

Your names are written in heaven

Lc 10, 20





YOUR NAMES ARE WRITTEN IN HEAVEN

Compilation of Anonymous

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*"Your names are written
in heaven"*

Teresian Carmelite Missionaries





Delving into the content of these pages means touching life not as someone who looks at a painting and remains amazed, but as someone who immerses themselves deeply in what it holds: pain, mystery, love, bitterness, and joy.

What is contained in this writing are real experiences of children, teenagers, and adults who, due to various circumstances beyond their control, were gripped by shadows of death and freed by acts of love.

With the utmost respect, I invite those who have the privilege of being able to know the experience of these young people, experiences told by themselves, to enter into each word not as someone reading a novel, but as someone who embraces the mystery in all its reality, allows themselves to be affected by it, and without any doubt, commits their own life to being part of this chain of liberation.

María José Gay Miguel

General Animator.

Carmelitas Misioneras Teresianas.

*"In memory of the first captain of this team,
who gave his life to sustain this cause,
for every victim and survivor,
for the rescued and those still awaiting liberation.
For these great women who support this cause,
silently and constantly."*









"When I held this little one in my arms and felt her rapid heartbeat and fear, I knew that's where I wanted to be. I wanted to tell her so many things,



explain so many others. But my biggest word was silence and a tight, enveloping hug that spoke for itself: you're safe, breathe, no one will hurt you anymore. This woman's effort to speak out is salvation for these children and young people. It seems like I can still hear her heart beating strong, and it gives me goosebumps."

24 – 01 – 19

"Today I was assigned to be part of the team for this cause and responsible for the psychological support of the victims. It is an honor for me to participate in this project and to be able to help the victims. I lost a daughter due to human trafficking, and today I have the opportunity to do for the victims what I could not do for my daughter. It is healing, it is liberating, it is living again."

24 – 01 - 19

"That night either we were going to die or live.
The atmosphere was strange, new people
arrived and there was a lot of tension.
I don't know how it happened, but when I came
out of shock, we were free and heading towards
the hospital. What a mixture of feelings!
The eternal wait for freedom coming to an end,
the fear of being captured again
and the punishment being unbearable,
the distrust towards everyone and the need to
believe that it's true, that it's over, that it won't
happen again.
The night is long. The mind is racing.
Is it real or a dream? I don't want to wake up,
I don't want to go back to hell."

29 – 01 - 19

"This started as a specific operation, rescuing
victims after a young woman's report. We didn't
think it would take the form it has or that it
would increase. Adrenaline rushes and every
minute and every day counts for these people.
The limits and operations are expanding.
Teamwork will sustain and guide us."

29 – 01 - 19





Each night, I hear in the street:

- "Look at the whore, let's play with the whore,
fun with the whore."

But behind what they call "whore", I am, Maria,
forced to prostitute myself to pay my stay here,
and to protect my 6-year-old sister.

They took my passport, my mobile phone,
I have no contact with anyone else except for the
pimps.

I was deceived.

No one looks at me, no one sees me.

Only the little clothes they make me wear,
my curves, and "that piece of flesh" with which they
will enjoy the night. They give me money as if they
were doing me a favor,

money that will never be enough to pay my debts.

I am Maria. She is Ana. She is Berta.

We are women. We are people. We are alive.

29 – 02 – 19

"In this business, there are the pretty ones and the ugly ones. And I was one of the ugly ones. They forced me to clean the rooms after each client and all the equipment they used, to serve drinks, to give massages. At night, before the service, I was in charge of delivering food to the girls who would go to work.

And when they arrived, I would clean their wounds and ensure "the contraceptive shower".

If a girl got pregnant, the punishment was for me. They had already threatened to kill my mother and run over my father, I couldn't leave, I had to stay there and do my job. Stay silent. Don't look.

Don't ask. Keep quiet. It was also hard.

I was also deprived of my freedom.

It was obey, die, or have something done to my family."

29 – 02 - 19

"The easiest thing is to think that Human Trafficking does not exist or that it does not affect us in the city where we live. It is a taboo subject that is better left untouched so that horror and fear do not circulate in our streets.

The worst thing we can do is to hide it because it grows like merciless giants, giving power to the traffickers and condemning the victims."





(Reunion of a mother with her two kidnapped daughters).

"Crying, screams, tears, kisses, and hugs, the present officer commented. Unstoppable. That mother and her daughters do not understand what happened, they only say it is a miracle!
(Mother): I won't have enough life to thank you for returning my daughters to me, you are proof that God exists.

The youngest, due to trauma, does not speak, but only said a few words: "thank you, my guardian angel". The eldest daughter, who fell into drugs because of guilt, asked for help to rehabilitate herself.

The 12-year-old just cries.
Thank you."

29 – 3 – 19



- Hello José, I heard that you are already talking.
- Yes, because I am not afraid anymore.
- That's good, and why aren't you afraid anymore?
- Because before, every night was full of terror, bad things happened to me and people did very bad things to me. I was surrounded by monsters and ghosts and very bad people. But now, every night I dream of my angel mom and I ask her to scare away all those people and monsters. And my Angel sends them away, and I fall asleep in her arms. My Angel told me that I can speak now, that I don't have to be afraid anymore.
- And who is that Angel, José?
- The girl who saved us.
- Do you know her?
- Not with my physical eyes, but with those eyes we have in our hearts, yes. And she is close by, every night she comes to visit me and I am not afraid anymore. I don't wet the bed.
- What a joy, José, I congratulate you.
- That's why I am not afraid anymore and when I grow up, I will get married to my Angel, and I will take care of her forever so that the monsters won't hurt her.
- Why do you say that, José?
- Because these people are very bad, but I will protect her when I grow up.



- That's good, José, do you want me to tell her?
- Yes, tell her to wait a few years and we will get married and I will be her protector and we will save many children. I also want to be an angel when I grow up.
(Jose, 8 years old)



5-4-19

"Some think that being a victim of trafficking is a choice, a consequence of bad decisions. It's not true. I was seeking a job opportunity to help my family, my mother and three small brothers. When my mother fell sick with cancer, they kicked her out of her job and left us with nothing.

As the oldest sister, I had to work. With no work experience and at 16 years of age, nobody offered me a job. We had to eat. They offered me a job as a waitress in a bar and it seemed like a good opportunity to help my family. That job turned out to be a nightmare, but I didn't know it at the time.

I was manipulated. I didn't seek it out. I never chose to be raped. I only chose to work as a waitress in the bar."

Let's call them Maria and Jose (they are siblings), both were kidnapped when they were 4 and 6 years old. They reunited after 6 years. Today they are 10 and 12 years old.

"Hello, how are you? It's great to see you both together and more recovered. Maria, you look so happy!

(Maria): "Yes, since I'm with Jose I started smiling again. And when we go live with mom Angel, we will be happier."

- "Why do you say that, Maria?"

Maria: "It's a secret! But we will go live with Angel, she won't say no to us because she has a mother's heart and won't abandon us!"

- "Maria, but you know you can't go with Angel, that's not possible, she can only be your mother in her heart."

(Maria): "Yes, that's why they can't stop me. Her heart is big and all the children in its center and many more can fit there. I know we can't go physically, but I want to ask her not to take us out of her heart, to be our mom from a distance. If her heart is big enough we can all fit in. Let's build a house like this (shows a drawing she made), in her heart, where we all live. So she will not forget us."

"You can ask her that, of course."

Maria: "Can you tell her? And we'll give her the drawing."

"Sure, what would you say?"





(Maria): "Angel mom, it's cool to call you that. I know you're my mom, even though we can't live together you're my mom because you gave me life and because you gave me back to Jose. I thought I'd never see him again because once when they were doing very painful and hurtful things to me, they said they killed him because of me. He's my only family and you gave him back to me. I love my brother, even though he doesn't speak and is sad... although sometimes he whispers to me, I love you Maria, and that makes me very happy! (Jose still doesn't speak at 12 years of age due to trauma, he has a complex trauma).

I want to ask you not to take me out of your heart! Adopt me. So that I have a mom forever. They said you're God's wife, so from there you can be my mom and that God my dad. Can it be? I'll behave well every day, I'll eat cauliflower and eggplant, I swear. I won't fight with Jose and I'll take the medicine that tastes bad. Oh, and when I grow up and they say yes, I'll look for you and give you a hug and thank you because I know today I have a family that loves me: I have Jose, an angel mom and a God dad. We'll go with Jose to look for you until the end of the world to thank you for giving us life again."

- "I'll tell Angel this, okay?"

-(Maria): "Yes, please, don't forget anything. Oh, and when we see each other we'll have a giant ice cream for the four of us: Jose, her, God and me. We like ice cream. Can you ask her?"

"Okay, I'll ask her."

(Jose cries and looks at me and says very quietly, barely audible) "Thank you, mom!"

