

**By: Fausto Sicha**

## **Chronicle of a Deportation**

**Fausto:** Dear cousin, are you ready to leave?

**Gustavo:** Even if I am not the time has come.

**Fausto:** Ok then, let it be as your destiny dictates. But before those who are destroying your life and are denying you a better future take you away from my presence, I came here to say, dear cousin, in this country we have shared things that we were unable to do in our country, and those are the things that give pleasure to our body. Let's keep our hope alive, and believe it dear cousin, one day somewhere in the world you and I will talk about the things that satisfy the mind, the things that make us better human beings. We will also talk about the liberty that we never enjoyed in this country, the liberty that they denied to both of us.

**Gustavo:** Are you implying that instead of hurting me, they are giving me liberty and peace of mind with this deportation?

**Fausto:** That is unknown to me my good cousin. But I hope that your hard work and determination to accomplish your goal will drive you in that direction.

**Gustavo:** I have a favor to ask.

**Fausto:** While time still remains, let the air flow and feel free to ask me whatever you need.

**Gustavo:** I have no time to tell them goodbye, and it will certainly help if you read this farewell to my little brother, my cousins, and my friends. It is important that they know that I fought against this predicament. It is important that they know that I fought with all my power against my deportation. I did not give up without a fierce fight. They defeated me. With this defeat, my future has turned south. Now, I can already see my mother's tears. I can already hear the empty stomachs of the little kids that I wanted to feed. My eyes no longer see the bright light that shined my future here.

*The curiosity convinced me and I started to read his farewell, but soon he disappeared from my presence, when I finished reading, unable to understand his fate, I raised my head and my eyes witnessed in the distance a weak hand that waved me goodbye.*

### **Here is how he dreamed to defend himself.**

*When I arrived to jail, I fell asleep and started to have the dream that you can read below. But while I dreamed, the sad melody of a lonely bird woke me up. When I opened my eyes, he moved his wings and the wind took him away. Was he telling me goodbye?  
Or was he telling me that I was free to fly once again?*

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The date was May 20, 2008. As soon as I finished my last exam I was heading north to visit my little brother who I have not seen in a few months. While I walked towards the place

where my brother lives, a man of good heart offered me a ride, but soon after I sat in his car colorful lights shined my eyes and a man with long boots and dark glasses approached me and claimed that I look suspicious in the passenger seat. The man looked at me and asked me to identify myself, but unfortunately I was unable to satisfy his demands, soon afterwards, he led me to his car and took me away. A few days later I found myself in the court of law.

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Respected jurymen, I already sense that this environment is foreign to me. Therefore, I will begin by apologizing for being stranger to the manner of speaking here, and also for addressing you in the kind of language that I am accustomed to use outside on the streets. I was told that I have the right to pay for my defense, but at this age, I don't feel the necessity to pay a man of law to help me tell the truth. The gentleman who brought me here and who now sits to my right accused me the other day of not having the necessary documents to identify myself, and within seconds, I will say even before he stopped the car, he came to the conclusion that I must have broken the law and entered the country using the southern border.

That I broke the law is something that I cannot readily acknowledge. I am a man who has neither wife nor children, but when I saw the economic necessity of my mother, and when my legs were strong enough to carry my body away from the place where I was born, I followed the road that my eyes shined and I ended up coming here.

What I said is true, gentlemen. I did not break the law. I have always tried to live a responsible life. Hence, it is not the irresponsibility of having many children and no having the means to feed them that forced me to leave my country. Rather, I came here because I saw the necessity to obey the natural law. When I saw my mother starving, when I saw little children working instead of going to school, when I saw pain in the face of my people, I asked myself if it is better to obey the laws of a country or to obey the natural law and help those who suffer.

As it is evident, I believed and still do, that the natural law is above the laws of a country, above the laws that are drafted by men. I think most people in this court will agree with me on this. However, the gentleman to my right put the laws of a country above the natural law and accused me of infringing it because I do not have the necessary documents to identify myself. I would certainly think that I deserve some kind of punishment if I had forged documents in my pocket. A man certainly breaks the law if he uses a false identity, if he promotes corruption, and if he promotes a black market, but I have done nothing of the sort. What punishment can be appropriate for me when my wrongdoings include helping my mother and those who I left behind?

Gentlemen, the man to my right accuses me of breaking the law, but I came here not because I was eager to be seen as a criminal, but because I thought that I can help my family. If I help them now, they will not have to come tomorrow and be accused of "breaking the law." I came here to get education and then go back to educate my fellow men, so that way they have better opportunities and don't have to come here in mass numbers and "break the law." Gentlemen, is the man to my right accusing me of the modest contribution to society that I am

willing to make? Is he telling me that the idea of helping others is wrong to have in one's mind? Is he accusing me of helping my family and friends?

Respected jurymen, I left my country because I wanted to avoid the accusation of breaking the law, the natural law that is. I feared that people in my country will accuse me of not helping my family. I feared that people will accuse me of not helping the young. I feared that people will accuse me of living a selfish life. But neither the things that I fear nor the things that I have done has been enough to avoid my presence here.

Gentlemen, I am a stranger to this place, if my defense is not convincing it is not because I lack the desire to tell you the truth, but because my limited education does not allow me to formulate my defense in the language that you are accustomed to hear. But believe me men of law, I have wasted no time, and during the years that I have been here, I have made an effort to follow your example, and I have tried to get a college degree.

Gentlemen, I am aware that with my broken English I can't uproot from your minds the stereotypes about immigrants that have been in your heads for so long. I am aware that you must judge me according to the law. And I am aware that you must not give justice as a favor to whoever seems good to you. Condemn me. Deport me if you think that is the proper penalty that I deserve.

I apologize if in my defense I have not included lamentations and tears. I apologize if my willingness to die for what I believe seems arrogant to you. Condemn me now. Send me back to the place where years ago I tried to escape poverty. I go as I came. Nothing has changed. My mind is telling me that I have rightly defended myself, and in my heart I feel sympathy now for the man who brought me here. Perhaps it is not him; perhaps it is the system that needs to be fixed. I leave you now and he can stay. Which of the two of us gentlemen you think will have peace of mind?