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Thirdblade

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Families For Freedom is a human rights organization led by members who are directly affected by the immigration system. FFF supports and advocates for members and the community to develop leadership skills. The Freedom Zine was created and contributed by our members who are fighting against deportation and detention, and in this issue, we're uplifting the #FreeThemAll campaign which FFF has been a part of.

The national #FreeThemAll campaign calls for the government to release people from all detention centers, prisons and jails. While the whole world is facing the COVID-19 pandemic, the urgency to #FreeThemAll has skyrocketed as the living conditions have rapidly worsened in these overcrowded and abhorrent facilities.

With COVID-19 cases increasing with little to none healthcare support nor access to adequate PPEs, people who are detained are at high risk of getting infected with no possible way of social distancing. And these cases eventually spread into neighboring communities w. Hence we're demanding ICE to #FreeThemAll and stop all deportations!

Here are some steps you can take to support the **#FreeThemAll** campaign:

1. Call your local officials to release incarcerated people from COVID-19 in prisons, jails, and detention centers.
2. Create your own #FreeThemAll graphics/materials and share them in your respective social media platforms and/or direct actions.
3. Stay connected and pay attention to news reports on the conditions of these facilities and spread awareness.

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I come from a land of Emerald Green

I come from a land of Emerald Green
The most beautiful place I've ever seen
Rivers, mountains, valleys, dale and glen
Inhabited by free birds including the Wren

There are 32 counties in this great land
But alas 6 are still ruled by Britain's hand
Just like the immigrants big and small
For God's sake people, please free them all

Gerard Matthews



To whom it may concern,

My name is Patience Nwaogbe. You don't know me yet. Hopefully, one day, that will change.

I am writing to you today in hopes that my words may bring you some sort of comfort. In the sense that you are not alone in this struggle that immigration has us going through, for one reason or the other.

I was born in Lagos, Nigeria, 1982. In 1986, my mother came to the US with her 5 kids. Life in the US was not easy for my family due to lead paint poisoning contracted by 4 out of us 5 children my mother had at the time. My mother sued the state and we, as an immigrant family, were "black-balled". Shelters were our only safe haven. That lasted until I was removed from my mother's house at the age of 11 ½ years old. I was placed in foster care until my 18th birthday, when I signed myself out. In 2009, I was arrested for a crime I was a victim in. It took 23 months in county jail to be found not guilty. After that, ICE took custody of me. They are trying to send me to a country that I don't know and that doesn't know me. Now, I'm not saying that that is your case. All I'm really saying is to find the faith and the strength to see the silver lining to find the light in all the darkness and believe that that tiny bit of light can and will grow. Like a child, it just needs the attention to develop into something great.

I believe that happiness is a state of mind. You have the power to achieve that happiness within yourself.

With deep care,
Patience Nwaogbe



I Come From

I come from palm trees swaying with the soft breeze.
Coconuts chopped down with machetes for their sweet,
refreshing nectar.
Mangos, Aguacates and Limoncitos growing in backyards waiting
to be picked. To nourish.

I come from taking those limoncitos that life gave us and
making lemonade.
Because what else drives you to leave your home, your people,
your heart for the unknown?

I come from bravery, struggle, heads held high, doing any job
you can to give your kids a better chance.
I come from Matriarchies. Guiding us with iron fists and
melting hearts.
I come from do as i do and not as i say.

From Follow your heart.
Do good
Do well
Love passionately.
Dance in the rain.
Love this earth.
Know your roots. Feel your ancestors. Love them too.
From Be free. Grow. Expand. Be limitless.

Wendy Rodriguez



The Price of Liberty and Justice

She ran away with her son from her country, her home,
from the turmoil, poverty, and death.
She ran to what She believed would be safety, wealth, life.
And Freedom.
She settled down in the only place
She could afford to live in this foreign world. The Hood.

Soon she enrolled Him in school
and the first thing He was taught
was the Pledge of Allegiance.

He was expected to recite it
everyday at the beginning of class.

He grew up saying "With Liberty
and Justice for all" and believing he
was included in "all".

He got older and joined the army.
When He returned after 4 long years
of risking His life and fighting a war
for His country
He noticed nothing has changed.

His people were still poor, the local
businesses were shutting down, and
the cops were still killing and
beating people that were
defenseless.

The 5-0 was relentless, they aimed
their guns at every black or brown
person that passed by. They threw
cuffs on them left and right, locking
his people behind bars.
One day He went out to buy a bev
and some snacks
And BOOM
That was it, He died.

"With Liberty and Justice for all",
you said?
Well, then explain why homeboy is
now dead
on a concrete bed?

Why is his mother a target now?
They're trying to exile Her?
Haven't they punished Her enough
by taking Her son?
Her only hope for Freedom.
He was Freedom.

AmeriKKKa: the nation that kills,
every day.
The nation that devastates from
sunup to sundown.
We've tried to make it our home.
We've tried to love it.
In return for our love, we are
punished.
Over and Over again.
And, yet, we still try.
And we pay the price.

Npenda Fofana and Fanta Fofana



The Misson

Made more with less
I was hopeless,
Fatherless,
Without strength
But in that dimly lit room with my entire family
I knew I still had a mission
Without or without the tools, I had to persevere.

Abdou Fofana



Freedom's Hope

From within the walls of captivity
many, are they who cry for freedom.

From all ends of earth they came,
The pursuit of a better life already
dreamt

Alas, some falls victim to
immigration

Oppressive laws.

Who will pen their freedom?

Who will rewrite or, correct
immigration

Unfair Laws?

To bring changes to decades of a
corrupt,

And, Freedom's Hope

From within the walls of captivity
Many, are they who cry for freedom.

From all ends of earth they came,
The pursuit of a better life already
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Alas, some falls victim to
immigration

Oppressive laws.

Who will pen their freedom?

Who will rewrite or, correct
immigration

Unfair Laws?

To bring changes to decades of a
corrupt,

And, unjust system.

May, the answer be our resolve,
To fight on in unity with one voice,

To continue the drumbeat of
freedom,

For our brothers and sisters till
victory

is theirs

To rejoice in hope, that soon,

The struggles will be over,

Freedom will prevail, and,

They will walk free

Hazel Thomas