"Angel, I'm sorry for letting you down. I was afraid they were going to kill us and I preferred to do it myself than let them do it. But it didn't work out.

Thank you for your letter, I wanted to talk to you, to hear the voice of the one who saved me from that hell. I think of you, what you look like, your eyes, your face, your words. You are brave and I am cowardly, I can't do it, they are powerful and evil.

You have given me life again, I don't want to die, Angel, not at their hands. I like what you wrote to me: that I am valuable. It's the first time someone has told me that my life is valuable. I would like to hear you say it and record it in my heart. It sounds good and if you say it, it's because it's true. I don't know you, but when you saved me, I know I can trust you and that you won't hurt me like those people.

I don't know who to trust here, I'm afraid of everyone, they're everywhere. I accept being your friend and having you accompany me on the way. I don't have friends. The people who used me and raped me are not friends.

And... who are those aunts and grandmothers? Can I choose the grandmother? Or well, both and all of them. It's just that I'm scared and I need all of them so they don't find me, so they save me from these crazy people. Please!

And... who is this God? Do you tell him to give me his strength like he gave it to you? To make me brave like you?"





"May he take away my fear. Tell him, if he gave it to you he'll give it to me. And so, I promise you I'll make that statement.

It's not that I don't want to help those other children, but I'm very afraid. Sorry for disappointing you, you'll think badly of me, but I'm afraid Angel mom; I'm not bad and I didn't want to try to commit suicide, but I don't want them to kill me.

I know you'll understand me, you know what this is like."

8 – 4 – 19



"Let's call them Maria and Ana, two new girls aged 6 and 7, kidnapped since they were 4 years old. They met each other that day, when they were rescued. They lived in the same brothel, but in separate areas.

-Did you finish your drawing? What did you draw, do you want to tell me?

(Maria): I drew a pregnant angel mom and there (points to the belly) I am and Ana is. Next to Angel Mom are my many aunts, because they said I have many aunts, I like having many, so they fill me with kisses and give me candy and take me out for ice cream. And my grandmother is there too, you said I have a grandmother and I'm happy because grandma will tuck me in, give me cuddles and cook me the food I like, because grandmothers cook well, and she will fight with mom when she doesn't let me go out for a walk because I didn't do my homework (laughs mischievously).

We are in mom's belly because it's warm and because she loves us very much. Nobody will hurt us there, they will give mom a seat on the bus and sing us lullabies to sleep. Oh, and with the money she gets, she will buy us colorful clothes. I like purple and Ana likes yellow.

(Ana): She is ashamed of what she drew and hides it."

- What's wrong, Ana? Do you want to show me your drawing?



"She starts to cry. She drew many monsters with many hands and long, fat penises, and she drew herself with a scared face, naked and covered in blood.

Spontaneously, Maria takes a pencil and teaches us all a lesson.

(Maria): No, Ana! Don't cry because we're not alone now, look, Angel Mom is here (she draws her over Ana, creating a cave with her body, hugging and protecting her from the approaching monster).

-No, they will hurt her, they will kill us.

-Look, Angel Mom has long and strong arms, and in that cave, no one will harm you (she erases and redraws her as muscular and strong).

(Ana): They will hurt her too, erase her, or we will be left without Mom.

Ana erases the drawing and cries.

(Maria): Don't be silly (and redraws her) Can't you see that she will protect you? Can't you see? She took us out of there and she has her hands extended in this house, along with many other angels, taking care of us.

(Ana): But she's not that strong, they are very strong and they cause a lot of harm. I don't want them to hurt you, or me, or Angel Mom.

(Maria): Maria thinks and says: Don't worry. She grabs the pencil and draws the grandmother and the aunts next to Angel Mom. Look, Angel Mom takes care of you, the grandmother takes care of her, and these aunts take care of her (points to the drawing) and these other aunts, and more and more... (She drew about 30)."

"This way no one can reach you or me, or Angel Mom.
Don't you think so? (Ana smiled).

- "How beautiful, Maria. That's right, Ana, no one will harm you here, and Angel Mom will take care of you from the sky and from the sun.

(Ana): Does she live in the sun? (She wipes away her tears)

- She lives in the sky, when the sun rises, she comes to hug you, and when the moon rises, she comes to watch over your sleep. (Ana smiles again and draws a big sun with a face and a smile).

(Ana): Now I like the sun because Angel Mom will give me hugs and cuddles. (Then she worries...) What if it rains?

The officer thinks for a moment, and Maria, spontaneously says: What a question, Ana! If it rains, Angel Mom will send you a rainbow.

(Ana): Okay! I won't be afraid anymore, and I'll go out to play in the yard every day to receive the hugs of Mom, aunts, and grandmothers.

(Maria): And here (points to Angel's belly) we will always be together, Ana, cared for with love. Just you and me."

10 – 4 – 19





"When human trafficking involves minors, everyone is moved, but when we are adults, no one cares about us.

They say that if we're there, it's because we want to be, that we chose this misfortune because we don't want to work in something else... These are the words I always heard when I tried to seek help.

They took away my documents and forced me to steal and beg for money. Then they would take it from me and keep it all for themselves. They threatened me that if I didn't do it, they would go after my children and grandchildren, and they would kill them. I saw them do it to another woman, I couldn't take the risk.

I tried to ask for help, but no one listened, no one listens to people on the streets. I went days without eating, winter nights without clothes on the street, because I didn't have the money they demanded every day. I was on the brink of death, but still, they didn't believe my story.

Until today. If I die today, I die happy because someone listened to me. Someone told me: I believe you. And they helped me."

10 – 04 - 19

"Let's call her Maria, she is six years old and was kidnapped at four.

(Maria): Where are you taking me? And hitting the officer, she says: please don't hurt me, it still hurts from Friday.

-Calm down, no one will hurt you here. Angel Mom has sent us.

(Maria): Who is Angel? And who is Angel's daughter? I heard them say she's my mom. But my mom's name is Sandra, and she doesn't love me. I don't want a mom who doesn't love me.

-That's why, Maria, since we know you want a good mom, Angel is willing to be one. She is the mom of many children like you who are suffering.

(Maria): Does Angel know that I'm suffering? I didn't tell her. Does she want to be my mom? I'm not very good, she'll get mad and won't love me anymore.

-Oh, she knows you and loves you, and she knows you have suffered. But she won't let it happen anymore. Did you know you have a very brave mom? And with a huge heart. And she is very loving and patient, she won't get angry.

(Maria): Really? It's just that my heart is very small."





"-Angel Mom's is huge, and we're proud that she's your mom." Maria laughs loudly and starts singing.

And spontaneously she says:

"I knew I was going to have a mom who loves me!
And many brothers and family. If she gets mad, I'll
make puppy eyes (and looks mischievous), I'll fill
her with kisses and ask her to forgive me.

When I grow up, I'm going to be a police officer and
make money, and I'll build a house for Mom and all
my brothers. And I'll let Mom sleep in and bring her
breakfast in bed. And I'll clean the house so she
doesn't have to work. So we're always together,
always. And for every child I rescue, we'll make a
room...and then, it won't be a house anymore, but
a building, the tallest in the world.

What's Mom's favorite color? Oh, and her favorite
food? Because we'll paint the house that color, and
we'll always eat her favorite food. I hope it's not
spinach because it's ugly, but I'll eat it for Mom.
And if not, I'll be an invisible nun like Mom, but I
have a little problem there because I misbehave
and tell lies.

- Do you tell lies?

(Maria): Yes, don't scold me because only moms
can scold, and don't tell her, please, because she
won't love me anymore. When I don't want to eat
spinach, I say that

I have a stomach ache. When they were going to sell me to those people, I pretended to faint and held my breath so they would think I was dead... And uff, so many lies: sometimes I don't bathe or brush my teeth, and I say that I do... And another time I stole a man's cellphone to call home and ask them to come pick me up, but it didn't work because I didn't know the number.

-Angel Mom will understand those little lies!!!

She interrupts, saying:

(Maria): Angel Mom is everywhere, you said it.

How does she do it? Does she have a secretary? Because if not, tell her I can be her secretary. Oh, first she has to teach me how to read and write because I don't know anything, and then to be organized (she laughs mischievously). But when she teaches me, I can be her secretary and I'll make her coffee in the morning, in the afternoon, and at night so she doesn't fall asleep because she has to save more children.

She grabs her head, thinks, and says: I'd better be all three things! And so Angel Mom will be happy that I'm her daughter."

14 – 4 - 19





"When the children were taken to the first home, Maria and Jose were filled with joy. A young woman said, "Today one less will be afraid, one less will be alone."

18 - 4 - 19



FOUNDATION OF THE FIRST HOME
OF MARÍA Y JOSÉ.

"One of the big problems you face when reporting is: where to go? What to do? When you don't know how to do anything else but prostitute yourself.

This house they brought us to is bright, big. We have individual rooms, we'll learn the language and a profession (I'll learn hairdressing), a psychologist will come to talk with us; and what's better: there's a doorman who won't let anyone approach who isn't authorized personnel. That calms me down.

