

My name is Dunia Vásquez and I am originally from Honduras. My husband's name is Nabor and he is originally from Mexico. We have four children.

I migrated to this country thirteen years ago with a permit to reside in the U.S. for six months. I was fleeing from extreme violence in my home country of Honduras when I moved to the U.S. and it was the same violent reality that prevented me from returning there. That was the reason why I did not present myself in court and a deportation order was automatically emitted. My life changed from that moment on and I then decided to move to a different state and came to North Carolina where I have resided for the past eleven years. I lost my driving privileges in 2010, when 287G was signed into law. It was around that time when I was stopped by police and was taken to immigration enforcement. My suffering as an immigrant began at that moment when I began to be treated like a criminal. I appealed in court and requested political asylum, but I received a deportation order in June of this year. The deportation order required me to leave the U.S. on July 31st.

I was filled with fear from the moment I received the deportation order. I fear returning to my home country due to the rampant violence and lack of respect for human life there. It would be very difficult to return home and leave my family behind. Like any mother does, I want the best for my children. I do not want them to grow up in such a violent place as my home country. My family is currently living in uncertainty. We are terrified at not knowing what will happen, what we will do, or where we will go. This affects me and my husband emotionally, but more importantly, it directly affects our children who were born here and do not know any other country than the U.S.

I currently feel sick, paralyzed, without being able to run or walk, or go out, or make plans, or dream, or do anything else. My mind is paralyzed along with my future and that of my children. I sincerely wish this was all part of a bad dream. However, when I wake up every day I realize that this is my reality; a reality that paralyzes me and my family. My oldest daughter, who is eleven years of age, often tells me: "Mommy, I am afraid of coming back from school and not finding you at home. Or when someone else picks me up from school, I am fearful of finding out that you are no longer with us, that you have already been deported." As a mother, hearing her words of fear hurts me and fills me with sadness, since there is nothing I can do to ease that fear. I am very fearful myself, and have a difficult time attempting to explain our situation to her.

I currently do not have any plans. I am afraid of returning to my home country. I do not want to leave my children behind. But at the same time, I do not want to live in hiding. I also do not want to teach my children to flee. This frustrates and hurts me. Both my life and that of my family is currently stagnant. All I can do is renew my strength through my faith in Jesus Christ. When I see and feel the care of my church, I can also feel the presence of God and his care for me and my family. White Plains United Methodist Church is my family, they are the strength that I need. Their support is very meaningful to me. They often encourage me by saying: "Keep on going. We are here for you. You are not alone. God is present with you through us who are your church family." I am very grateful for my church and for the support that they have granted me, for renewing my strength and driving me to keep moving forward every day. I am thankful towards my church and towards God.