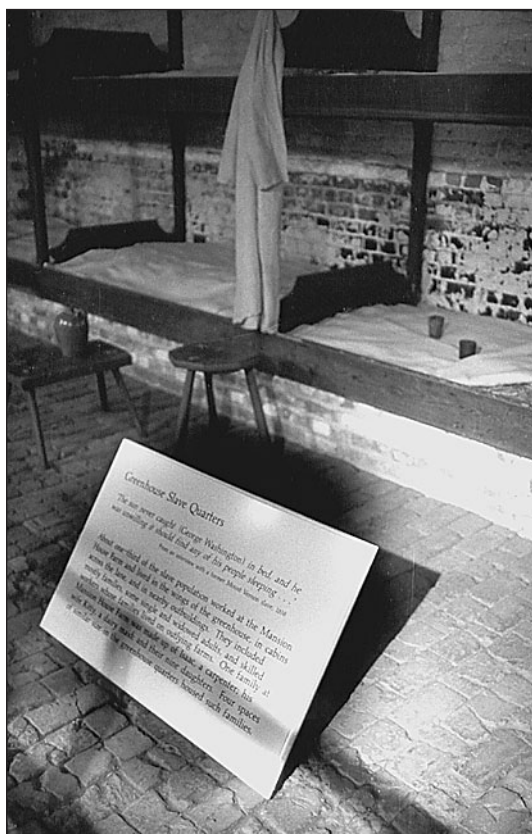
Easter Sunday dawned with white, cloudy skies. We attended Mass at St. Timothy's Church, Tom and Joy's parish in Chantilly, Virginia. The church was made of brown wood and brick. Its interior reminded me of one or two other churches I've been in, with people seated nearly three-quarters of the way around the altar, and a high ceiling. I took a photo before the service began; then we prayed and received the Body of Christ. The priest looked familiar, but I couldn't place him. The service was reaffirming, as we watched how the congregation stood together — e.g., when the church became crowded early on, people gladly moved more closely together, to allow more people into the pews.

Following Mass, we went back to Tom and Joy's place, and Joy made smoked ham or turkey sandwiches for our next jaunt. We were soon headed for Mount Vernon, the historic home of George Washington, because Joy said she and Tom had always wanted to see it up close. The drive took about 40 minutes, and when we arrived, we ate our sandwiches, then bought tickets at \$9 each. Our visit was worth every penny.

After we took some pictures in front of the green leading up to the beautiful (with off-white, orange, and green exterior) colonial mansion George Washington had inherited from his half-brother, Lawrence, in 1761, we went around behind the mansion, gazed out at the trees and Potomac River, photographed a bit of that scene, and waited for our "funeral procession" tour guide to lead us forth. Matt took a picture of me, and then a pleasant blonde of about 55 started us on our walk to Washington's tomb by describing his death. He had gone out for a while on a cool, rainy day, and caught cold. When he developed breathing problems soon after, one doctor wanted to do a tracheotomy to allow the former president to breathe more easily. Other doctors disagreed and won out, and Washington eventually suffocated. He died on December 14, 1799, at age 67. George and wife Martha Dandridge Custis Washington left two wards, Martha's grandchildren from a previous marriage.

We proceeded to the great man's old vault, which Washington had intended to be a temporary tomb, until another could be built a little way down the path from the first. When we arrived at the second, permanent vault, several in our party were selected to read historical tributes to Washington. Joy was picked to read Alexander Hamilton's remarks. Another woman was chosen to lay a wreath in front of the tomb. Of course, we took photos there, too.

Returning to the mansion, that next leg of the tour drew a big crowd. Tom said that to add to its close-up beauty, the concrete appearance of the exterior wooden planks had been painted on, probably by mixing the paint with sand. Inside, we saw beautifully



Slave quarter bunks as they were when George Washington died, plus a sign. Mount Vernon, Virginia. (DJM-4-23-00)

furnished rooms, with many symbols of agriculture and other peaceful pursuits included. The house appeared to be the sort that would have been comfortable in its day, though a bit drafty by current standards. No photos could be taken inside, but we did view a wonderful dining room and the bedroom in which George Washington died. We were allowed to photograph other interiors, e.g., a slave quarters with bunk beds. The shoemaker's shop, cook's kitchen,



coach-house, paint cellar, museums, and garden were enjoyable, too. In one of the museums, I photographed a handsome bust of Mt. Vernon's most famous owner, housed in glass, and a nicely lit display of drinking vessels. In the garden, I took pictures of a patch of white flowers by a path, and of some other white flowers in front of an intriguing white picket fence with lush trees on the other side. Matt took pictures of trees at various times that day, including a white ash planted in the 1780s and another type with the initials "GW" carved into it, which I also photographed. In addition to his being a surveyor, soldier, and statesman, George Washington was known to have been a first-rate horticulturalist, in the same class as Thomas Jefferson, as well as a great entrepreneur, in his day. His estate was a "mini-industrial park" with all the business sidelines it contained, including a greenhouse, a mill, and a distillery.

Walking back toward the main entrance, we saw cattle in a pasture and a man pushing a person in a wheelchair up a rise. And Matt took a sequence of four pictures, of an empty bench, then with Tom, then Joy, then Tom and Joy, sitting on it. We stopped at two gift shops, and Tom and Joy bought us a book published by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, owners of Mt. Vernon since 1858. We also ate some lemon sherbert. Then we departed for Centreville, and I complimented Joy on playing Alexander Hamilton so well. There are many, many day trips people can take from the District of Columbia, including several to Civil War battlefields and one to Thomas Jefferson's home at Monticello, but the home of the Father of Our Country is a very good place to visit any day it's open; it was particularly reward-

Joy plays Alexander Hamilton at a commemoration of George Washington's burial. Mount Vernon, Virginia. (DJM-4-23-00)





Wreaths by George Washington's burial vault.  
Mount Vernon, Virginia. (DJM-4-23-00)

ing on Easter Sunday, April 23.

Back at Tom and Joy's home that night, we ate a good meal, after Tom fed their dog, Miles, and cat, Dreda, cheese with medicine in it. Both pets are very old and need their medicine. We watched a video-movie that night, and I read more of *Angela's Ashes*, too, noting that Frank McCourt prayed to St. Anthony, the patron saint of "desperate

cases," when he was young. It was a full Easter Sunday, the first since my son was six months old on which Matt had awakened without a basket of candy and eggs waiting for him. He is growing up fast, but we had a good time that day, as with every day in Washington.



That intriguing white picket fence . . . Upper Garden,  
Mount Vernon, Virginia. (DJM-4-23-00)



## Washington Area Neighborhoods



Far left: Matt and Tom buy hot dogs near the Ronald Reagan Building before a White House tour. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-21-00)

Left: Joy and Tom stand by a Military Road sign. Chevy Chase, Maryland. (DJM-4-22-00)



Above left: Home and flora in a comfortable neighborhood. Chevy Chase, Maryland. (DJM-4-22-00)



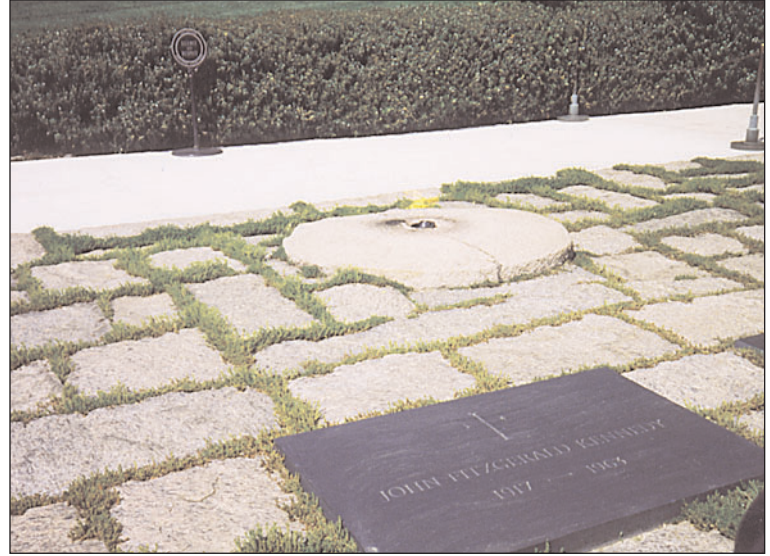
Above right: A mom takes a picture of her daughter climbing a tree. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-24-00)



Right: Angled close-up of flowering bushes. Chevy Chase, Maryland. (DJM-4-22-00)



## Arlington Cemetery, the Women's Military Memorial, and the Mall of Monuments



Left: Grave-markers and a very big tree: symbols of death and life. Arlington Cemetery, Virginia. (DJM-4-22-00)

Above: The eternal flame at the grave of John F. Kennedy. Arlington Cemetery, Virginia. (DJM-4-24-00)

Below: The WAVE veteran/guide Sheila Martin tells Joy and Tom the story behind a display at the Women's Military Memorial near Arlington Cemetery. Arlington, Virginia. (DJM-4-24-00)



Opposite:

