

In summary, when my husband lost his business, we made the hard decision to leave our home, our family, our country. We have to say, it wasn't easy, it wasn't easy at all to make such a decision, to say goodbye to our parents and siblings and to see them cry because five members of their beloved family are leaving thanks to the unsafety, lack of opportunities, poverty, and extortion in our country. We had to leave them behind and search for a better life for our children.

We ask please don't judge us for this, for exposing our children to so much. Believe that if there had been any chance of a future in our own country, we would not have made this decision. This is what all who migrate believe, those like us or in situations of even worse poverty, that the only option is to migrate.

We traveled through Mexico, and we arrived at the border with tears in our eyes when we realized we had made it. We were intercepted by immigration officers, who took us to a detention center. We stayed with them two days. They did not mistreat us, though there was a certain coldness about them. We understood; we had invaded this country.

We had everything necessary: medical attention for my husband's condition, sufficient food – burritos every two hours, basic services, even clothes in one place.

I say "in one place" because in those two days we were in three different detention centers. They would move us out at night or in the early morning and take us somewhere else. It was always very cold, but we knew this was the price of beginning the American dream.

The last day in the last center where they took us, we went through what we needed to in order to register for entrance into this country and they gave us the documents that we now carry on our person every day. This is our pass, our "permiso", to be here and our Alien number. We had almost finished our journey.

In a small van they then took us to a beautiful place – though not as beautiful as the hearts of the people waiting there for us. These people were so happy to see us, and so good, that it felt like an explosion of feelings. We felt so welcome, so accepted and loved. They gave us clothes, food, medical attention, LOVE.

We were there three days. Our children happily rested. It had been many days since they had had a bed to sleep in or been treated with respect. They were little, but there were aware of what had been happening.

As a family, we are extremely grateful to Casa Alitas, the first contact we had with this beautiful country, and we believe that God works through you. God was with us from the day we left home and in His infinite mercy He brought us here. Every day since we have met such wonderful people, which confirms that there are good people in this world; good people who will accept us and treat us as human beings, who don't see differences in race, color or religion, but are moved by God's heart.

May God bless this beautiful country; may He bless the authorities; may He bless the people; may He bless ALITAS.

Maybe we won't have the opportunity to thank each person who helped us, who served us food, who gave us aid, who took us to the bus for the last leg of our journey, but now we say THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU.

Thank you, and please forgive us for invading your country. Here our children will have the chance to be someone in this life, to be treated as people, to grow professionally, and most importantly – to live in peace, without fear each morning of being killed.