The house manager says we're survivors, and although I still don't believe it, it sounds good. The process will be long, but I'm not in a hurry because I'm sure, and I've never felt this good before."

19 – 04 – 19





"Let's call her Maria, to protect her identity. The officer carries Maria in his arms, with many wounds. She has lost a lot of blood. She is 7 years old. She was found while being raped, tortured, and abused by 6 traffickers.

"-María, don't fall asleep, hold on, we're going to the hospital." The girl cries and trembles (she's pale, she's dying

Maria): op... (Tries to speak, but can't)

"Don't make an effort, calm down."

(Maria): hu...g

The officer hugs her tightly, Maria is cold. She smiles at him and says, "Thank you for saving me."

The officer tells her about Angel Mom, the mom of all suffering children.

(Maria): She says softly, "Thank you, Angel Mom, and your family. I knew you would come soon. I'm tired, I'm going to Angel Mom's house..."

And Maria died in the officer's arms, who cried as he saw how they had destroyed that little girl. The officer (who is Christian) said, "Today Christ died in my arms." And she cried.'"

19 – 4 - 19

"This work in this case has changed my life. I can't even call it work anymore because I'm not the same. Working daily with numbers, statistics, and papers made me an insensitive person who views reality from the chair I'm sitting in. But in this case, leading the team, I have gone out to the streets more than once, participated in operations, seen firsthand the pain and terror of the victims, the conditions they were in. And I cried... I cried for these people and I cried for myself, for my hardened and alienated heart, because I could have done more and I didn't, because I didn't fully grasp the atrocious reality that surrounds victims of trafficking. In my life, I gave many talks about this topic, but these talks are not even 1% of the reality. It horrifies me, it saddens me, it makes me feel guilty. I am no longer the same, today I can change."

19 – 4 – 19

"Do you think anyone voluntarily chooses pain, exploitation, abuse, and torture? No, that is not chosen. No one wants it for themselves. Trafficking will never be a choice."





"I am Ana. A woman abused and hated by life.
I am not a person or at least I never felt like one.
My own parents sold me to pay off their drug
debts. Without remorse or guilt, they got rid of me.
The neighbors did nothing, the school didn't miss
me. I traveled to various places, but not on
vacation, but for work, if you can call it that.
When they rescued me, I got angry, I thought:
"more lies that end up in nothing.
In a few days, they will send us to the street
and only worsen my situation."
But no, here I am, in treatment and in the process
of recognizing that I am alive, that I am a survivor,
that life is more than shit,
and that I can still live something good.
I am not an easy woman to accompany,
I recognize that, but these people have a lot of
patience. I will make it. One day I will be free."

Let's call them María and Ana, aged 7 and 9, as they wait for their transfer to the center.

(María): Where are they taking us?

-To a place where you will be cared for and protected. A peaceful place where there are no bad people.

(Ana): And how do we know that you are not one of them and won't do horrible things to us like the monsters?

(María): quickly responds: we will put you to the test, if you answer correctly, you are good, otherwise, you are one of the monsters.

(María): What is Ángel's name?

-I can't tell you her name, I don't even know it myself.

(Ana): says quietly: And how will Ángel be called Ángel? You already told her.

(María): shhh Ana, she might hear you. The guard laughs.

(María): Where does Ángel live?

-Far away, very far.

(María): Where?

(Ana): He doesn't know! And says quietly again: And where else do angels live if not in heaven? The police officer laughs.

(María): What does Ángel do for work?

-Many things, Ángel is very hardworking.

(Ana): He doesn't know anything, how silly...
Ángel works as a mom.

(María): Alright. This one is one of the good ones, not one of the monsters because he doesn't know anything. The guard laughs and asks them:





"Why do you say that?"

(Ana): because monsters always want to know everything to do harm, whereas good people don't need to know anything to be good. I hope they don't know where we are and don't find mom Ángel. What will happen if they find us? What will they do to us? When they get angry, they are very, very bad monsters.



- We won't allow that they will find you or Mom Angel. She is very important for everybody and we Will take good care of her.

19 – 04 – 19

"Today my granddaughter returned to my arms,
a daughter to me. Today the sky has heard my
prayers,

has seen my nights in agony. Today I have
recovered the greatest treasure of my life. She says
she is not the same anymore, that she has changed
a lot and that I will be ashamed of her. But for me,
she is still my little girl, innocent,
fragile, creative, tenacious.

They stole her from me, but today she returns to
me. Celebration. Joy. Happiness."

19 – 04 – 19

"Today I start as a volunteer at this center. The club of the "grandmothers" as the users call us, and yes, our grandsons and granddaughters, our daughters of the heart. What can I say? If we can make of this horror a balm for these people, what better way to spend life doing good?"





"Don't tremble, little Maria, the horror is over. You'll be okay." (Maria is 6 years old and has been raped moments before being rescued).

(Maria): "An Angel told me you would come, that I shouldn't be afraid, that everything was already happening. She was beautiful because she was a woman, had a luminous face and shiny hair."

"Really, Maria? It must have been Mama Angel, the protector of all children like you in danger."

(Maria): "I don't know, I just know she visited me and told me that. She was scared like me, but she said everything would pass, that she wouldn't allow them to hurt me anymore. And I believed her. These people are very bad, very, very bad, I'm scared too."

"Calm down, little one."

(Maria): "Where does Mama Angel live? How did she get here before you? Tell her I love her very much, I liked her warm hugs and gentle caresses. In her arms, I wasn't afraid until you arrived. They were going to kill me, but she and others who were with her took care of me. They didn't let the bad guys find me when I escaped to the patio. They passed by me and didn't see me. My angel made me invisible, and then you found me."

"Let's call her Maria, to protect her identity. She is 5 years old and was abducted 7 months ago from the hands of her grandmother, who was killed because of the shock she experienced."

(Maria): Your clothes are beautiful, you look like a princess.

(Maria): Yes, they are very pretty, I like flowers and colors. I hadn't worn clothes for months because they always... and she blushes (they always had her naked).

-Don't worry, now you look beautiful. Tell me something, Maria: why did they tell me that you wanted to ask me something?

(Maria): Yes, I want you to talk to your boss and ask him to change my name, because if my mom's name is Angel and she looks like an angel and does angelic things, I also want to be called like her to see if I behave well. Mom would be Angel, the aunts would be Little Angels, and grandma would be Big Angel. (she laughs mischievously)

-Funny names, huh?

(Maria): It's in order of size. When I grow up, I'll be Angel, and when I have grandchildren, I'll be Big Angel. She laughs again. I want to grow up quickly to be like Mom Angel and I want to save the children, and lock up the bad guys and have houses for the children. We'll build many houses in the sky and make a giant ladder





so that we can go up to the sky and be at peace. In each cloud, there will be a house, and the rainbow will be the bridge between houses so we can visit each other.

Because there are many bad people on earth, let's not invite them. So... I know! We'll put a detector for bad people at the door, and when they come, the cloud will open, and they'll fall back to earth. Only the children and young people of Mom Angel can live here... Well, it's okay if she wants to invite someone else who is good too.

Oh, and to make it perfect, there won't be any schools (laughs), vaccines, or spinach. And we'll put a factory for ice cream and chocolates. Do you think Mom Angel will like it? I'll draw it, you buy it and build it, and then we'll blindfold Mom Angel and the aunts and grandmothers and take them to "Angel Land," and when all the children have gone up, you remove the ladder so that no one can reach us. Do you like it? It will be the best and happiest house in the world."

26 – 4 - 19

*A note of a young Mary who took her life
because of fear.*

"Mom Angel, how beautiful it is to know that I have a mother who loves me and will cry for me, a family with aunts and grandmothers. Forgive me for failing you, but I can't take it anymore... They are coming for me, you know it's true, and they also want to find you. You are strong, I am not, and I can't, I'm very scared. But I die happy that you helped me to speak up and taught me to tell the truth, that you told me that I am valuable and that I am good. I die happy because I helped others to live as you did with me. Mom Angel, thank you for taking me out of that hell. I die happy because I do it freely, because today I can choose to do something to save my life, even if they tell me that killing myself is not the way, I swear to you that it is for me. I will go with your other children to heaven, and from there, I will help you, I promise. I'm very scared. And I know that I will make you suffer, but forgive me. I love you, Mom."

27 – 4 – 19





"I was born 27 years ago in captivity, I don't know any other world than this one. I'm not saying I like it, no. Sometimes they hurt me a lot. But it's what I know, what I've lived my whole life, what I've learned. I don't know who my father is, and my mother died at the hands of her trafficker. I'm the daughter of anyone, of everyone, and of no one at the same time.



I don't know if I'm happy to be here, nor angry. I don't feel anything."

