

Impact of separation

Father separated from his 16-year-old son

"I went to hug my son."

"No," they tell me. They were right there, like that, in a chair, the two of them side by side.

"You can't say goodbye to him anymore." They didn't even let me hug my son.

"You just take out the things you bring in your suitcase, give him what you are going to give him. You are separated now. He is going to be transferred to a shelter, we don't know if today or tomorrow."

That was on the night of December 21, by the 23rd he was still there. I looked at him from one window to another.

I was transferred that night, at daybreak on the 24th, on Christmas Eve. In the morning I no longer see my son, nor did I see the other children, there were about eight more children who were with him. And I asked around about them.

"No," they said, "they were taken away last night."

My blood pressure rose, I ended up in a hospital, as I told you. Yuma Hospital. There they gave me treatment for blood pressure, for my sciatic nerve, because I still suffer from the sciatic nerve. And they were giving me treatment for gastritis, I don't know what else they treated me for besides the blood pressure, but it was for about fifteen days that they kept me on medication. But there, in the hospital, I was only there one night.

And to date, I never saw my son again. There was no explanation, nothing. Only that it was because I had broken the law.

Separated: Stories of Injustice and Solidarity