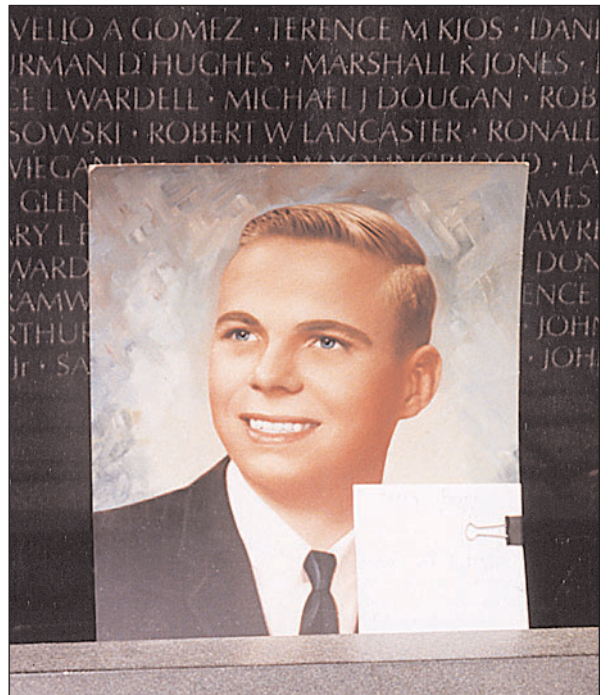
Top left: "Freedom Is Not Free" abutment at the Korean War Memorial. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-24-00)

Top right: A teenage girl inspects the part of the Korean War Memorial that displays faces on a wall. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-24-00)

Bottom left: Thomas Jefferson's memory also lives on. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-24-00)

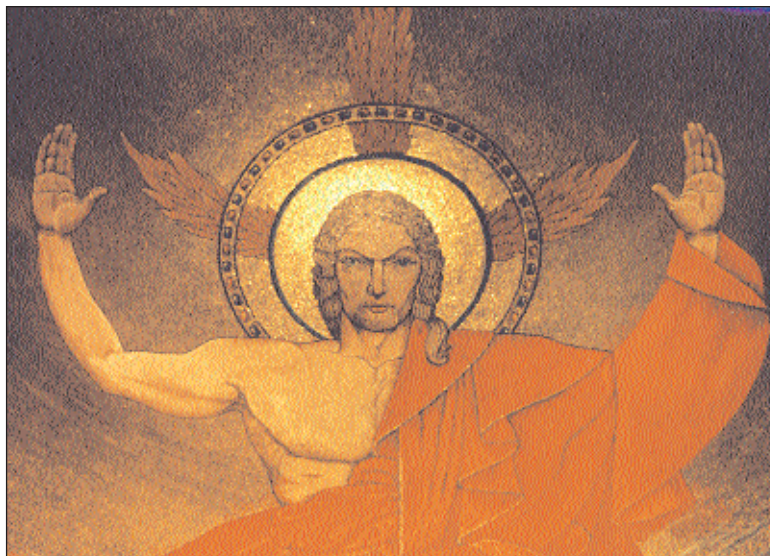
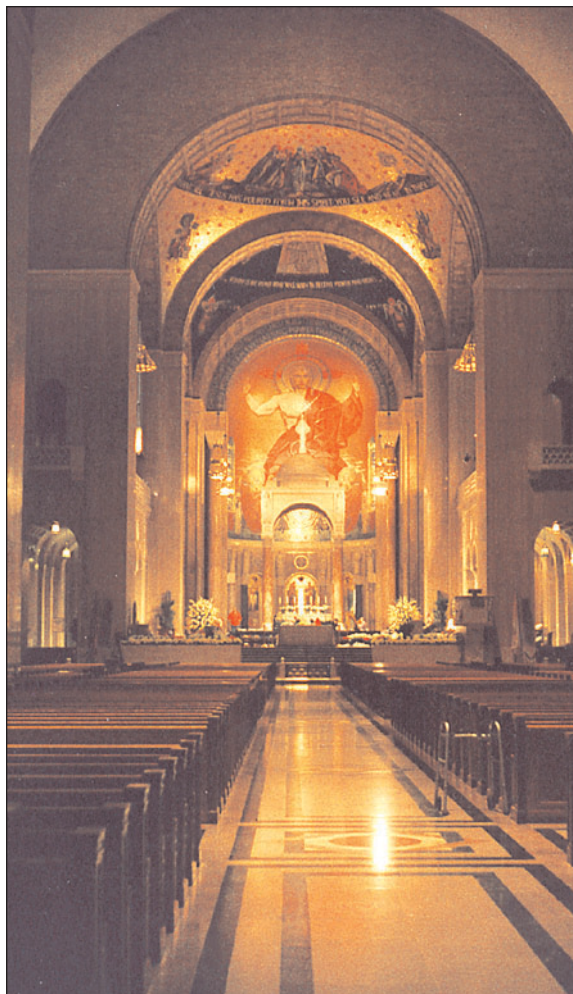
Bottom right: A picture of La Crosse native Terry Payne at the Vietnam Memorial Wall. Washington, D.C. (MAM-4-24-00)







## The National Catholic Basilica

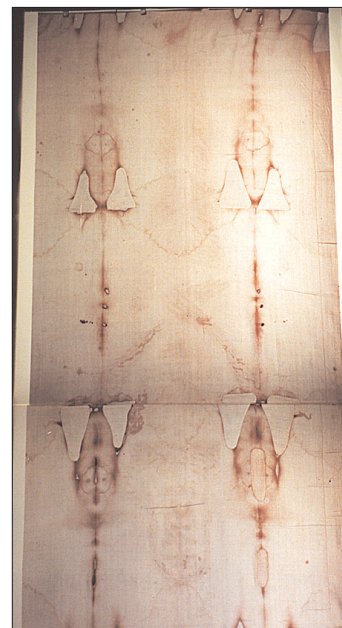


Top left: A view of the Basilica from the center aisle. Washington, D.C. (TAM-4-22-00)

Top right: The God in heaven ceiling mural. Washington, D.C. (MAM-4-22-00)

Bottom left: A Virgin Mary ceiling mural. Washington, D.C. (MAM-4-22-00)

Bottom right: An Eastman Kodak Shroud of Turin display in the Basilica basement. Washington, D.C. (MAM-4-22-00)

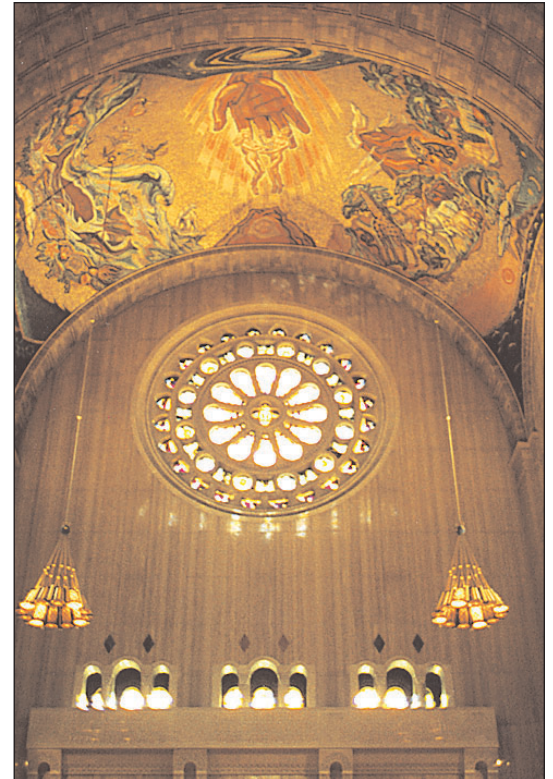




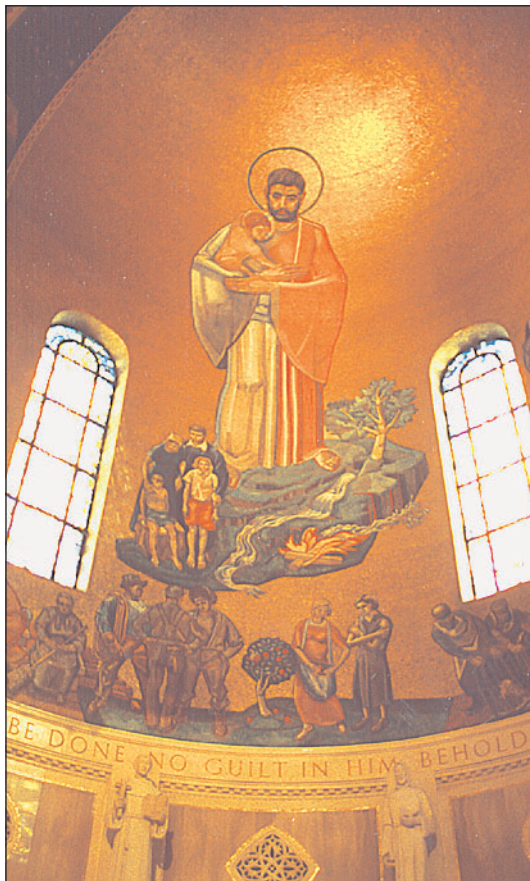
Top left: The geometry of a beautiful ceiling. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-22-00)



Top right: Looking up inside the back of the Basilica. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-22-00)



Bottom left: A St. Joseph and Baby Jesus ceiling mural. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-22-00)



Bottom right: A chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-22-00)





## A Mount Vernon Easter



Left: The Mansion's front.  
Mount Vernon, Virginia.  
(DJM-4-23-00)

Below left: A view of the  
Potomac River from behind  
the Mansion. Mount  
Vernon, Virginia.  
(DJM-4-23-00)