"I don't know in what bubble I have lived my whole life. I started as a volunteer in this center, and I am horrified. Is all these people in my city? All these missing people, and I didn't know? How much pain in families, how much pain in the lives of these innocents! In what bubble have I lived all this time?"

"Let's call them José and María to protect their identity. Siblings aged 6 and 8. Sold by their own parents last year. We brought them together at the center, and they have just recognized each other, crying with excitement.

- Why are you crying, little ones? It's a reason to be happy, being together, don't you want that?

Children (in unison): We're happy, yes.

(José): I thought I would never see María again, that when they took her away, they killed her. They said they had cut her into pieces and fed her to the dogs. I cried a lot because it was my fault that we were separated, because I bit that disgusting man. They got angry and took her away, and they told me they had killed her.

(María): They told me that José had abandoned me because he didn't love me anymore, because I was ugly and fat. And since then, I only ate three spoonfuls of food until I became so thin, hoping that José would come back and love me because I had lost weight.

- But now you are together, and you know that neither of you would have wanted to be separated.
- (José): I used to pray to the angels and the stars to kill me so I could be with María, those are the only prayers I know (and he recites: guardian angel... little star, where are you?). But if I had died, I wouldn't have found María.
- Yes, José, now you are together, and you have an Angel who loves you and a big family.





(José): Of course, because angels are good and beautiful... I knew she would come, soon, very soon.

Because I had no more strength left and my little angel wouldn't let me die because I had to find María.

I love María and I will always take care of her.

(María): Where does mom live? Will this mom not sell us? I want a mom, and a house, and a doll, and for her to hug me and give me kisses, and for us to eat ice cream and get our clothes dirty, and for dad to get angry and then be happy.

- She lives far away, but she loves you.

María says to the officer: So, do you want to be my dad? I'm afraid they will hurt us again, it hurt me a lot.

-Nobody will hurt you, María, neither you nor José. And mom Ángel loves you and takes care of you from afar, she won't let anyone hurt you.

(María): Okay, I will save this bed for when she comes and I will save all the candies for her to have many and stay longer, and when she comes, I will hug her so tight that I won't let go and I will hold onto her hands so she doesn't lose me. She pauses and thinks... Or maybe not, because that way she saves more children, so I will save this bed for another one of her children, I already know that she loves me and will love them.

-Yes, María, mom Ángel, the aunts, and the grandmothers love you very much.

(María): Can you tell them something? Thank you for saving us and for bringing José back to me. I don't know how to pray, but I will learn, and when I learn to pray like José, I will ask the little angels and the stars to tell me where the other children are so that I don't lose any of them. And José and I will wait here to take care of them, dry their tears, give them candies, and tidy their beds and clothes, okay? That way, everything will be fine, and they will have time to come and play with us."

26 - 4 - 19

"I have been working in this house for a week. Thanks to all of you who make this house possible, thank you for rescuing all these people. Thank you for searching for them, finding them, and bringing them here. You make this world a more humane, kinder, and more real place. Thank you."





Testimony of the mother of one official.

"There is no worse pain for a mother than seeing her child die... One would want to be the one to die so that her child can live, children should bury their parents, not the other way around. My heart is shattered, my only son, my baby, my pride. Every time he called me and said, 'Mom, pray for us today, we have a difficult operation,' my heart closed with anguish. I wished he had chosen something else for his life, a businessman, a greengrocer, a teacher, anything but a police officer in that department.

The last calls were, 'Mom, we rescued so and so,' and I saw his excitement and joy, and I understood that this was his life, that he didn't mind risking his life. In that, he found the meaning of his life, and I always told him, 'Son, I love you!!! If I die one day, be sure that I will be doing the right thing, we must be honest and fight for life always.

Today our hearts are broken as we say goodbye to his remains. I am proud of my son and his huge heart. I wish God had left him with us for longer, but it was enough for our lives to be different. His son is 18 years old and says that, in honor of his dad, he wants to be a police officer.

Tell that young woman, Ángel and her people, my son spoke to me about her, although he did not know her, that they should not give up, that the best way to honor these men and women and to make our pain worthwhile is to continue fighting for so many lives... It is the cause of the people, of the nations, although silent, engraved in our hearts."

28 – 4 - 19







Last words, from a girl, before dying.

She asked the doctor to send a message to her
mom Ángel:

"Mamá Ángel, forgive me, I can't anymore, I don't
have the strength. Thank you for loving me and to
the aunts, grandmothers, and my godmother.
These have been the happiest days of my life, the
only ones, in this home.

Don't tire of fighting for young people and children
like us. You saved my life and gave me happy days.
Thank you. I will wait for you up there, I know that
the God you told me about will receive me in your
name. I love you and the aunts, grandmothers, and
my godmother.

I am not baptized, will you baptize me?"

3 – 5 – 19

"You are worth nothing." They tell you this every day and little by little you believe it.

You don't deserve anyone's help, that's what they make you believe, and little by little you believe it.

You never stop fighting, but you stop hoping for an opportunity. You fight to survive. That's what every day is about.

Some survive. Others don't."





Rescue of the body of Maria, who passed away eight months ago. She was 7 years old.

The mother, when we called her and told her to come for a possible identification, automatically screamed:
"nooo! Tell me she's not dead."

Upon arriving, before letting her in, accompanied by one of her brothers, we explained the situation. And she said: "they stole her from me!"

The uncertainty, guilt, and anguish of these eight months, of not knowing where she was, whether alive or dead, whether near or far, is terrible, horrible, and desperate. There were days when I heard her laughing in the yard and I looked out and she wasn't there, other times when I set the table my subconscious betrayed me and saved her place in case she came. I went to the park and saw a back with hair like my daughter's and ran towards her thinking: I found her. And then, the hard blow of seeing her face and discovering that no, it wasn't my daughter.

Eight months without sleep, without being good for anything. I lost my job, my husband, my daughter's father, left me because he got tired of me. I rebelled against God, telling him he's a fraud, that he doesn't love his children, that he abandoned me and my family. Three days ago, desperation consumed me and I spoke to God again and demanded, implored, even forced him to give me back my daughter. And I said: even if you give me her body and let me hug her one last time, kiss her, and cry with her."

And today you are calling me and I don't understand why. It hurts me that she's dead and it's a heartbreaking pain, but I'm glad that you found her... God fulfilled what I asked for, he couldn't leave me in this unbearable uncertainty. A mother can't live without knowing about her child, if I could go back in time and avoid that pain, I would tell her: run, daughter!! And I would have struggled and let them take me or kill me instead. I can't change what happened, but now I know she's dead, I can cry with her, kiss her wounds and tell her to rest in peace, that I'll take care of her even in death. I can visit her. Everything is better than the agony of not knowing where she is. Thanks to that Angel and everyone who collaborated on this. Thank you for giving me back my daughter so I can hug her one last time. And whisper in her ear: your mom loved you, loves you, and will love you forever."

4 – 5 - 19





A testimony of a grandmother who encountered her granddaughter.

"My daughter and her husband died in a car accident, and I was left in charge of their children. Maria, the youngest... She was stolen from me one day. I was pushed on the street, broke my hip, and couldn't run after her. I have been crying for her absence for three years, carrying the guilt of my clumsiness and old age, of what would have happened if I had run after her, if I hadn't let her go. I would give my life to go back to that moment.

What I want to tell you is that I knew she was dead, I felt it in my heart. I asked God, I believe in Him a lot, to help me find her body. That she could rest peacefully with her parents... That since I couldn't save her life, at least I could give her a dignified and family burial. I asked God to do this before I died; I am already old and the wear and tear of anguish has deteriorated my health. I have been declared terminal, I have metastasis, they have given me two months to live, one month has already passed...

And today God grants me the opportunity to bury my granddaughter. Do you know what that means? It is the greatest gift, I need her to be able to rest in peace. We will all go to meet up above, together! What evil separated on earth, today His goodness unites in heaven. Thank you! Don't stop fighting.
are many of us who mourn our children and grandchildren.

Those of us who don't know where they are.

The best thing that ever happened to me in life is this, knowing that now I have a family, that someone thought of me and fought to set me free.

I have a grandmother and I always wanted to have one. The doctor tells me about her, and I want to meet her. It's crazy, but I know she's with me and that she's fighting for me to recover and smile again.

I want her to be proud of me. I'm not alone anymore.

We seek answers that would give meaning to so much atrocity. How is it possible for a human being to become so inhumane and perverse to the point of harming the defenseless?

How is it possible for indifference to win and for us to pass by those in need, not looking at them?

When did we forget that we are brothers, that we are children of the same family?



Let's call them Maria and Ana (16 and 14 years old).

- Why are you crying?

(Young people): It's because we can't believe it, we are out of that ***** (Profanity).

(Maria): I thought I would die there and grow old being a whore.

- Today you have a new chance to live.

(Young people): It's incredible, it seems unreal, it's as if we are going to wake up and all those monsters are going to come, but no, they are not here anymore.

