

My name is [redacted]. I'm a mother separated from my son and I want to express the injustice of what they are doing. When they detained me in the ice box detention center they separated me from my son. It was something so painful, as much for me as for him. I had promised to never be separated from him because he has already been traumatized since the death of his father. That night and the next day he cried all night and all day. When an official called me to ask why I had left my country my son sees pass by and asks to be with me. The official brings him to me, he hugs me crying and tells me that he wants to stay with me. With tears in my eyes I tell him to tell that to the official and he says it. The official responds that he can't, you already knew that this was going to happen, that you would be separated from your children. To calm down my son the official says that he was going to go to a shelter, that his mom had to go to court but that when she got back from court you will be together again. All of this was a lie. That night they take my son and ask me a number of questions. The official asks me about a medicine that I had in my things. I answered her, fearfully, that I am HIV positive. She threw out everything except for my medicine but I hide 3 doses because she told me that if she found anything she would throw it out. Very fearfully, I hid these doses because I knew that this is part of my life. After three days pass, they move me to the dog kennel desperate because I didn't yet see my son. When I arrive to the dog kennel another trauma in my life begins. When the doctor arrived she asks me what the medicine was for that was in my record and I go up to them and I say that I am HIV positive. That night they don't give me my medicine because there they threw it out and said I had to request it again. I had informed them that I took it at 10:00 p.m. At 4:30 a.m. she comes wanting to give me the medicine but I tell her that I can't take it at that time. It's a very strong medicine. When I take it I get very dizzy. She says that they will call me to take my medicine but 2 more days passed that they didn't call me. I, very worried, asked the official. That bothered them and they said they would call me. I was very worried, 8 days without showering, without my medicine, I thought that I would get sick. Later they take us to the court and they chained us by the feet and hands as if we were criminals, for about 8 hours without eating breakfast or lunch. It is not just how they treat us as if we were animals. From there on we only went out while chained but because they did not give me my medicine my CD4 (T-cell) count got low and they sent me to get my exams and I went out a little unwell. The doctor asked me if I had stopped taking some doses. Only in the dog kennel when they didn't give them to me. Now it's going to be two months and I still haven't seen my son. I am very sad But I know that God is a God of Justice.

My cousin's number is [number redacted]