Below right: George  
Washington's initials  
carved into a tree. Mount  
Vernon, Virginia.  
(DJM-4-23-00)



An empty bench ... Tom sitting on the bench ... Joy sitting on the bench ... Tom and Joy sitting on the bench. Mount Vernon, Virginia. (MAM-4-23-00)





## **The Capitol Building, Library of Congress, Pentagon City, and Stopping by a Church**



Top left: Crowds stand in the rain to visit the Capitol Building. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-25-00)

Top right: A beautiful walkway in Pentagon City, a mall. Arlington, Virginia. (DJM-4-25-00)

Bottom left: A geometric insight outside the Thomas Jefferson Building of the Library of Congress. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-27-00)

Bottom right: St. Paul Chung Catholic Church, near Tom and Joy's home in Centreville, Virginia. (DJM-4-25-00)





## The National Episcopalian Cathedral and Tom and Joy's Home



Top left: Matt tests his lens inside the National Cathedral. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-22-00)

Top right: A tour group looks up inside the Cathedral. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-22-00)

Bottom left: Joy feeds her cat, Dreda, and her dog, Miles, medicine in cheese. Centreville, Virginia. (DJM-4-25-00)

Bottom right: Tom and Joy's townhouse and one of their sets of wheels. Centreville, Virginia. (DJM-4-24-00)





**MONDAY, APRIL 24**

## **Arlington Cemetery, the Women's Military Memorial, and the Mall of Monuments**

On Monday morning I photographed the shoes in a row in the first floor entryway. They reminded me of a picture I'd seen in Robert

*Kee's The Picture*

*Post Album*. Joy

demands that anyone who enters her home take off their shoes at the door. In this regard, she likes two things: clean carpets and unmarked wood floors. Their home is a three-story abode, adjoining several other townhouses. Noise was not a problem from the neighbors, and because I've lived in apartments so long, that aspect of life was especially appealing.

I also photographed

the front of their home the same morning. (Tom and Joy's neighbors include a Korean family named Yi. Since Matt and I would soon be seeing my old Seoul colleague, Mr. Yi Do-Sun, who is one of Yonhap News Agency's reporters in Washington these days, I hoped to talk with Tom and Joy's Mr. Yi when he was in front of his own townhouse, but didn't get a good chance.)

Monday was devoted to Arlington Cemetery, with the adjacent Women's Military Memorial, plus Washington's Mall of Monuments. Just before we entered Arlington, then — which I'd already briefly photographed on Saturday — we stumbled upon the Women's Military Memorial, a large, crescent-shaped, hallway-type structure with many evocative displays. The tour guide there, Sheila Martin, was a World War II veteran. Although Arlington, next door, was very busy that day, the women's memorial wasn't. Sheila was very helpful and sweet, explaining the history of military women in this country, including a little about her own WAVE service, plus details of the memorial itself, a concrete structure with windows placed high. There



Changing of the Guard at the Tomb of the Unknowns.  
Arlington Cemetery, Virginia. (DJM-4-24-00)

were also reversible flags in the hall, showing the Stars and Stripes if you looked one way at them, and other American scenes if you



Monument to the U.S. women who served in Vietnam.  
Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-24-00)

looked the other way. I took many pictures there (although I decided not to photograph some reflected words high on one wall, because they were not in focus), and we signed the visitor book.

Next, at Arlington, we visited the burial sites of President John F., and brother Robert F., Kennedy. JFK's grave features the famous eternal flame, while RFK's, nearby, was a very simple ground-level white stone, with a small, white cross next to it. Their graves were at the foot of a hill, at the top of which sat Arlington House, the Robert E. Lee Memorial. The grounds of Arlington House were used as the site for the national cemetery because Union Civil War leaders decided that General Lee's estate would be a fitting place to bury many of the nation's military personnel. Today, more than 245,000 servicemen and their family members rest on the 612 acres of Arlington Cemetery.

We also saw the Changing of the Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. (Although there are remains from every war since the Civil War in its special vault-area, once-unknown Vietnam War veterans have since been identified by DNA testing.) It was a perfect ceremony — two guards exchanging assignments, with an officer directing them. We must have been there around 11 a.m., because we needed to walk a good distance back to the car, then eat lunch and visit the Mall of Monuments before 3 p.m., when Tom had to head to the Ronald Reagan National Airport to catch a flight for St. Louis. His job required him to be in Missouri until Wednesday night. We drove to Tom and Joy's workplace, where we parked, and ate at the Food Court, an underground dining hall with at least six fast-food restaurants in it. For our part, I ordered Kung-Pao Chicken from a Chinese place, while Matt had a Spicy Italian Sandwich from Subway.

We took the Metro from there, and arrived at the Federal Triangle stop at the northwest corner of the Mall, near the White House, around 12:30 p.m. The skies were reasonably blue, and we headed toward, then past, the Washington Monument, photographing it en route to the Lincoln Memorial. Although there is a tour bus that covers the Presidential Monument circuit, we chose to walk instead, because that bus didn't seem to be running very often. After a 10-minute walk, we arrived at the huge pool in front of the Lincoln Memorial, where gulls and ducks had gathered. Tom, Matt, and I photographed them. Joggers and a TV film crew also came by. Then

we entered the memorial, where we photographed the seated president's statue, installed in 1922 and famous the world-over. Scaffolding was up nearby, and that may have been why I couldn't get a good shot of the Gettysburg Address, which was incised in large letters on the huge stone wall in the room to Lincoln's left.

From there, we proceeded to the Vietnam Memorial, which was not located as I'd seen in TV dramas, but which was the same wall-with-names that is famous everywhere. As I was photographing a few names on the two 245-foot-long, black granite sections designed by Maya Ying Lin and installed in 1982, I looked at a photo and flowers . . . I knew that face. It was that of Terry Payne, who had been a couple of years ahead of me at St. James School in La Crosse in the late 1950s and early '60s. My God, he died in Vietnam, I thought. No wonder I hadn't seen him since high school. How many millions of viewers of that wall have felt similarly about someone they once knew? I told Matt, Tom and Joy about Terry, too; Matt took a good picture of the picture of him, and we took other photos in that area — including views of bronze Vietnam soldiers (1984), and bronze Vietnam servicewomen (1993) — and then we headed about 100 yards south, to another key memorial.

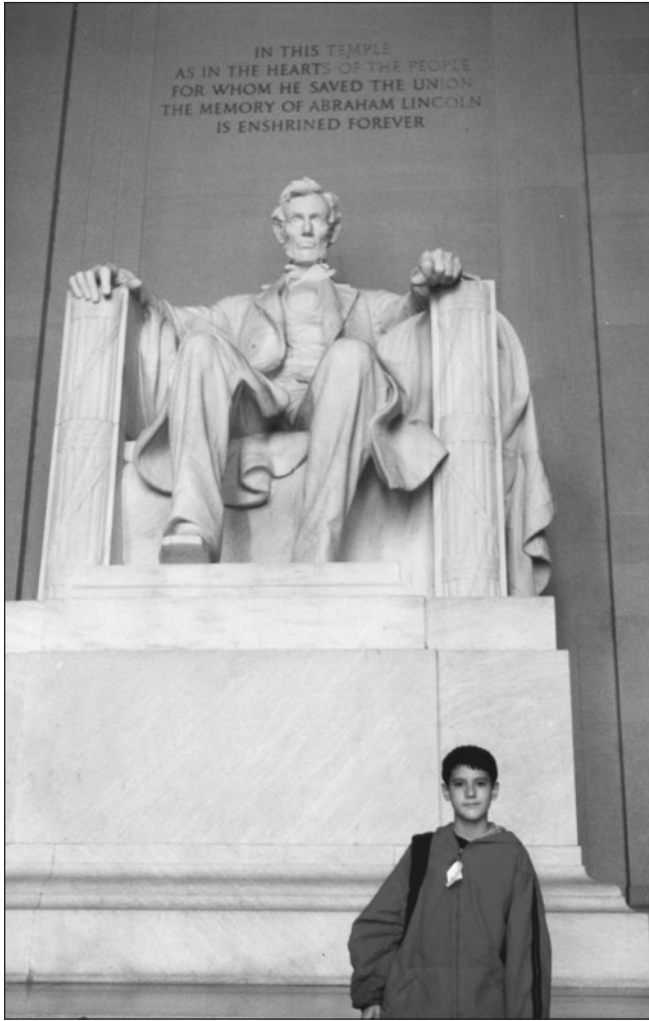
The Korean War Memorial, dedicated in 1995, was equally compelling. Because Matt is half-Korean and I worked in Seoul for two years, and because one of my Dad's best friends, the late Frank Devine, was a Korean War hero, we viewed the 19 walking soldier statues, each more than 7 feet tall and sculpted of stainless steel by Frank C. Gaylord II, in a special light. And we were surprised to see a wall like the Vietnam Memorial next to the statues. But instead of names being incised on that 164-foot-long wall, the Korean Memorial's consists of gray soldier-likenesses painted onto dark granite. Also, there were a circular Pond of Remembrance and an abutment with "Freedom Is Not Free" inscribed on it. La Crosse Diocesan Bishop Raymond L. Burke visited that memorial at the time of his pilgrimage to the National Catholic Shrine a while ago.