When you are inside and the years go by, you think that no one will remember you, that you have disappeared from the world. And that's how it is... No one takes a risk for you, you have grown up, no one cares about you. And suddenly, strangers take a risk and save you, it's cool, it's strange... I mean, what will we do? I mean, our lives are already ***** ...

- Your wounds will heal, we are here to help you... And you have a lot of life ahead of you... You will be happy again, smile again, and live in peace.

(Young people): It's been years since we forgot what peace is, being happy and smiling. We'll see if it's true that everything will change. It

seems like one of those impossible dreams... I hope it's true, I hope it doesn't end soon. That hell was horrible, there you can only wish to die, it's better than falling into their hands. But here, maybe we can live.

It's all very crazy."

16 – 5 – 19





(Testimony from one of the "goddaughters").

The errors are kept to give it meaning.

"Godmother: I feel embarrassed to write to you because of my mistakes, but since you said I could do it, I am. Thank you for your caresses and hugs, the girls say I'm crazy but every night I feel you close to me, and that makes me feel safe. Mom Angel says you are very, very, very good and speaks highly of you.

So I'm really happy that you are my godmother. From your questions, I really like sports and the teacher says I'm very good. I'm doing okay with my studies, I'm learning. Next time I'll write you a longer letter, I don't really know how to express what I still feel.

I'm sending you my information so that one day you can come and see me, give me a hug, and we can talk a lot and I can tell you about my things, if you want.

I want to meet you because I imagine you as another angel like mom, with a very nice face."

23 – 5 – 19

(Testimony from one of the "goddaughters").

"Tell her I can't talk because I took Maria's
medication.

Tell her I'm not behaving well, don't be angry about
it,

but I don't know how to behave well, I don't know
how to let myself be taken care of.

I always think that they are good to
me because they want something
from me, I always have the feeling
that they want to abuse me.

I can't help it, it's a constant feeling
in me. I'm a little scared... very
scared...

Thank you for taking care of me.

Thank you for taking care of me.

Thank you for loving me."



23 – 5 – 19





Let's call her Maria, she is 19 years old, was kidnapped at 5, and is very traumatized and affected. They made her addicted to cocaine.

"With an ironic tone, Maria says: What happened that you come to look for us and take us with you? If nobody cares about us. Until they remembered that we exist

.-We care about you, Maria, there are many people behind this, worried about you.

(Maria): Really? Look at me, look at us, if we're worth nothing, we only serve to give it hard and make the clients happy. We don't know how to do anything else, I don't know how to do anything else. People like me should never have been born, and as long as we live, we are condemned forever.
You're too late (Maria is very angry)

.-Maria, no, you still have a lot of life ahead of you, we are willing to take you, if you want, to rehabilitate you, to receive therapy, to have a bed and food, where nobody demands anything from you and where they don't hurt you. Maria, you have a lot of life ahead of you. There are two young people your age who testified to save you. This is a chain of love to save them, let us help you, please.



(Maria): I won't have to sleep with you? Won't you torture me until I'm torn apart? Won't you force me to sleep with 20 people a day? Won't you steal my children or kill them? Won't you take away this baby? It's the sixth one they've taken from me... I'm worthless, I have no one in the world, but I want to have my baby, I want to learn to be a mother for him or her, I want to tell them that someone loves them, I want them to grow up in a different place, where no one will rape or sell them, I want to see them laugh at everything I couldn't. Please help me, rather, help my child, don't let them fall into their hands. Help me be the mother and father I never had, it's the only thing that keeps me alive.

-Of course, Maria, come with us, we will help you and the baby you are expecting.





(Testimony from a "goddaughter").

"Today my godmother wrote me a letter, I received it just when I was thinking of committing suicide.

How did she know I was going to do it? Before, when I thought of committing suicide (and I've had several attempts), I didn't care, because I didn't feel anything for anyone. But yesterday, I cried thinking that if my godmother and grandmother found out that I had died, they would suffer a lot. Now I belong to someone. Now I understand what the doctor means when she says that someone loves me, that I'm not alone in the world."

2-6-19

"Godmother, I want to ask you not to leave me alone and to keep accompanying me because I'm scared. I don't really know how to talk about what's happening to me, Mom Angel told me that sometimes she feels the same way. Can you help me? Mom Angel says you take care of me with a lot of love and that, even if I don't see you, you're always by my side and I'm happy to know it. I love you even though I don't know you."

2 – 6 – 19

"Can you tell my godmother that I love her and that I would like to go with her? I also don't know how to talk about what's happening to me, I'm afraid of making mistakes, and I have nightmares at night. I wish for a hug, I wish to go with her for a while, until all the ghosts in my head and body disappear."

2 – 6 – 19

"Being a volunteer in this house gives meaning to my life. With these people, I learn not to complain so much, that I am fortunate for the life I have and because I haven't suffered even half of what these people have. Being a volunteer makes me feel like I can change the world, even if it's just a little. That I can do it. That I am doing it."

2 – 6 – 19

"In this time of pandemic, these women have found the best way to support the victims. They come up with ways to make it possible, to get close to them, to take care of them. I don't understand how they do it, but the facts speak for themselves. This experience is incredible and what happens in this house."

2 – 6 – 20





Testimony of Maria with her grandmother.

"Oh, my dear! They embrace and cry inconsolably. She hugs the officer and says, "Thank you for giving me back my daughter's life, thanks to Angel for being brave, for daring to report. Poor people like us can only hope that someone will perform a miracle for us. They asked me for money, but I didn't have it, and even though I worked hard to save, it was never enough. The neighbors helped me. But they are poor like me. Thank you, Angel, for giving our children back to us, for giving us the will to live, for bringing back the light in my eyes. Thank you to her grandmother and aunts for all the care and love... Oh, I don't know what else to say because the emotions overwhelm me. Thank you, Angel, thank you, grandmother and aunts, thank you... Only an Angel could be capable of helping us. Thank you, thank you, thank you. I want to give the best to my granddaughter, even if it's little, and help her forget this horror."

4 – 6 - 19



"Today I want to talk about a great woman who, in the background, silent but present, accompanies this cause. A woman who, without standing out, leaves a mark, who, without showing off, makes herself present, who, without touching, makes the overflowing love felt. I am a witness to what "the grandmother" means to the children, young people, and adults in this house.

I am a witness to what it means for the grandmothers' club and other staff. When they talk about the grandmother, they talk about her surprising presence."

4 – 6 – 19





*TESTIMONY from the father and uncle of the
Marías.*

"Just as I have cried and hated those bastards who took them away from me, today I jump for joy because of this Angel who returns them to me. The doubt, the anger, the hatred become unbearable when you don't understand or know what's happening. But today I have them here thanks to these people, and I swear on my life that no one will separate them from me again, even if it costs me my life.

Today, I can let go of the hatred I feel. I used to go out every day searching for them, wishing to come across the person who took them from me so I could kill them with my own hands. But today, all that matters is that they are here with me, alive! Thank you because, without knowing us, you help us. Thank you for understanding our pain, the pain of thousands of families. In this town, there are 20 missing children, and no one has returned them yet. Now it will be 18, and many families will have hope again to recover them."

4 – 6 - 19

Testimonio de la mamá de María.

"Thank you (and she cries inconsolably)... Today is the happiest day of my life because they have returned to me what I love the most, my girl, my little one, my baby. They didn't let me see her grow up, but I swear to you that I will put all my energy into giving her a happy life and making her forget the harm they caused her. May they rot in jail so they don't ruin any more lives, and these people...

These people are a sun, they are the best thing that ever happened to us in life, they are proof that God exists, that for the poor, God also exists!

To her godmother, her aunts, and grandmothers, thank you for taking care of my little one, my heart is breaking with joy, I can't explain what it means, I have no words. Only my trembling hands and tears that scream out: thank you!

To everyone! Thank you, Angel, for protecting our children."

8 – 6 – 19





This is from the personal notebook of a young woman who passed away yesterday, dedicated to her godmother:

"I'm so happy! Today, Mama Angel listened to me, didn't belittle me for who I am. She told me that I'm valuable, that she loves me. I don't know why she loves us without knowing us, but I like it when she says it... She has a voice like an angel, soft, sweet, patient, I like it when Mama Angel laughs, I laugh too."

"Today my godmother sent me a message, it's the best thing that ever happened to me in my life...

She says she caresses me at night, and that's exactly what I feel. Nobody believes me, but I know it's true. When I feel scared at night, those caresses calm me down, I curl up and fall asleep peacefully... She says she takes care of me, and I believe it, it's something crazy that I can't explain, but I feel it, I feel it."

"My godmother told me that there are many good things about me and that I am a very special person, and that I am not alone because in addition to how much she loves me, I have a godmother who loves me madly and many aunts who do too. That makes me feel strange, but happy... I'm not used to people loving me without asking for anything in return..."

