

He was Born in 2004
Graduate
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My young children and I had police escort us to a domestic violence shelter two nights prior, and I reluctantly took them to school this morning. It was my attempt at normalcy. For years I was told they would be taken from me, and I would never see them again. Nevertheless, I had to work and trust nothing would happen to them. So here I was, dropping them off and heading to the office.

Scared, exhausted, alone, and working as a victim advocate in a district that had no other Spanish speaking advocates at the time. I was often called out by special request for non-crime related incidents. My ability to communicate with Spanish only speakers in a heavily occupied migrant community was a huge burden turned blessing.

A baby had died of natural causes, the mother, hysterical, called police. Since there was no crime, there was nothing they could do, and no knockdown house. I was overcome by a stench. It smelled like the room hadn't been emptied; and even though it was noon the room was still dimming. It's possible there was no electricity. That was, and still is, a

I was strong and confident so that the mother would feel like she was in control in that moment.

At that moment I felt. I held her gently as she cried and then I learned to create but accept that I might fail in my attempts to

My goal was to show care and respect to this young boy. All I could offer were my years of shared experience of human suffering.

He was dressed in miniature corduroy pants and shoes with a little plaid shirt. I saw everything else