

My Story: Part 10

"Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly."

- Martin Luther King, Jr.

"I have always found that mercy bears richer fruits than strict justice."

- Abraham Lincoln

Two thoughts entered my mind as I crossed the Canadian-US border. I had been down there about a week beforehand to see if I could meet some Matsqui Indians. But I arrived too late. It was dark and I thought I'd take a look around to see if I could find someone I could speak to.

As I walked around the trailer park, I drew the attention of the US mobile border patrol officer on duty that night. He asked me if I had crossed into the US. He added that if I had, I would have to be arrested. But I was still standing on Canadian soil, that is, on the Canadian side of the border. I'm not sure how he could have arrested me without illegally crossing the border himself. But that was not an issue pressing upon my mind.

Now my thoughts were these: Either I get into the US and go and get my possessions, and see my wife, or I get caught and I get to appear before an immigration judge to plead my case. I was not relishing the thought of being arrested, but the thought of giving up and waiting for my flight back to the UK felt too much like surrender and a grossly unacceptable defeat. Essentially, it was (for me) the less of two evils.

I was expecting, on the balance of probabilities, to be picked up by border patrol. It was just a matter of time. But I deliberately crossed the border at a time when I was (wrongly) informed their would be a change of duty and nobody would be on patrol. This was between 4pm and 5pm. It seemed to be my best chance of getting into the US without being detected. I crossed the border at around 4-10pm and was picked up very quickly. So much for someone else's advice.

There were no protests and I calmly allowed myself to be transported to an office in Lynden, Washington State ("WA"), US. Here I was 'interviewed' rather than interrogated and the people working from this small office seemed more humane than those I had previously endured ordeals with.

I was at this office several hours, I think, and then transferred to an office which I think was in, or close to Bellingham, WA. From here I was put in a rickety transport vehicle and taken South to an immigration detention centre in Tacoma, WA. Not an ideal situation, but ironically enough, they were bringing me closer to my wife. All I had to do now was try to get released and travel just around 140 miles to be with my beloved. Simple? Not exactly.

I got to the detention centre (North West Detention Centre - "NWDC") late in the evening on the same day (8th October). I had no idea what type of experience was awaiting me but had a mixture of emotions. Those which were negative I tried to ignore. I was focussing on achieving an objective.

From this point, I am transcribing my diary. This will take longer than expected. It will tell of my time at the NWDC - right up to the time I was due to leave.

I now refer you to the following link: **My Diary**. It will take you to a page which tells of my time at the NWDC.

Further to my diary, you will also find another link of importance:

(Immigration) pre-Court Statement

This is a modified copy of the statement I presented to the immigration court within the NWDC. This is for the benefit of those who have previously received letters from me indicating that the link would appear on this page.

I now fast-forward to December 29th. I am being sent back to the UK. I have had quite an experience at the NWDC. I have seen abuses, mental torture, I have met interesting people, I have seen the suffering illegal immigration brings.

My last hope of being released, now on parole, so I can get my possessions, is ignored by Homeland Security. The local director of Homeland Security in Seattle has ignored my plea. I am to be put on a Delta airlines plane back to the UK. Two ICE (Immigration and Citizenship Enforcement) officers will accompany me all the way back home. Destination: Heathrow Airport, London. This is where I continue with the next **part** of my story.