It's nice... I'll go to the doctor to tell her everything that's happening to me because Mama Angel says that will help me feel better and not cry alone, and I want to believe in Mama Angel and what she tells me. I want to grow up to be strong, brave, and happy, like Mama Angel, and to be affectionate and tender like my godmother... She writes so nicely... So cool."

"My godmother replied to me and didn't get angry about my mistakes, yay! That's proof that she won't demand anything from me that I can't or don't want to do, but I'll try to write nicely to surprise her one day... She said let's dream together that one day we'll meet, and I'm going to dream it. Mama Angel says dreams come true. And I want to meet Angel and my godmother, I imagine them so beautiful."

"I don't want to die like José, I'm starting to enjoy living, I'm fine, I feel loved, I don't want to die. I wish someone in my family loved me, but well, now I have the love of those who are my family. Today my godmother told me that I don't have to die... and that calms me down... I don't know my godmother's name, but from now on, I'll baptize her as Sweet Godmother."





"Today I am very happy, my godmother sent me a really nice message and my mom Angel talked to me about many things that made me think and made my heart happy... I liked that my godmother answered my questions and gave me the recipe for loneliness. I love you both and want to have you with me always."

"Today I am sad, I didn't like the talk with the psychologist, I didn't feel well. Godmother, come visit me, I need you. I don't want to think about everything that makes me feel bad, but the monsters keep coming back. They don't go away. Godmother, come today, please."

"God, Mom Angel believes in you a lot: can I ask you not to leave me alone and to always have their love? If it's not too much to ask. Can I ask you to have my godmother come tonight? At night, I am more afraid, and she will scare away the monsters."

Today I baked cookies for the kids who will go home, and they turned out delicious. Everyone thanked me, and I felt very good. When I talk to Mom Angel and my godmother again, I will tell them that their recipe works and does good. I want to bake cookies for them one day and thank them for all the good they do. Also, to all the aunts!



"Lately I have been writing to you, God, do you read my messages? Thank you for this opportunity you give me. Even though I cannot express to everyone how I feel, I want to tell you that something is changing in me and that I am feeling good, much better, even though I don't know how to express it yet.

My tongue is in knots, but one day I will be able to speak and express what I feel, speak and express what I feel.

Today is not all black, now there are some colors".

My tongue is in knots, but one day I will be able to speak and express what I feel.
speak and express what I feel.

Today is not all black, now there are some colors".

"If I could hug my godmother tonight, I would tell her not to miss me. I know my decision will hurt. but I can't take it anymore. She and Mama Angel will miss me. There are so many monsters. I am afraid. I don't want to go back to that hell.

Godmother I love you, you taught me to love and to smile again. I am just afraid. I'm sorry.

10 – 6 - 19





"I had a lot of nightmares, so mommy Angel sent me to grandma to fight all the bad guys. and she stayed by my bedside and fought for me. And hahaha (she laughs mischievously) and the aunts, they were there too and they pulled them out one by one by the ears. (She had many nightmares and hallucinations that they were coming to kill her).

And each time they came less and less and I could sleep better and calmer ... mom sang me the little blue star and grandma and the aunts stood at the door and no one could enter. And since it's been two weeks now that nobody comes in and I sleep peacefully and nobody tells me that he will do bad things to me, I can talk. My grandmother caressed and tickled me until I could talk.... And the aunts when I spoke, they kissed me and my mom hugged me and told me that she is proud of me. Don't look at me with that face, I'm not crazy, really they come every night and whenever I sleep..... I'm not crazy.... I am hungry.

The therapist just gets emotioned.... She doesn't understand anything, but she is happy that Maria is well...".

1 – 7 - 19

Maria is 14 years old.

"(Maria): I'm happy, they found us! Many people saw what was going on, but no one was trying to do it for us. For image, appearances or fear, it was better not to know. We are children, but we have grown up all of a sudden, we even talk like them. The confinement was horrendous, the smell, even of those who died and were left for weeks in the same space.

Working and working for them to earn money, not getting all the money and knowing that I would expect punishment, beatings or torture. It took them a while to come, but here they are, better late than never. If there is such a God, I would ask him not to let me die in this hell and prisoner, that is to die in life. I want to live, even if I don't know if I can do it or not. My mind is blocked, my heart is broken. I no longer know who I am, nor do I remember what they say I'm worth.

But I want to live. Nothing will be worse than what I have already lived.

Thank you for coming for us.

14-7-19





"What I find most difficult to face is uncertainty, it's like a cancer that eats away at everything. It distresses me not to know, it's hard for me to be patient and wait, when I don't see the way. Uncertainty means believing blindly, continuing to trust in God and that the work is His.

Sometimes it is not knowing if she will live or die, if I will find her or not, if everything will end or go on eternally. Sometimes I don't know what I should choose."

"I miss talking to Mama Angel. I know that she, grandma and aunts are still by our side, that they will never do anything to hurt us.

I miss them. I need them. I'm still not free and happy.

As Mama Angel says, "true liberation will come when I am able to recognize that I am valuable, that I am alive."

"As the person responsible for this cause, at many times I believed that the Church and the police could not work together. Incompatibility of visions and actions.

But I discover that it is not. Working together opens me to a new perspective, a new working vision. For me a job, for them a mission. But in all cases, a desire for justice and liberation.

This makes me more attentive, more sensitive, more human. Teamwork becomes vital, it becomes relevant".

"Rest in peace Ana, rest in peace Maria, your names are already written in heaven.
I believe it. I witness it.
God is waiting for you with open arms."





"To Angel and all her supportive family.

How can I thank you for all that you do for these children and young people?

How can I thank you for letting me be with them? The hugs received, their tears and fears are all mine now. I want to be able to take care of you one by one, for you and for them.

I want to tell you that we are family and team and, thanks to Angel's testimony, I will not abandon them.

The children have told me all that these days and weeks have meant, how mom Angel took care of each one of them, the pain and suffering caused to this young girl.

Angel, rest assured that as long as we are here they will be fine, soon everything will be back to normal. I have nothing left to lose in this life, I have already lost everything, but in return, I have gained these grandchildren, thanks to you. Do not tire of fighting for this cause, you are the strength of these children and ours. Angel supports us and sustains the children. Please fight and be strong. Thank you for thinking of us and interceding for us to be here today.

We will not betray you, they are our children too".

15 – 2– 20

"When you stop waiting, it's like dying while alive.
That's how I was, dead in life. Buried in my
memories, buried in my wounds.

It wasn't easy to let myself be helped. Nor was it
easy to understand that being a survivor is a gift
and not a punishment.

I will never be completely normal again, but I am
learning to know myself and to know another
side of people, that maybe some good people
do exist in the world, who don't ask you for
anything to help you, who just want to see you
happy.





Angel, "aunts, grandmothers," "mysterious grandmother" (the girls already told me about the mysterious grandmother).

When I arrived at this house my heart broke with pain... It seems that I am still looking for their little faces, their kisses and hugs.

I promise you that, even if it is the last thing I do (I don't have that much life left, or if, I don't know, now I would like to live an eternity until these dwarfs are all free) I will protect each one of them with my very life. My children are grown up and live far away, no one is in danger and for that reason, I choose to be here. I promise you that this is the best thing that has ever happened to me, I will give them all my love and all my affection.

I am not a literate or educated woman, but I am a mother and a grandmother and that gives me a lot of wisdom.

Angel and family, do not abandon us, do not abandon the children, keep looking for them, I will be here to take care of you all, I promise you.

No more deaths.

Angel, you are my Angel and my hope".

15 – 2 - 20

"Let's call her Maria, a six-year-old girl. Maria looks at her dress and smiles.

(Maria): Are we going to a party? Maria smiles again.

-Why do you say that, Maria?

(Maria): Because of the dress.... Today is a feast day, this day ends and no one has hurt me, no ugly things, neither have I bled nor was I tied up, I have eaten all four times, well six because I ate what Joseph did not eat (and she laughs). It is a holiday, and I have a nice dress and the grandmas gave me (and shows her little hands) all these hugs.... And the water was warm (from the bath) and there was foam and my towel has little bears.... Everything is cute and it's a party....I love mama angel, the grandmas and the other kids too.... And I love the grandmothers and aunts and uncles who are not here but who told me they are magical. And I love the grandmothers and the kids....

I don't know what "I love" means but the grandmothers told me I love you and if they feel that way about me I feel that way about everyone. We'll have a party, I never had one.... This day has been different from all my days, I'm afraid it's not real and tomorrow the monsters will come back. Shall we celebrate? That tomorrow the magic may end when the monsters come. I like my dress, but they'll tear it, and I'll bleed, and they'll hurt me and I won't eat. Mary bursts into tears.





Let's call her Maria.

"Maria, don't you want to go play?

(Maria): Later. I want to stay here (and points to the armchair). It's soft and squishy and doesn't hurt me. I always slept on the floor and the floor had stones that hurt and didn't let me sleep. On the other hand, here (and she curls up in a fetal position) it's soft.

