

DECLARATION OF LUCIA PEDRO JUAN

I, Lucia Pedro Juan, hereby declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the United States of America pursuant to 28 U.S.C. § 1746 that the following is true and correct.

1. I make this declaration based on my own personal knowledge. If called to testify, I could and would do so competently and truthfully to these matters.
2. My name is Lucia Pedro Juan, and I am 45 years old. I was born in Departamento Huehuetenango, Santa Eulalia, Guatemala, where I currently live.
3. My husband's name is Francisco Gaspar Cristobal Andres. People called him "Francisco" or "Fran." Fran and I were married for 30 years and have five daughters together. Our youngest daughter was born in the United States and is 16 years old.
4. Fran and I lived and worked in Miami, Florida, for over 19 years. Ever since we arrived in the United States, Fran and I worked very hard to get ahead and support our family. We owned a plant nursery.
5. On or around September 1, 2025, Fran and I were stopped by an officer on our way to the grocery store. We were first taken to a detention center in Miramar, Florida.
6. While we were being held in the same detention center, I saw Fran through a small window in my cell. I yelled at him "papi." He turned around and threw a kiss at me. Fran was wearing a yellow jumpsuit. He looked sad but strong. I saw an officer then grab the back of my husband's neck and push his head down. That was the last day I ever spoke to or saw Fran.
7. On or around September 3, 2025, I was taken to an ICE detention center in Pompano Beach.

Time in detention at Camp East Montana

8. On or around September 7, 2025, I was taken to Camp East Montana at Fort Bliss. I arrived at Camp East Montana around 6 pm and was put in a small room with 38 or 40 other women. We were kept in that room for approximately two days. There was no air conditioning and the temperature was very hot. There was no place to lay down so we had to sleep on the bare floor. We were only given a thin foil blanket to cover up, but we weren't given a mattress or pillow. I was taken to a housing unit at approximately 1 am on the second night. I was held in unit A-3.

9. The bathrooms in the pod were damaged. Water from the bathrooms and showers lined with feces and urine would seep into the sleeping area. The smell was really bad and made it hard to sleep. The unit was also very dirty. There were about 72 women in the pod in total (including me) and we would go days without staff cleaning the pod. Dust gathered under the beds and on top of surfaces. You could also see dust particles in the air when you looked up. During my time at Camp East Montana, I suffered from a lot of allergies. My nose felt congested and my throat was itchy. I sneezed and coughed often and, as a result, had a hard time falling asleep.
10. One time, I asked a guard for supplies to clean and told her I would clean the pod myself. The guards didn't give me anything until about a week after when, at 1 or 2 am, a guard came into the pod and announced they had a broom we could use if we wanted to clean. I was already asleep but I got up and started cleaning. This happened approximately eight other times. Guards would bring a broom to clean the pod around 2 am and me and other women would stay up cleaning. Some of the women would sometimes ask for a cookie in exchange for cleaning, but they had to ask for it, and they often did not get it. We weren't given any disinfectant or cleaning supplies—just a broom. We did what we could, but the pod would still be dirty, with piles of dust.
11. We would get very little soap each day at Camp East Montana, less than half the size of my palm. We were supposed to use that soap as shampoo as well. Many times, we did not have enough soap to shower, and wash our hands regularly after using the restroom, after cleaning, or before eating. We also had to wash our underwear in the sink with the little soap we were given to try to stay clean. We only got two pairs of underwear and laundry only came once a week. When we left our underwear out to dry, the guards would say the pod was a "pig sty" and they would threaten to throw out our clothes. But we didn't have any other option if we wanted to stay clean.
12. We didn't get any sanitary pads or tampons to keep with us. If we needed them, we had to ask the guards for them but they often didn't have any. The guards told us to use toilet paper but sometimes there wasn't any toilet paper. At times, we bled through our uniforms and didn't have clean clothes to change into. I don't wish that on anyone. It made me feel degraded and like staff didn't care about us.
13. Many times, the food we were served smelled spoiled or had mold. I would often get sick from eating it. Other women in the pod also complained of stomach pain or

constipation after eating. Once, my belly felt very inflamed; it was big and hard. I had not had a bowel movement for approximately 10 days. I asked the guards to take me to the doctor but they didn't. I was able to get 2 or 3 fiber pills from the nurses that came in to give medication to detainees. Eventually, I started feeling better but I never saw a doctor or got treatment. I lost a lot of weight during my time at Camp East Montana. My hair fell out a lot and I felt weak.