Heading next for the Jefferson Memorial, we passed the recently-built FDR Memorial, which was huge; unfortunately, I took only a long-distance picture of a line of real people viewing a line of people in statue-form, because the scenes reminded me of some Depression-era photos I'd

Monument to the U.S. men who served in Vietnam.  
Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-24-00)







Adding even more life to the legend of Abraham, Matthew stands in front of the most famous statue of President Lincoln. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-24-00)

viewed in books. There was a bench in the immediate foreground, out of focus. We walked past the FDR site without approaching any closer; then we followed the Potomac River across a bridge, and neared the Jefferson Memorial, taking pictures as we did. The latter, built in 1943, is sometimes photographed from a distance, through blossoming cherry trees, but “the cherry blossoms came out about four weeks ago,” Joy said. Along the way, there was a mother photographing her young daughter in a tree, though, which itself made for a good picture of my own. A few fishing boats, no pleasure-craft, were on the river, and a fisherman reeled in a medium-sized fish on the southeast bank, as we passed him.

The four Presidential Memorials in the Mall area, are all very big, physically and symbolically. We went inside the last one, and took pictures of the very large statue of Jefferson in good light, with some nice wall inscriptions in the background, and with many other decent people viewing the site with us. That day’s experiences reaffirmed that we had done well to come to Washington in the Jubilee Year 2000.

We each had a snack, then boarded the Metro, after walking past the Holocaust Museum. I took a picture of its exterior, with children posing for another photographer, and wanted to go in, but we didn’t have time. Someday, maybe Matt and I can visit it again, and be emotionally moved by its graphic views of millions of murdered innocents.

We dropped off Tom at the airport at about 3:30, and his flight was scheduled to leave at 4:30. Joy, Matt, and I headed for Centreville. En route there, Joy picked up some excellent roast beef and pork that she would use to make barbecue for supper. We also bought more film and rented two video-movies, *Starship Troopers* and *Notting Hill*. At Tom and Joy’s house, there was a phone message from Tom, saying his flight was delayed and we needn’t have sped up our tour of the Mall area.

On the 6 p.m. news that Monday, Easter Monday, we learned of a shooting spree at the National Zoo. At least six youngsters had been wounded, one of them dying later, in a feud between rival teenage gangs. The mortally wounded boy was 12 years old, the same age as my son. Matt viewed *Starship Troopers* that night, which showed space-age warriors fighting space-monsters, and I saw part of it, including the ending. Then I read from *Angela’s Ashes*, which was holding my interest with its graphic, nonfictional descriptions of lower class Irish-Catholic life, despite some atrocious writing. (I would read the book’s sad ending the next weekend, back in La Crosse. The author returned to America as a young man, after many years away in Ireland, and had sex with a married woman on his first night off the boat. Thus, he knew he’d “arrived.”)

TUESDAY, APRIL 25

## The Library of Congress, Capitol Building, and National Gallery of Art

Six o'clock came early Tuesday morning, but like George Washington himself, we never slept in after Tom or Joy awakened us each day shortly after dawn. We ate toaster pastries with eggs for breakfast, and then we headed for the District of Columbia, about 35 minutes away. Joy had to work, so Matt and I were lucky we had a bit of experience with the Metro, because we would need it the next three days. We were grateful that Tom and Joy had bought a \$22 subway pass for each of us, which covered all but our last two Metro trips.

It was raining as Matt and I headed off the Metro and on toward the Library of Congress and Capitol Hill. We arrived at 8:15 a.m. at the main library, the Thomas Jefferson Building, and although it wasn't open for tours yet, a helpful security guard phoned a very nice tour administrator, Tim Schurter, who accepted several books and photo-slides Matt and I were donating to the library's collections, including some books by my students and me. I took photos within and outside the oldest remaining building of that library, constructed in 1896. Two views were naturals, one of the Capitol Dome as seen through a window of the library, and one of Matt, inside the library, making faces at me through a window as I stood outside. (We would visit one of the library's two annexes on Thursday, but not the one holding its excellent photo collection. Perhaps I didn't want to jinx our photo donation.) Then we headed across the street to Capitol Hill.

Because it was raining and I didn't know the Supreme Court was so near, I disregarded Matt's suggestion that we follow the sound of what he suspected were protesters up the street. We had received Congressional visitor-passes in advance from Representative Ron Kind and Senator Herb Kohl, and I didn't want to miss that action. (As it turned out, when we saw ABC's *World News Tonight* with Peter Jennings at 6:30 p.m., other action had occurred at the Supreme Court, where both sides of the abortion issue had been protesting that day. Matt's guess had been correct.)

The great nineteenth century American novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote in 1862, after visiting the Capitol, "It is natural enough to suppose that the center and heart of America is the



A chandelier near the compass stone, also near a stairway to an exit in the Capitol Building. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-25-00)

Capitol, and certainly, in its outward aspect, the world has not many statelier or more beautiful edifices.” (Thomas Crawford’s Statue of Freedom was set atop the Dome the next year.) Hawthorne was right in stating that the Capitol’s combination of dignity, harmony, and utility make it a fit embodiment of the highest traits of the American republic. William Thornton’s classic design, stamped with the approval of Washington and Jefferson, so well expressed the majesty of our democracy that most of the state capitols built since have echoed its lines. As many people have said, “It is the spirit of America in stone,” which may be why so many people were willing to stand outside it in the rain, waiting for tickets to enter in that day. Even the repair/remodeling work being done on it then could not dissuade the people in line and us from photographing it. Suitably, Alexander Hamilton once said from the Capitol, “Here, sir, the people govern.”

Because the House of Representatives wasn’t in session, once inside we headed for the third floor Senate Gallery. On the way up, I photographed a “No Admittance” sign on second floor. We saw at least two senators that day: Patrick Leahy (D-Mass.) and Arlen Specter

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*The Library of Congress contains  
more published materials  
than any other library  
in the world.*

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(R-Penn.), with the latter man addressing a nearly empty Senate Chamber on welfare reform and, perhaps, gun control. Senate recorders were kept busy. We had been forced to check our cameras on third floor, before entering the gallery, and we reclaimed them on the way out. Then I took a few pictures of the first floor hallways of Congress, showing statues of prominent historical senators and a chandelier-lit

hallway near the compass stone, the zero point from which Washington’s streets are numbered and lettered. We bought a book from the U.S. Capitol Historical Society just before we left.

I’d wanted to visit the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History that day, too, where I thought Matt would enjoy seeing the remains of dinosaurs, so we headed in that direction, forgetting about the protesters on the opposite side of the Capitol Building. (Two days later, we would photograph the Supreme Court Building, with tourists in front, not protesters, plus the newest Library of Congress annex, with great banners at its front, celebrating the library’s bicentennial of April 24, 2000. The Library of Congress contains more published materials than any other library in the world.) It was raining hard, with our umbrellas not helping much, so we didn’t go far. I photographed trees lining a walkway by a bench, and we stopped instead at the National Gallery of Art. Matt was eager to hit the Food Court for lunch, so I only took a few photos of the gallery, including ones of a tungsten-lit stairwell, of an empty docent desk with a Carleton Watkins photo-poster above it, of a visitor or two viewing works of art, and of a Georgia O’Keeffe gift-shop display. Ms. O’Keeffe was a painter from Sun Prairie, Wis. who married the great still cameraman and art impressario Alfred Stieglitz, and who also became internation-



ally famous due to her great artistic output. A security guard cautioned me not to take pictures of the Watkins photos on display, but he didn't say anything about the photo-poster dedicated to that nineteenth century landscape photographer's work. (Watkins went blind near the end of his life, due to his many years in darkrooms.)

We hustled to the nearest Metro stop next, and returned to the Crystal City area, where we ate lunch. Then we wandered around the underground shopping area the Food Court was part of. We had plenty of time to kill, so I took some pictures. When we saw Joy soon after lunch, she recommended that Matt and I visit Pentagon City, a huge shopping mall one Metro stop away, while she went back to work. We did. While we were at that mall, I bought Matt a Game Boy Color, "Worms," and we saw the movie *Final Destination*, a good thriller, with a semi-surprise ending. I also took some good overviews of the mall's interior.

The Metro for Crystal City transported us back. I took a picture of the rainy-day entryway at Crystal Mall Three, and after Joy finished work, we headed for Centreville on the hectic beltway. (I say hectic, because although the speed limit was 50 mph, nobody drove slower than 65 mph on it, and much of that traffic seemed bumper-to-bumper. Still, the drivers there knew their business, and we saw no accidents. Tom and Joy are excellent drivers, too.) Just before we arrived at Tom and Joy's house, Joy took Matt and me to St. Paul Chung Catholic Church, which I photographed. It is beneficial to know that the Korean Catholic Church extends to the United States. When I lived in Seoul twice, in the period from 1984-1987, I never visited a Catholic Church there, because I was fallen-away then. When I return to Seoul in the future, Matt and I will attend Mass at Myongdong Cathedral, the present seat of Cardinal Stephen Kim and a base for student demonstrations in the 1980s and early '90s. (To be sure, the sons and daughters of Korea can be fearless, God-loving souls, as I witnessed one day on the Metro, where a Korean-American man was singing Christian songs. He was extraordinary, but people seemed accepting.)