-Well, Maria, but you have to eat, at least. (Maria): All this? (Mary): Wow. This is more than we eat in a week. (She has her bowl of milk with colacao, a bread with ham and a jelly).

Can I eat this? I'll save the rest for the other kids who come, they'll come hungry too. Ahhh... (And he takes off his coat) ... You can give this to those who come and are cold), I'm nice and warm here.

- Who will come, Maria? Who are you waiting for?
(Maria): The other children...
- What children?

(Mary): The ones that Mommy Angel and her magic team will bring home. If they rescued me, why won't they rescue others? We are all sad and those voices want to rescue us.

- Who are those voices Maria, are they in your head?

(Maria): No! And it's not in my head and I'm not crazy. Those people who came to visit us and told us to shout loudly so they would find us, those people will rescue the other children. The one who hugged me told me.

- And who are they, Maria?

I don't know, I don't know them, but they are good people. Thanks to them we screamed and you found us in the well. I hope that beautiful woman comes back to visit me.

I want to thank her and give her a hug.

30 – 5 - 19



Testimonies of some of those rescued at Christmas

"Thank you for coming for us, they were going to kill us, after tearing us apart and hurting us so much. God, Santa, the elves or whoever, remembered us and made us a miracle this Christmas.

This is a nightmare.

There are more people downstairs (points to where).... You think? For the full service and prepayment of anyone on this floor (youngsters between 14 and 17 years old) they would get 24 hours free of anything and everything with anyone downstairs (children up to 7 years old).



They are monsters. So far this night we have already destroyed many of them.

God, Santa or the elves listened to us, they could not leave us here anymore, we were all going to die, in these dates even some or many, pay for the service with corpses, they like it.

It's a miracle.... can't believe it yet. They, and he points to the others, are my family, here the invisible ones are all family, we have no other family than each other... and it hurts to see the family die and suffer and not be able to do anything because you are the same or worse than them. (She bursts into tears and does not say more).

- You are good, your eyes are shining, why are you crying? (The girl asks the officer when she sees her tears escape).

-I have a daughter your age, and when I saw you I thought of her.

(Mary): And do you love her?

- Very much.

(Mary). Never let her out of your hand because she can be stolen, they did it to me and I have never seen my mother again. Does your daughter like your hugs? Can I have one? Take away everything I'm feeling right now, please take it away.

-The officer hugs her, the girl trembles".



It was nice talking to Mama Angel today, sharing so many things. I know that this disease will progress and that I may die, but I am thankful for this year without pain, without torture, without rape, without fear, without disgust, without shame.

I am happy and mom understands how much! Because she has given me back my life, my smile, my hope, I have had a year where I am not afraid or disgusted to be a woman, where with therapy I am healing and learning to love myself. I wish the world had more moms Angel, more women with their courage and love. I no longer cry from fear, my body does not hurt, I am learning to trust, to solve my problems without violence.

There are many who are dying and that mommy Angel cried one by one, I love her, she is my mother and the mother of all of us who are victims of this monstrosity.

We are privileged and we are no longer orphans, because Mama Angel gave us a home and a family, grandmother, aunts, uncles.... I can no longer say that no one loves me because I know that I am loved by many.

I may not live long, but if I could live, I would like to be a nun like her or a doctor or a policeman because that way I would continue Mama Angel's work when she dies, and save my siblings from horror.

You didn't live this horror, and you don't fully understand it, but when you fall into the trap you can't get out, it consumes you and suffocates you, it destroys you without you being able to do anything about it. I wish someone had told me I love you much earlier, because I wouldn't have been caught in this trap.

I was lucky that they found me but there are so many who didn't and who die and will die there, because those who see don't do anything, those who know play the b*..... And they don't care.... We are the money and your guarantee, no one will waste a fortune.... That's why we love Mama Angel, because while many are comfortable in their many office activities and meetings, parties and events, others of us suffer heartbreaking tortures and violations. While many sleep peacefully, for us the nights are eternal and dreadful.... And since a year ago mom Angel spared us from that and from all that was to come. She has never told us anything, but I am sure she will have given up a lot for us.... Sometimes her tired voice tells me that she suffers it with us...and that can only be done by a mom.....

I will die, but Mama Angel gave me life.... I'm just afraid that she won't be able to keep on rescuing all those who are missing. I want so much to help her and that together we can do more and more and more".

20 – 06 - 20





"I am happy mom Angel, I am not afraid to die. I only asked God if he existed (now I know he does) that I didn't want to die at the hands of the monsters. Every day was terror and fear of dying with everything they did to me, I thought I would not survive every night when they tortured me like that. And I prayed to God not to let me die in the hands of these pigs.

And look at me, one year, one month, six days and 10 hours that I live in peace and nobody hurts me, that I have a family that loves me, a mother Angel, a mysterious grandmother and many aunts and uncles, three false grandmothers who come to visit me and the people at the hospital who treat me well. I am not afraid to die because God fulfilled what I asked for and gave me more than I asked for...a whole year, that is much more than I asked for.

I wanted nothing else in life but to die in peace and not in their hands, burst and destroyed.... I die in peace, loved, cared for: do you understand what that means, mother angel? I am happy, God works miracles, He did it to me".

"Mama Angel, I wanted to get well to go home, with my brothers, with you, with the mysterious grandmother and the caregivers at home, but I won't be able to do it, my body is tired. I know I will die, but I am not afraid because grandma said that you have a house in heaven and that I will go there.

When will you come with me? Here we could live very well together and I could know your little face.

Mama Angel I'm not afraid because you give me a family and that's the coolest thing there is. I am happy mom Angel, I am not afraid, no matter what,

I will be in the house that you built for me and surrounded by the love of this family that you have given me. The caregiver passed me all your messages and that has made me very happy all these months.

This year I was not afraid, I did not feel alone and I felt loved.

Thank you, mother Angel, if you regret it, you can come with me to the house of heaven".





"Mama Angel, our mommy, we miss you, how much we have missed you this time. No one understands, but we need you. We would like you to be here with us and talk to us, now that another life is beginning as we return to our homes.

What will it be like, will you remember us?
Will we be able to bear it?
We need you, Mama Angel.

They told us that, if it were up to you, you would talk to us but that you cannot do it, that you are still fighting for us to live in peace, that you also suffer and they continue to make you suffer.

We want to tell you that thank you for giving us life, for giving us a family, thank you for the grandmother and uncles/aunts.... It is nice to know that we are not and will not be alone.

Joseph says that one day you visited him, when he was in the hospital and Mary too. That you were with another woman, together. That's why we all wanted to go to the hospital. The captain says. that's not true, that's impossible but the boys say it's true.

If you can do it, we want to ask you to visit us in our homes please, to accompany us and come and share with us, we are afraid.

We love you and every night we come back together to read your letter, we have all learned to read your letter, other things not jeeeeeeee, but your letter yes. Now we will have to do it each one from home, it will be different, we are afraid.

Mama Angel, will everything be ok? Will we be able to live?

Will we be able to? Tell us please, we will get your answer, even if you are far away.

Thank you for everything you did and do for us and for the grandmother and aunts/uncles who help you.

Farewell mom Angel, you are the best thing that life has given us, the best, the best mom in the world, the mom of those that nobody wants".

4 – 7 - 20

"We're fine, we miss mom Angel, we still need her words... This time of confinement has made everything harder and at times we feel very lonely. But now we know we are not alone because you are taking care of us. Now we know that we can take refuge in the long arms of grandma and all of you, that we have a real family. No one can hurt us anymore if you take care of us, because your army is powerful.





"Godmother, when they read us that story I knew it was you, because no one else plays "corro" with me but you. They think you are an invisible friend but no, now they know you are real and you are my godmother. Every day I play with you, I draw you a picture and now that I write, I leave you a little note in my diary. One day when the monsters disappear, I'll look for you to give it to you, will you?"

Ah, I don't read so well, but I can write. I made you a poem.

My godmother is that little bird that chirps, chirps,
chirps,

That flies like the wind

And hides when I lie.

(When there's chard, I lie that my belly hurts, oh,
and when Ana hits me I lie that I hurt myself)".

"Godmother, this family that adopted me is very good, although it is hard for me to let myself be loved. Do you still hug me and give me kisses? Don't stop doing it neither with me nor with anyone else, Godmother, because it is good for me. I still don't know how to give hugs, but I want you to know that I still want to give you my first hug, and a very tight one.

I am going to start catechesis in August, my parents are asking me if I want to be baptized and I said yes for you ... Ah, eh, also when I came here, they changed the name for safety and this family gave me their last name. So as when they rescued me, they called me Jose, I asked for that name and Angel as my mom, so now my name is Angel Jose.

Hopefully mom and you will be inseparable and grandma and uncle/uncles, because then no one will be able to take them down and others like me will find a family. I would like to meet you one day".





