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Growing up I learned that there were safe places in the world. Places you could go when you needed help, shelter, guidance, or safety. Where your anonymity would be respected or at the very least safeguarded. Watching the Hunchback of Notre Dame when I was 7 reinforced this. The idea of a Sanctuary made sense, a place where you were protected regardless of who you were so that no one would interfere with you carrying out the necessities/rights of being alive. A place off limits. As I grew into a young woman, I knew walking home from work or a friend's house that if there was trouble, there were people who could help me, places I could go to be safe. The police station, the library, a hospital, or school. There would be people who I could trust and tell anything to knowing that they would work in my best interests to protect me. That good triumphs over evil and there would always be help when I needed it. In my late teens I began traveling and learned those were not universal truths. Memories of standing in various places around the world grieving that this was not true for all, and no longer my truth, haunt me. Shots outside the school wall ringing in my ears as I dove to avoid gunfire. Fast forwarding to standing in a church that is now a memorial to the 5,000 people that took shelter there and were killed during the Rwandan Genocide in 1994. How could that happen? This place should have been safe, a sanctuary to all. And it was not very long ago.. Fast forwarding to screams waking me from a sleep and neighbors running to help neighbors being attacked because the police couldn't be trusted to help more than they would harm. Fast forwarding again to standing in my apartment explaining to a man in a uniform what the robbers had stolen from me, knowing that I was at more risk of the drunken man forcing his way into my home than in helping me get my items back. Fast forwarding, fast forwarding, fast forwarding.. and fast forwarding to now, dropping my child off at school, looking around and realizing that others are experiencing what I did in those moments simply by performing the basics of life in what should be a safe place. Having safe spaces is a public health necessity. Taking those away, harms all and creates trauma for our communities. Protect us. Ensure proper procedures are undertaken, that ICE is operating in a trustworthy way with warrants and proper documentation within a legal and just framework.