Entering the National Gallery of Art. Washington, D.C.  
(DJM-4-25-00)

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26**

## The National Zoo, the Route to Chinatown, and Lunch with the Yi Do-Sun Family



A sign for Dr. Korn, Podiatrist. Washington, D.C.  
(DJM-4-26-00)

Wednesday was also a good day for us. We were scheduled to have lunch at the home of Yi Do-Sun and his family in Vienna, Virginia, but that wasn't until 12:30 p.m., so Matt and I visited the National Zoo, on the first day it re-opened after the shooting. Off the Metro, as we approached the zoo, Matt saw a sign for a Dr. Korn, Podiatrist. Matt's favorite band uses the doctor's surname, so I photographed that sign. We soon arrived at the zoo.

We photographed many animals in that Smithsonian-administered preserve — including giraffes, elephants, cheetahs, white and golden tigers, sleeping lions, a pair of groundhogs in love, and a crocodile sunning itself. The zoo's last remaining panda, Hsing-Hsing, had recently died, and a new panda had not been sent from China yet. People are also represented in some of our zoo pictures, including children, and I took a good close-up of Matt playing his Game Boy Color games. As we left, I photographed the zoo-entrance sign, with flowers underneath it, in remembrance of the youngsters who'd been shot there two days before.

On our way to take the Metro, I photographed some apartment buildings, people talking on a street corner, and a man riding a bicycle with a riderless bike in tow alongside him. I fired off a quick shot of the cyclist with my long lens, and it turned out fine. Then, to travel by the Metro to Vienna, we had to transfer at the Metro Center stop; but since we had plenty of time, we went one stop out of our way to visit Chinatown. That stop was Gallery Place-Chinatown, and I photographed the exterior of the National Museum of American Art with

White tiger takes a look at the National Zoo.  
Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-26-00)



newspaper machines and a huge banner in front of it, as well as the interior of a Korean-Chinese delicatessen. Matt had something to drink in the deli, and we left to board the Metro for Vienna.

We arrived 45 minutes early at the Vienna west-end-of-line stop (I like the name Vienna,





In Memory of Hsing-Hsing, 1971-1999.  
Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-26-00)

time to drive home from work first. I did, and he picked us up a few minutes later.

The Yis' townhouse was a very fine brick building, and Ms. Lee, his wife, was waiting for us when we arrived there. (In Korea, traditionally, women keep their father's family name after marriage.) Mr. Yi had been my colleague and guide with Yonhap's International Department from 1984 to 1985. I knew Ms. Lee, because I'd been a guest at their wedding in 1984. I presented them with a bottle of Red Zinfandel beforehand. Ms. Lee very sweetly — she claimed to speak no English, but shyly spoke it anyway — accepted it, and we all sat down to eat, after taking a few pictures.

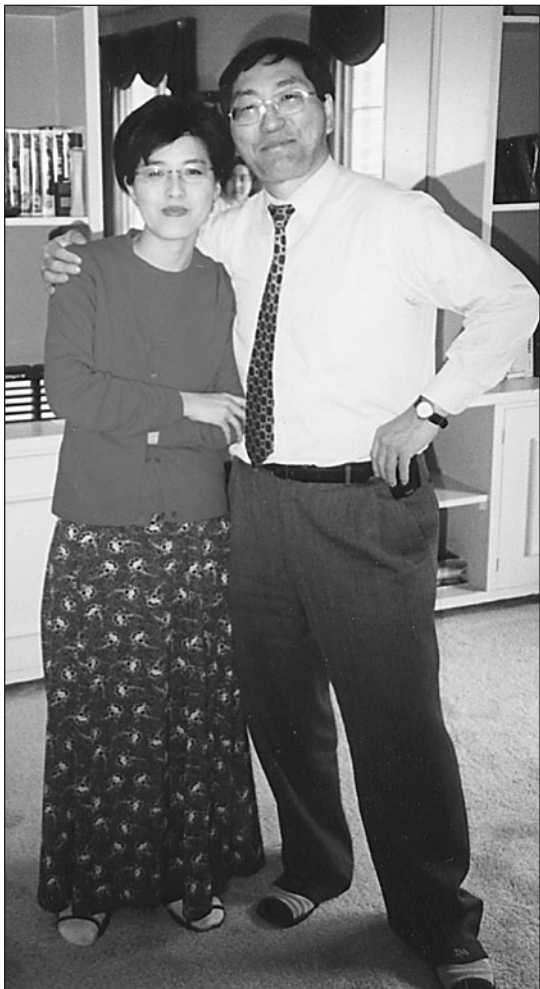
The meal Ms. Lee had prepared was excellent, with about 20 dishes and side dishes being served. I took a picture of the table before we started, which held *kalbi* (barbecued beef ribs), deep-fried shrimp, meat-cakes, clear rice-noodles, *yakki mandu* (fried meat dumplings), *kim* (dried, pressed, salted seaweed), rice, *kimchee* (cabbage marinated with red pepper, garlic and ginger), wine and soda pop, for

because my Mom's parents, Roman and Ida Brunner Muskat, both had some Austrian ancestors), left a message on Mr. Yi's cell-phone voice-mail, and waited for him to pick us up. I took some pictures of people, including an Asian Indian woman; bus-stops; a walkway; and newspaper machines. (Because there were so many empty *Washington Post* machines, that organization must sell a tremendous number of

papers locally.) Mr. Yi had advised me to phone him right at 12:30, so he'd have

Elephant statue-fountain at the National Zoo. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-26-00)





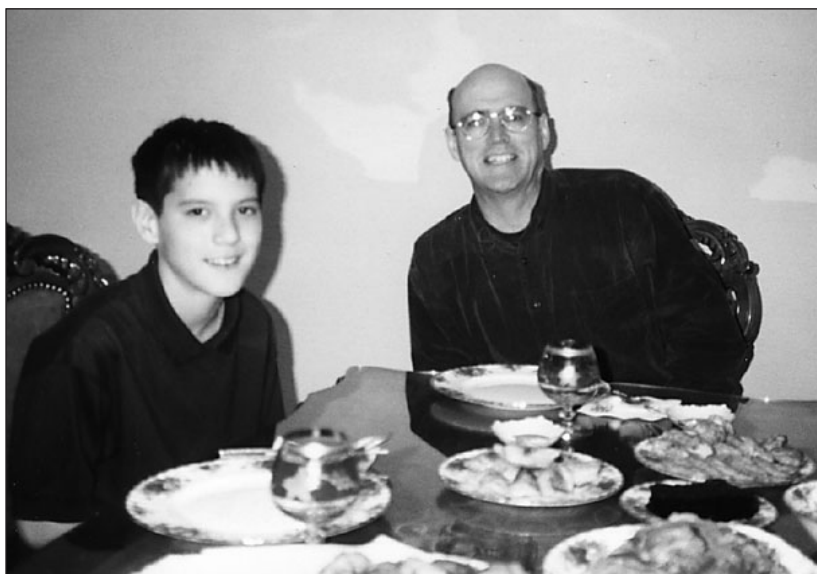
Yi Do-Sun at right and his wife, Ms. Lee — with Jae-Young, one of their daughters, mirrored in background. Vienna, Virginia. (DJM-4-26-00)

starters. I finally even learned how to use chopsticks! The dining room table and chairs were made in Korea and revealed the Yis' fine taste in leather. Meanwhile, the living room bookcase held a set of 30 Western classics, in Korean, and many Disney video-movies.

The Yis' two teenage daughters, Jae-Young and Jee-Eun, came home from school after their parents, Matt, and I had lunched, and were very nice. Before Jee-Eun arrived home, the three other Yis presented my son with a handsome navy-blue polo shirt and asked questions about his Korean-American mom, who used to own a silk-clothing store in Seoul. The Yis seemed impressed by what Matt told them. When Jee-Eun arrived, I photographed the entire Yi family in front of their home.

At about 3 p.m., we needed to catch the Metro for Crystal City, so we took a few more pictures, said our good-byes to the Yi girls, and Mr. Yi and Ms. Lee drove us to the Metro stop. We thanked them, shook hands, and said we'd see them again as soon as we could. Mr. Yi told me I could earn more than two million *won* a month, or \$25,000 a year, which is a decent amount in Korea, as a tutor in Seoul. He waved a peace sign to us as we passed through the turnstile. It was sad to have to go, but we knew we'd have to leave Washington itself very soon.

We went to the Food Court next, to wait for Joy. There, I photographed two young boys enjoying a late lunch. They appeared to be "Kings of the Hill," fully in charge. Then, we met Joy at Crystal Mall Three, went to the airport to pick up Tom, and headed back to Centreville. (My Grandfather David Ambrose Marcou Sr. was living at Centerville, Wisconsin, when he died at age 88, in 1978.)



Matt and Dave at Korean table. Vienna, Virginia. (By Yi Do-Sun-4-26-00)



That night, we watched our final video-movie at Tom and Joy's, *Waking Ned Devine*, a great Anglo-Irish film about a town on the Isle of Man that splits a huge lottery prize, thanks to the real "winner," the recently deceased Ned Devine. It starred Ian Bannen, who also played in *Doctor Cameron* on "Masterpiece Theatre." I then packed our suitcases. I may not have read from *Angela's Ashes* that night, but I did on the weekend, back home — finishing a book that, incredibly, won a Pulitzer Prize for Frank McCourt.



