

My name is Bassidi. I am 16 years old. I have three younger brothers and one older sister. Four years ago, my father was taken away. I was 12 years old, at the age when I only cared about making friends and going to school. But when the police came to my house at 3am and asked for my father, my whole world is flipped. They asked my mother: "where is he" and she replied: "who are you talking about". They answered "your husband!" My mother asked what he has done wrong, and they gave her no answer and ran straight upstairs to go looking for my father.

When they did find my father, they yelled at him and told him to get out of his bed and to come with them. As they were speaking, I overheard all the rubbles, and woke up from my sleep.

I thought something happened outside, but then I came to find out that they were policemen in my house. They were about 15 policemen in our house.

I went to see what was happening, and saw my father in handcuff. I asked the policemen, "what has he done wrong, let him go," but they never answered. They took my father straight downstairs, I yelled at them to stop and let my father go, but they just kept leaving. My brothers and I were very confused and scared because we did not know what was going on since we never had that many policemen in our house.

Then my mother started crying, and also yelled at the police to let her husband go. She did everything she could, but they never listened to her and left with my father. We were so scared, we did not know what was going to happen to our father and when he was going to come back home.

As they left, my mother called my aunt, and told her to come over. We were not able to go back to sleep. We stay awake until 7am. We got ready for school. When I arrived at school, I was very quiet. My classmates asked what was wrong, but I kept it a secret and told a lie.

At the end of the day, my father did not come to pick us up. My teacher asked me where my father was, I started crying. They took me to a room and we explained to them what happened to our father and why he did not come to pick us up. One of the teachers was very emotional and decided to drop us off at home. The teacher came and told my mother how deeply sorry she was about the situation.

My father came back home very late that day and told what happened and how he was treated. He told us that he could be leaving anytime, that the police can come back to get him anytime and that he can be deported. They put a monitory bracelet on his ankle. We became close to our father after that, because we want to spend as much time as possible with him. My brother and I join my father when he cuts the grass, or when he goes to prayer.

After that my parents went to the court. My father still doesn't have his paper, he can't get a job anymore, and he cannot support my mother and us.

I hope that this story doesn't happen to another family, and that this story can make Congress change the law.