"I arrived alone in a boat, well, not alone because there were almost 200 of us on the boat.

Several died on the way or the sea swallowed them. Yes, it swallowed them. When the boat could not support the weight and there was a strong tide, it turned over and we fell into the sea. Those of us who managed to survive continued the trip.

When we reached land, the police caught us and took us to a shelter. But in that shelter very bad things happened.

They hurt me a lot, they forced me to pay with sex for food. The first few weeks I refused, but then hunger made me give in.

In my country I went hungry and had many needs, but I never experienced what I did here. I have to be strong and endure. Now I have another chance and I have to fight for my family".

"When the war broke out in Ukraine, the only thing we thought about was to flee, to protect ourselves. My heart as a mother was divided because I had to leave some children in Ukraine and come to Spain with the little ones. I could not save them all, but I could not lose them all. The hearts of Ukrainian mothers died when the war broke out. She only survives, only fights for her children.

The war is bad but what we lived through to get to Spain very bad too.

I fell asleep at the station, 2 minutes, I swear, two minutes were after 56 hours of travel, it was no more and in those two minutes, my children were gone, they had disappeared. I went crazy, I screamed, but no one understood me.

Give me back my children! Who took them?

The agony lasted 22 days until they called me to tell me they had been found.

Cursed are those who ruined my children's lives, cursed are those who abused and prostituted them. How hard the war, how hard the wickedness of those who have no heart. Cursed are their lives.

Today we begin a process of recovery. The people seem good. Trust will come in time. My children need peace and I need my children.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep without fear, without guilt."

29 – 03 – 22





"I arrived alone. I saw the opportunity to escape the terror of my country and I traveled here. There are invisible terrors, that no one tells you about and no one cares about, like the one I lived through. I knew it would be hard, but I did not imagine it would be so hard.

I slept in squares, ate from the garbage, endured days of cold and rain. One day a person stopped to talk to me and told me that if I wanted he could help me, he would give me a job.

The shelters were all full, I asked for help, but many doors were closed to me. I had no other options but the street and I accepted.

The first week, everything went great, I rested, I ate, and I helped in the house of the person who gave me a roof over my head. A week later, he asked me for my passport to help me with the immigration procedures.

The moment I gave it to him, my hell began. Mistreatment, exploitation, excessive work in the house and in the fields from 5 a.m. to 11 p.m., without break and without food until the end of the day. He also did not pay me for my work, would not let me leave the house and whenever I tried to run away, he would catch me in the middle of the road and hurt me. When he fell ill in the hospital I managed to escape and call for help.

And here I am today, recovering, but with a broken soul. My family doesn't know anything, I try to make them believe I'm fine because I don't want to worry them. But my soul is broken.

"My family and I arrived very late at Casa Betania and they were waiting for us. When we saw them, we knew they were good people.

They opened their house to us and gave us everything: clean pajamas, possibility of a shower, hot food. I made a bad decision to leave that house and the hell we have lived through has been hard.

These people gave me security, but I didn't take advantage of it."

"We were a large group of women with children, fleeing Ukraine, accepting help from anyone to survive. We thought that together we could protect our children. We were offered bus to travel, but it was the bus of terror. They took us to a place and separated us from our children. They forced us to prostitute ourselves for two weeks to free our children. We gave in, begging them not to touch them. And they complied, they didn't touch them. But the two weeks turned into a month and a half.



Then they didn't comply and my son was the first one. What a Calvary, what a suffering.

Now we are safe. We are starting a new life. The fear remains and is not erased. Time will explain the bad things we have experienced.

03 – 05 - 22



"My sisters, my mother and I, were welcomed in Casa Betania after the vandals did very bad things to us at the border wanting to come to Spain. Here we are treated well and my little sisters are happy and protected. They play, laugh, sing. Maria doesn't dare to take anything they give us, but that's because she's afraid, but we'll be fine and we'll get over it.

In the war we lost family, but on this trip we lost body, we lost life. It will take time to recover but here we can sleep, we have food, hot water and a bed. Where they kept us there was no food, we slept on the floor and ugly things happened.

We just don't want to suffer anymore.
Here we have a family again, we are happy".

04 – 05 - 22



"Angel, aunts and grandma (mischievous laughter).
The cooks are listening to the radio and said that
tomorrow is the day of all those who are like you.
We listened carefully. And they said that you are the
best people in the world because you help all those
who are poor or suffering. That you are all over the
world, how do you do it... that you never fight (us
all the time), that you are united in a big army
against the monsters. And that they have
superpowers. The cook laughed at our summary,
but it's true. And she said that they have
superpowers of love, courage, justice and truth.
To all of you we want to say happy day and thank
you for taking care of us and using your
superpowers on us.

Will you come and visit us today? We will leave the
door open so you can come in. We have candy and
fruit...and the cook says if you come, she will make
a chocolate cake.

She says to tell you not to stop fighting for the
innocent people and for all those who need help,
and we say the same thing: that there are many of
us lost and not found and many who need help,
many afraid, alone, scared. Please, do not get tired.

Mama angel, aunts and grandmas,
are waiting for you".

02 – 02 - 2022





"Don't get tired of continuing to fight and save lives,
don't get tired of being that extension of Christ's
arms and cross.

Do not grow weary, though there be winds, storms
and tempests. Do not grow weary. Believe in the
resurrection and in the power of love that raises the
fallen, frees the captives, comforts the afflicted. Do
not grow weary.

Live faithfulness in consolation as well as in
desolation".

29 – 10 – 22

"When the war broke out, with my family, we decided to
stay and hold on. It was a bad decision. Or at least for
the consequences it had on me.

The Russian army came to where we were, told us to
leave our house and supplies, but we resisted.

They forcibly took the men and women and raped us.
As a result of that rape, I became pregnant and it was
the most horrible and wonderful thing I have ever
experienced. I hated my baby, but there were no places
to have an abortion.

Everything was chaos.

When I arrived with the sisters, they taught me to love
my pregnancy and made me feel that everything would
be okay.

I prefer not to think about what I have experienced and
just live in the present. The rest, better to forget, better
to bury, better to erase it from my life.

"When I woke up, I didn't know where I was. The last thing I remembered was that Ukraine was at war, that I took the first bus I found and that I got off at the station. I don't remember anything else. When they found me and took me to the hospital, I had signs of violence and struggle. I don't remember. The sisters came to pick me up, looked at me gently and let me stay at their house. How can I explain the feeling of security when they are by my side?
We lack nothing and they go out of their way for us. They can't erase the war from our lives or the rape, but they make every day more serene, more gentle."

"I am only 14 years old. I am a boy. I was prostituted.
I lost father and brothers.
My mother is fine. I just want to forget everything.
Here, in this house, I am fine."





"Today we leave this house. I have a son dying in Ukraine, and I have to go back to him. They say I am crazy but a mother's love does crazy things. I am going back to Ukraine, with my younger children, they are scared, but they want to go back.

The sisters have cried for us, they have tried to persuade me not to travel.

They are my family, and the "earthquake" my mother, she loved me as a mother and took care of me and my children.

The volunteers, the sisters, the psychologist, the teachers, all have treated us as valuable people. We will never have enough time to thank them.

Arriving in Spain was very hard, war is very hard. Having a child die is very hard. We came back not knowing if we will live, but we will be together. Only that matters.

Thank you for so much love, for protecting us, for taking care of our children, for making sure we lack nothing. My daughter will wear the friendship bracelet forever and ever.

Me, in my heart."

02 – 11 – 22

"When I saw my son holding hands with the housekeeper of Casa Betania, playing with her as if he had known her all his life, I can't explain the feelings of that day. Was the horror over, were we going to live in peace again?

I see Him so happy in this house, playing with other children, we lack nothing, we are treated very well. I

am afraid for me, my head is not very well and I have this need to run away all the time, it terrifies me, because I'm afraid for my son.

But I know that this woman will take care of him".

"They opened the door of their house to us. Yes. Of their private home. We arrived and everything was ready, they were waiting for us.

The food warm, the bed made, everything.

My little girl playing with the sisters, my son, in the evenings too.

Seeing them laughing and knowing that the sisters, for a while, made us forget the terror we had lived through, was a great relief.

We don't always behave well and sometimes we are selfish. But they are patient and continue to help us without asking us for anything."

When my daughter said to me: - Mom, now we can sleep because we are at home. I cried for a long time that night. We are home.





"You will no longer be called 'forsaken';
nor your land, 'Devastated';
You shall be called 'My favorite,' and your land,
'Betrothed,' for the Lord prefers you,
and your land shall have a husband."



THE WORK IS GOD'S,
WE ARE HIS INSTRUMENTS.









*"To dive into every word
not as one who reads a novel,
but as one who welcomes the mystery
in all its reality, allows himself to be affected
by it, and without any doubt,
commits one's own life
to be part of this
chain of liberation"*