Bike for rent? Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-26-00)

Gallery Place — Chinatown. A culture influenced by newspapers and museums. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-26-00)

**THURSDAY, APRIL 27**

## The Pentagon and Supreme Court

Joy had gotten the flu on Wednesday and stayed in bed Thursday. After Tom dropped us off at Crystal City, Matt and I took the Metro to



General MacArthur striding ahead in Korea. The Pentagon, Arlington, Virginia. (DJM-4-27-00)

the Pentagon, where we got in on a tour that would start at 9 a.m. (Tom and Joy had been to the Pentagon many times for their jobs, and left us to our own devices there.) As we waited in the nerve-center of the Defense Department, I bought a book and Matt bought a small, stuffed panda that he called “Randy,” an oft-used word in the *Austin Powers* films.

The Pentagon, which is named for its shape, which can only be seen from the air, was designed and built for efficiency, not architectural style. It was begun three months before the attack on Pearl Harbor, in late 1941, and rushed into realization, as if FDR knew war was very much imminent. Built in

an area that was once a swamp called “Hell’s Bottom,” it took 17 months to finish, with no passenger elevator service for its five stories. (Elevators and escalators were installed later.) Constructed of steel and reinforced concrete, it has held up well over time. Today, it houses 24,000 employees and covers almost 4 million square feet in office space. Needless to say, it is one of the world’s largest office buildings.

Air Force SSgt. Reuben Gonzalez began the tour. We saw pictures and plaques devoted to U.S. troops who’d proven their valor, like Gen. Douglas MacArthur in the MacArthur Corridor. There was an exhibit of Korean War photos by internationally-acclaimed photojournalist David Douglas Duncan (from whom I once received a letter about my late friend Bert Hardy’s stellar photography from that war). An Army NCO, our other guide, showed our group the Hall of Heroes, where all Congressional Medalists of Honor have been cited with small, rectangular silver plaques hung in neat rows on the wall and classified by war. We were not allowed to photograph regular Pentagon staff or open offices, but Matt and I still captured some good views there on film.

We finished our tour and set out for the Supreme Court, Capitol Building, and Library of Congress. We photographed a while, with the Supreme Court (built in 1935) being very photogenic, as tourists lined up to enter. I photographed a woman in the gift shop of a Library of Congress annex, too. Matt photographed the Supreme Court and Capitol. Then we returned to Crystal City, where we ate our last meal at the Food Court. Our Amtrak train was slated to leave at about 4 p.m., and Matt and I spent the rest of our time walking around the



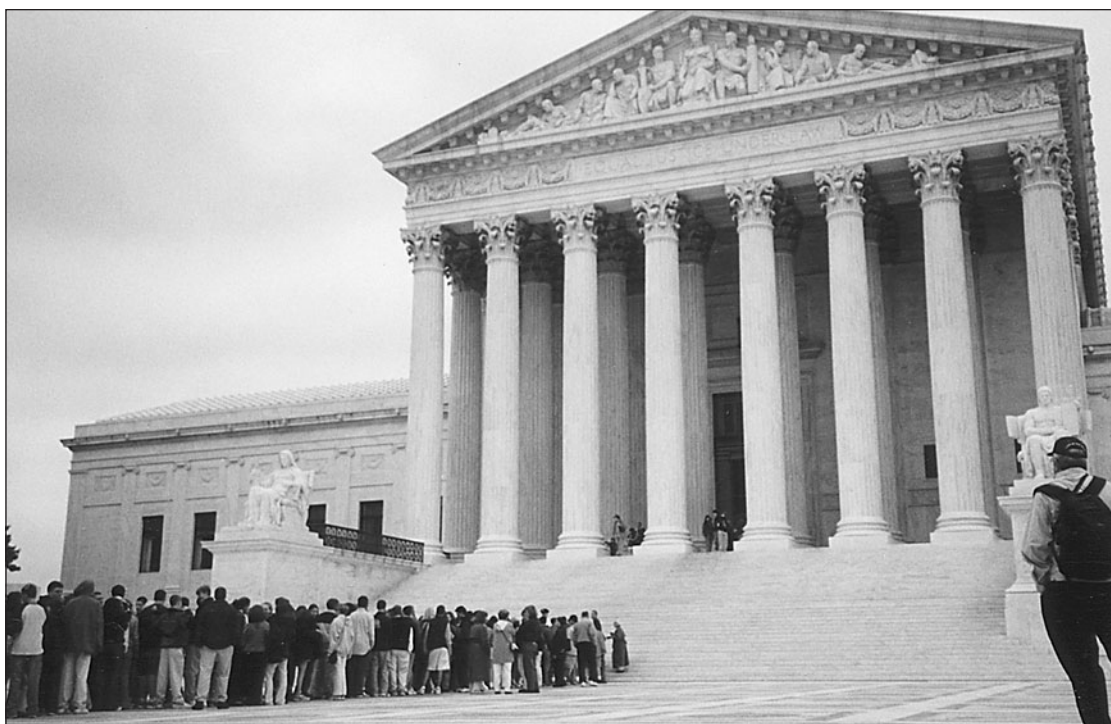
Crystal Mall area. I took pictures then, as I often did in between things. When it grew time to retrieve our suitcases from Tom and Joy's Ford Explorer, Tom was a bit late meeting us. I phoned from the front desk in his building and reached a secretary, who said she'd get Tom. In two minutes, my youngest brother was downstairs and we were en route via Metro to Union Station.

At an intervening transfer point, Tom, Matt, and I exchanged cameras three times to take pictures of two of us at a time. (I had taken many pictures inside the Metro stations during our seven days, and although I took some very good, artistic photos of their honeycomb ceilings, the last one I took, at that transfer point, is very nice, too.) Then Matt and I boarded our last Washington Metro train, and said good-bye to Tom. I wanted to tell my brother how much Matt and I love him and Joy, but thought he'd be embarrassed by those words, in public. It was 2:45 p.m. on Thursday, April 27. We arrived at Union Station at about 2:55 p.m., and were aboard Amtrak in plenty of time to get started back to La Crosse.

On the Capitol Limited, from Washington to Chicago, Matt played Game Boy Color games again, and also listened to KoRn on his CD player. He spent a little more time in the observation car, too, on our way home than he had en route to the capital. Also, we met some more nice people, including two married women — one a kindergarten instructor, the other a special education teacher — who were going to a wedding in Indiana, because the kindergarten instructor, who was a relative of the bride, hated flying. We ate supper with them that night (I very much like the Amtrak custom of seating different people together in the dining car); Matt had prime rib and I had spiced chicken. We

learned something about those teachers' husbands, children, and life in general, talking with the two women. Later that night, sleeping on the train was again difficult for me, but Matt got 4 to 6 hours of sleep. I'd recommend those who are middle-aged or older and who absolutely need their sleep on trains to buy pullman car tickets, which cost a little more, but may be worth the extra money.

Tourists queuing in front of the Supreme Court Building. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-27-00)



**FRIDAY, APRIL 28**

## Homecoming

We had breakfast the next morning with a Pennsylvania woman and her son, whom I first thought was her husband. The young man, who must have been about 35 and who worked in a home improvements store, impressed us with his knowledge of computers, video games, TV shows, and bands. Like the women teachers, the mother-

son duo were also going to Indiana, where they were both originally from.

Matt and I disembarked at Chicago around 9:30 a.m. Because it was sunny this time, we locked up our luggage and stretched our legs a bit. We stopped at Kinko's Copies, where we'd spent some time photocopying things on the 20th, and we ate lunch at a place called Angelo's Lunch Box. Matt had two hot dogs, I had a ham and cheese sandwich, and we split some french fries — the food was excellent. We were a little amused that the customers and staff were most interested in the fact that somebody had illegally parked nearby, and that person's car was being towed.

I took many pictures in Chicago; and Matt and I photographed each other with the Sears Tower as background. We returned to Union Station after seeing a few sights and waited to board the Empire Builder for La Crosse. I photographed one large waiting room that Julia Roberts made famous in the movie *My Best Friend's Wedding*, in which she tries to steal another woman's husband-to-be. While waiting, I met a nice mom and her toddler son, who were headed for Oregon. A sign-maker by trade, Venessa had just separated from her husband in Detroit for the second time, and was going to live in Portland with her mom. I tried to help her with her huge suitcases, but she was traveling first class, and I could only do so much. She gave me her mom's phone number, though.

The weather was fine on the way home, and a pretty blonde named Beth sat across from us. She was busily writing in her journal, but as we neared Columbus, Wisconsin, where she lived, we talked. She said she traveled a lot and always

wrote about that, but nothing else, and just in her journal. I thought to ask about her husband — she wore a diamond ring and a wedding



A good view of the Sears Tower, looking up. Chicago, Illinois. (DJM-4-28-00)



band on her marital finger — but didn't. Instead, I suggested that her travel-journal would be valuable for her future work, and advised her, "Keep writing."

The rest of our journey was agreeably uneventful, but Matt and I still took in the views. We passed through Portage (near to where my grandmother Agnes Fitzgerald Marcou was born), Wisconsin Dells, and Tomah, just as we had, in reverse order, on our way to Washington, which was still very fresh in my mind. But I was also vaguely reminiscing about places like Harper's Ferry, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Toledo, and South Bend — all of which we'd passed through between Washington and Chicago, and vice versa. It was not for nothing that we'd taken Amtrak trains to and from so many historic, industrious, and vital places — and Washington, D.C. is as fascinating and vital as any place we've yet visited.

When we disembarked at the Amtrak station in La Crosse, Mom and Dad were waiting for us. I asked a man I'd seen around town, but had never known personally, to take our picture with Matt's older camera, a point-and-shoot Vivitar given to my son by a friend of ours, Art Hebbard. The man who obliged us at the train station said he had me centered in the picture — for best focus. I thanked him and said I'd seen him on the city bus before. He said he often traveled by bus. The picture came out fine. Thanks, John — thanks for everything



Matt and Dave arrive home, with Dad/Grandpa and Mom/Grandma Marcou waiting at the Amtrak Station. La Crosse, Wisconsin. (By a Man Named John-4-28-00)

## Conclusion: The Many Paths Home and to Heaven

It's been said that Washington, D.C., combines Southern efficiency with Northern hospitality. I suspect that remark is meant as a wry commentary on the disinterested spirit of the capital. That remark confuses the truth a bit. First, it is not necessarily uncharming to be businesslike about running a capital city. The people who live and work in Washington pace themselves to get things done in a reason-



Matt and Dave standing in front of the White House. Washington, D.C. (By Joy Marcou-4-21-00)

able amount of time. They do not rush about headlong, but their pace is hardly slow either. Instead, they keep busy enough to give the sense that they are getting things done, even though they do not often get things done as quickly as a good sprinter. It's a middle-to-long-distance run that concerns the people of Washington most, except on the beltway, and they are getting their jobs done well, for the most part. And while they are not necessarily the most charming people I've ever met, they are polite enough. That said, it was enjoyable for Matt and me to see how the nation's business gets done, where it must get done in a big way, every day.

What we have been trying to suggest in this photo-essay is that Washington is a vital place, not only to the country, but to the world, and even to the Church. As far as one wishes to travel, then, he or she cannot be better served in terms of what America means to the world than to first experience what Washington, D.C., New York City, and thou-

sands of other places — so many of the latter resembling La Crosse, Wisconsin — mean to each other here, in America, on a day-to-day basis. We cannot help but feel grateful to have been to many of these places, and to have lived in a few of them, meeting thousands of people who “belong” to these places. The world looks wonderful enough to us, in most respects, as a result. Add in Seoul, Korea and London, England, and I've been lucky enough to have done some useful sight-seeing, not to mention living, there as well.

After seeing our D.C.-related photos printed, mainly by American Photo and Precision Photo of La Crosse, and a few of our best by the Bert Hardy Darkroom Ltd. of London (in the British capital, my former London-Missouri teacher, John Whale, also knows our work well; Mr. and Mrs. Whale lived in Washington for two years, and they like the photos we sent them of the National Cathedral), I now truly appreciate recalling our stops at the National Basilica, National Cathedral, St.



Timothy's Church, Arlington Cemetery, the Korean and Vietnam War Memorials (where we were quite moved), and towering physically above all else, the Washington Monument. In addition, Mt. Vernon, the White House, the other Presidential Memorials, the Air and Space Museum, the Women's Military Memorial, and the Congress, Supreme Court, Pentagon, Library of Congress, and yes, the National Zoo — not to mention the stops along the way, like “that toddlin' town,” Chicago — have all inspired us to try to be better Americans, better children of God. And we won't ever forget the actions of Tom and Joy Marcou, plus my parents, the Yi family, and many other decent people, who made “our D.C.” possible. (And Tom and Joy, we will convince other family members to visit you there, before you retire to Denver, that god-awful football city in the Rockies.)

Other positive things have happened since Matt and I visited Washington. Matt graduated from Cathedral Grade School in May, and entered Aquinas Middle School on September 5. His computer abilities are becoming those of a space-age genius. And he is liking girls quite a bit more than he used to. Also, he saw KoRn in concert, here in La Crosse on July 19, which made his summer. Tom and Joy returned to La Crosse for a 50th wedding anniversary picnic for my parents on July 3. Mom and Dad's golden anniversary occurred on

February 14, Valentine's Day, which we all celebrated in our way, but my parents were talked into celebrating it again, with the whole family being present this time, and Tom and Joy could only come home in July. And in June, the two Korean presidents held a summit, the first since the partition of the Korean peninsula in 1945. That summit held promise of better years ahead for all of Korea. An article I wrote on western media coverage of the Korean War was published in the summer *Korea Society Quarterly*, which appeared in time for Georgetown University's

50th Anniversary Conference, “The Korean War — Forgotten No More.” And I was invited by New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani and the New York City Korean War Veterans Association, along with the Korea Society and the Consul General of Korea, to attend the opening on June 25th of a 50th Anniversary of the Korean War Photo Exhibit in that city. I could not be there in person, but I was there in spirit. Also, virtually all my freelance work is going well, as is my teaching, with my classes and I having just published *Spirit of La Crosse: An American City Remembers and Looks Ahead*, a grassroots history of Matt's and my hometown.

It may be relevant here that my good friend Mr. Yi, an inscrutable man sometimes, once told me, “Mr. Marcou, you have the potential to be a peaceful ambassador.” (Was Mr. Yi implying that I might

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*... the National Basilica, National Cathedral, St. Timothy's Church, Arlington Cemetery, the Korean and Vietnam Memorials ... the Washington Monument ... and yes, the National Zoo ... have all inspired us to try to be better Americans, better children of God.*

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someday enjoy songs like B.B. King's "Peace Train"?) That is what I try to be now. I was not yet that in Washington, because I made several mistakes there, including my failure to visit the Holocaust Museum's collections and my failure to take more pictures and spend more time at the FDR Memorial. But our best words and pictures still help us become better people today. We do what we can, when we can; and we hope our best efforts save our immortal souls. I do not mind either that our family, friends, employers, teachers, students, other associates, and confessors, are helping redeem Matt and me, even as I write this. A lot goes into every person's life; it takes a lot to

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*...our best words and pictures still help us become better people today. We do what we can, when we can; and we hope our best efforts save our immortal souls.*

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make each of us whole. We pray daily that our words and pictures will never be wasted, and will cause all readers and viewers to respect and realize the humanity God gives us all, in this and every nation and community.

Whether it was by our interacting with many interesting people and scenes; or by my taking "out-of-the-way" pictures like the reflection of blinds on a dining room table, the view of half a man seen through a window, wearing a dress-suit as he walks down some stairs, the image of an arch by a memorial, the view of trees near a garden, the view of a young black protester carrying an anti-economic imperialism poster, and the framing of a World War II display representing the Navaho code-makers; or by Matt's taking a picture of his feet rooted firmly to the grounds of the National Cathedral; or by Tom, Joy, Mr. Yi, and John, who I've since learned prefers "Jack" (Melsheimer), doing a good job in proving the power of their pictures, too, we utilized our time in Washington, D.C. as well as we did because the people and scenes there had positive potential. All people and most scenes have positive potential. All human beings should make the most of that potential.

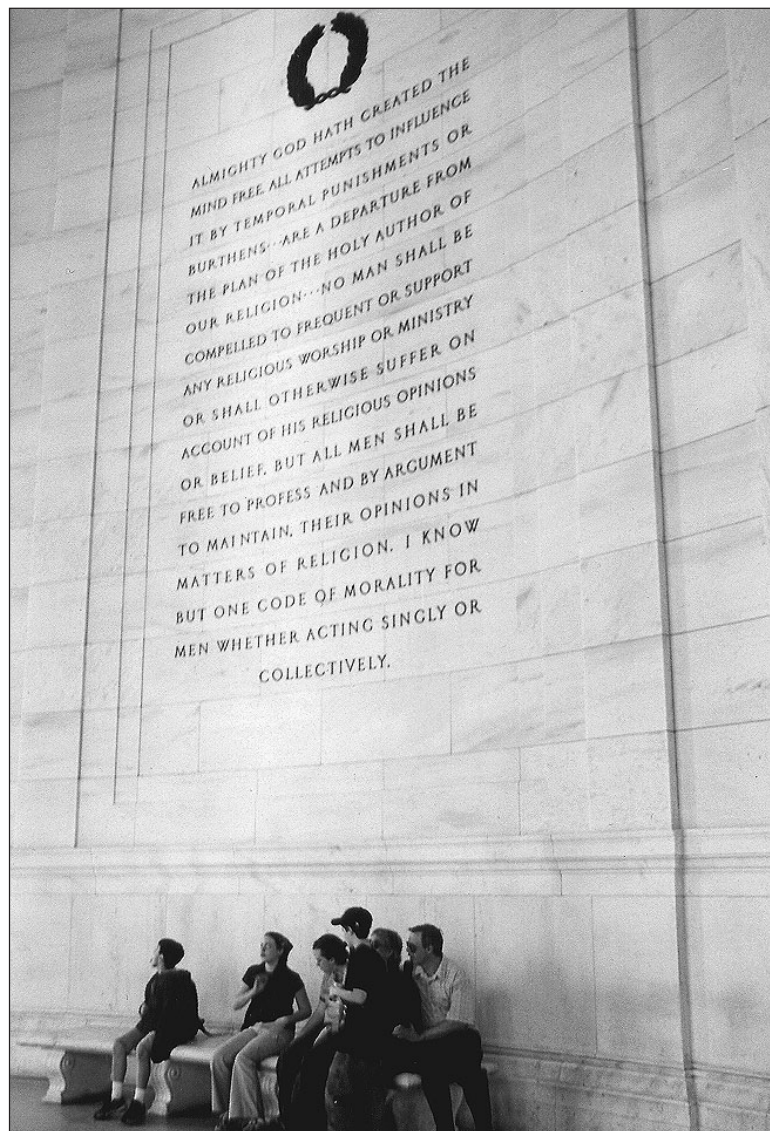
In Washington, D.C., we came to understand that not everything we do will dramatically change the world; perhaps Congressmen, Supreme Court Justices, and even Presidents must understand that, too. But it also became clear to us in the capital that little things like words and photographs can take on the construct, usefulness, and meaning of truthful actions — contributing in their way to the full set of truthful actions that Matt and I, Tom and Joy, the Yi Family, our other family members and friends, and many people in and around Washington, D.C., and beyond it, produced and counted as Eastertime in the Jubilee Year 2000, the first year of the new millennium. That still makes our efforts in the District of Columbia seem worthwhile; if they prove to be worthwhile, we will always be grateful.

As our past, present, and future family and friends peruse these words and pictures, they should relearn one lesson above all others:



no person is an island. Washington, D.C., certainly proves that. I confess that I relearned that on New Year's Eve, 1999-2000. I didn't have any other plans that night, except to stay home and photograph celebrations on TV around the world. That's right, I sometimes photograph TVs; and I've obtained some very interesting pictures doing so. New York, Paris, Rome, and London were spectacularly lit up for the occasion; but the best celebration was in Washington, as the number 2000 was illuminated in front of the Washington Memorial and President Clinton read poetry and stories about historic Americans. I may not have ever officially voted for Bill Clinton, but he was still the President of the United States on that night, as he was during the week that will long live in our memories, when Matt and I visited our nation's capital. And I knew that night that we would see not only the Washington Monument, great as it is, but also the Lincoln Memorial, the Korean War Memorial, and yes, the National Basilica and Arlington Cemetery, plus the rest of the Washington, D.C., we hoped to see — the capital of a government of, by, and for The People. What American can be an island after experiencing those things? The U.S. government is in no way a government of simple islands. As individualistic as most of us think we are meant to be, it is our common destiny that is the greatest thing about our personal potentials. We are all meant to be part of the human family, and that includes the American family. What a great experience Washington, D.C. was and is! May we see and photograph all the other great capitals of the world someday, LIVE, as we did Washington.

The world requires emotional closeness among all types of people today, as never before. In fact, it needs love. And most people thrive in Washington, D.C., because they seem to know how to contend with and, yes, somehow share their love with other people. Despite the slowness sometimes of government functions and the semi-coldness of official bureaucrats, there is enough truth, speed, effectiveness, justice, hope and love in places like our nation's capital to warrant faith in our great government — the greatest government the world has ever known, one that is mainly inspired by God. As with most of the photos we have taken over the years, our favorites here are people pictures, in one form or another. People inspire me greatly, as they do my son and all our family and friends. That isn't such a bad thing, because Jesus Christ so loved humanity that he became one of us,



Inscription on religious freedom in Thomas Jefferson Memorial. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-24-00)

died for us, and rose from the dead for us. Thinking more about that, any discomforts we may face in our lives seem petty compared with the sacrifices others, like Christ, have made and make on our behalf. Thank God, then, that we are able to enjoy the freedoms people can experience in places like La Crosse, Wisconsin, and Washington, D.C., for starters.

It shouldn't be forgotten that the first president of the United States wrote in his valedictory letter to the state governors, when he relinquished his command of the Continental Army: "I now make it my earnest prayer, that God would have you, and the State over which you preside, in his holy protection, that he would incline the hearts of the Citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to Government, to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another, for their fellow Citizens of the United States at large, and particularly for their brethren who have served in the Field, and finally, that he would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all, to do Justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that Charity, humility and pacific temper of mind, which were the Characteristicks of the Divine Author of our blessed Religion, and without an humble imitation of whose example in these things, we can never hope to be a happy Nation."

People sometimes think that Washington, D.C., is the murder capital of the world (or a security nightmare waiting to happen). But, although we did visit that capital city when a murder took place in it, of a 12-year-old boy whose name was never released to the media, we can't help but think that the two African American gangs who were feuding on Easter Monday, 2000, at the National Zoo, would never have been feuding if they could have traveled just a few miles up the George Washington Parkway to Mt. Vernon, to learn more about what that great man did for the African-American slaves he once owned. George Washington was religious, strong, honest, smart, hard-working, compassionate, loving, happy, and humble, when he needed to be. He led our nation out of the wilderness, giving us a truly momentous example of proper civilization. And he suggested the nation's capital be located where it is, built in tribute to our great republican democracy of diverse, God-fearing, God-loving humanity. But he was not perfect, and he realized that. In his will, he provided for the emancipation of all of his 123 slaves, after his wife's death, for he really believed in "brotherly affection." He took that action before the abolition movement was born. Martha Washington freed all those slaves one year after her husband died. Fittingly, in 1983, a Slave Memorial was erected at Mt. Vernon, where many slaves are buried, designed by architecture students at the very respected Howard University, whose student body consists mainly of African Americans. The memorial's plaza and granite memorial shaft are the focal point of an annual commemoration conducted by Black Women United for Action and the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. Although he had



earlier defended the rights of slave-holders, George Washington did an about-face and wrote near the end of his life, “I wish from my soul that the Legislature of this State could see the policy of a gradual Abolition of Slavery.” Today’s visitors to Mt. Vernon are well-served by those words and that Slave Memorial.

Matthew and I saw the true Washington, then — both the Man and the City. The Father of Our Country was opposed to monarchy and “pure” theocracy, and may have been equally opposed to slavery, in the end, for he was inspired each day in his prayers to do Good. And he knew how diverse elements can be united; after all, his rag-tag troops at Valley Forge managed to pull themselves together and get started again. Their leader’s faith in God moved mountains, or should we say, inspired monuments — just ask the British. It was his greatest accomplishment: a strong belief in what God had in store for him and America, during the Revolution and beyond it. I know that’s why First President-General George Washington freed his slaves: to reach heaven somehow, and to inspire others to do the same.

George Washington got up very early every morning, to work at making his conscience clean. I guess he knew how to make fresh starts. Even our nation’s capital needs to make fresh starts every so often, too, if the American people are to live in a “happy Nation.” In this Jubilee Year and beyond, then, Washington, D.C., which depends on the goodwill of the American people for its existence, should be as vital to all of us as is the “departed” man it is named for, guided by the Spirit and Love of Jesus Christ and His mother, the Virgin Mary — Who reside in many places like our nation’s capital, as They do in Matt and my heartland hometown of La Crosse, Wisconsin, on the banks of the Mississippi River, the Father of Waters. Vital Washington sets a high standard for all of America and her people, and for the entire world. May the Spirit and Love of Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mary, George Washington, all of us, and it, live forever!



Matt’s sizes up the Lincoln Memorial and its reflecting pool. (DJM-4-24-00)

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***About the Father and Son  
Who Visited the U.S. Capital  
in April 2000 and  
Photographed it Together***

David J. and Matthew A. Marcou were born in La Crosse in 1950 and 1987, respectively. Dave graduated from that city's Aquinas High School (1968); the UW-Madison (B.A.-1973); the University of Iowa (M.A.-1978); and the Missouri School of Journalism (B.J.-1984). Matt graduated from La Crosse's Cathedral Grade School (2000), and now attends Aquinas Middle School. Both are members of St. Joseph the Workman Cathedral Parish. Dave worked as a journalist in Seoul, Korea, from 1984 to 1987, and Matt is half-Korean. The pair collaborated on a photographic book in 1995, *Images: The Body of Christ, Matthew, and Me — Or a Little Bit of Creation*; and Dave edited the recently published *Spirit of La Crosse: An American River City Remembers and Looks Ahead*, a grassroots team-history to which Matt added a back-cover photo.

Dave has taught writing and photography for Western Wisconsin Technical College since 1991 and has been taking pictures since 1979. Matt began taking pictures in 1991 at age 3½. Other photographic subjects of Dave's have included Mother Teresa; Bill Clinton; and George H.W. Bush. He and Matt have both photographed the Green Bay Packers and a Gore-Lieberman rally. In addition, the two are proud of their photos of family, friends, and many other extraordinary people. Their favorite locations in Washington, D.C., were the National Catholic Basilica, the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum, the National Zoo, and the Korean War Memorial. They also very much enjoyed the time they spent in the homes of Tom and Joy Marcou, the Yi Do-Sun family, and George Washington.

Matt and Dave in front of the White House. Washington, D.C. (By Joy Marcou-4-21-00)



A rainy day walkway between some crucial buildings. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-25-00)

A protester feeding a squirrel near the White House. Washington, D.C. (TAM-4-21-00)



Father and daughter do a name rubbing at the Vietnam Memorial Wall. (DJM-4-24-00)

Gift shop—Georgia O'Keeffe still lives at the National Gallery of Art. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-25-00)



Front cover:

Top left: Giant medals in the Pentagon's Hall of Heroes. Washington, D.C. (MAM-4-27-00)

Top right: Fountain and flowers on the White House lawn. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-21-00)

Bottom left: A statue of Thaddeus Kosciusko, Polish patriot and general during the American Revolution, located in Lafayette Square. Washington, D.C. (TAM-4-21-00)

Bottom right: Matt, Tom and Joy in front of the National Basilica. More than half a million pilgrims visit there each year. Washington, D.C. (DJM-4-22-00)