14. We suffered a lot at Camp East Montana. I would cry often. I heard other people cry. Others would yell and bang the doors in desperation. It was really hard to be there because of the way staff treated us, and the conditions we were in. I felt hopeless. I also missed my husband and children so much. When I remember what I went through there, my heart sinks. I don't like thinking about it. I am in contact with some of the women I was detained with. We sometimes talk about what we went through at Camp East Montana and we cry. We don't understand why they did this to us.

15. On or around November 15, 2025, I finally left Camp East Montana and was taken to the El Paso Service Processing Center.

16. I was at Camp East Montana for approximately two months. I was not taken to court and did not see a judge the entire time I was there. Finally, on or around, November 20, 2025, while at the El Paso Service Processing Center, I had a court hearing. At Camp East Montana, I met detainees that had been there for eight or nine months. I was afraid if I didn't agree to leave, ICE would keep me there for another year. I wanted to stay—I wanted to continue the life I had in the United States—but I just couldn't take it anymore. The conditions in detention were too terrible.

17. On or around, November 28, 2025, I was put on a plane to Guatemala. I have been in Guatemala ever since.

Fran's time in detention and death

18. Sometime in September, I called one of my daughters from Camp East Montana and she told me my husband Fran was also being held there. I felt some relief knowing that we were close. My daughter said Fran was in pod Charlie-9. I knew he was close. I would beg the guards in my unit to let me see my husband or to let me speak to him but they refused. In the 30 years I was married to Fran, we never went more than 1 day without seeing or talking to each other.

19. It was devastating to be away from Fran and not be able to talk to him and make sure he was okay. One day, I believe it was mid-October, I couldn't take it any longer. I yelled as hard as I could from my pod "Fran, it's Lucy. I love you papi." I just missed him so much, was so worried about him, I had to call out. The guards yelled at me to stop. They told me I was crazy. They told me they would not take me out to the yard if I did that again or that they would take me to the "hole."
20. Sometime in mid-November 2025, before I was deported to Guatemala, I called one of my daughters. She told me Fran had a heart attack and was in the hospital. She said Fran was very sick and the doctors told her there was only a 10% chance Fran would recover. I broke down crying. I didn't know what to say.
21. On December 3, 2025, very early in the morning, my daughter Albina called me and told that my husband had died. I was in Guatemala then. I wasn't given a chance to speak with him before he died.
22. Before we were detained, Fran never complained about pain or discomfort. We lived together comfortably, with him working outside and doing chores around the house. We'd talk and laugh. A few weeks before we were detained, Fran and I weighed ourselves in a public weight at a supermarket. Fran was 5'7" and weighed approximately 195 pounds that day. When his body arrived in Guatemala, I almost couldn't recognize him. He looked thin and frail. His hands looked gaunt and small. Fran had always been big and strong. He was not the Fran that I remembered.
23. When I remember what happened to Fran, I feel deep sadness and pain. My heart hurts. My head hurts. I don't want to live anymore. I am alive because of my daughters. Fran's body was sent to Guatemala on December 22, 2025. My youngest daughter and I visit Fran's grave often. She cries every time we visit. I do too.
24. Our lives have been changed forever. Fran and I were part of the church choir in Miami. He played the bass and I sang. I don't sing anymore. My daughters' biggest regret is that their dad died in the U.S. We went to the U.S. because we thought we would have a better life. They wonder if things would have been better if we stayed in Guatemala. We're used to struggling and pulling through, but I never thought this would happen to us. However, even after everything that was done to us, I wish we could go back to the U.S. I wish we could all be together.

25. Below is a photo of me and my husband, Francisco taken in Miami, Florida at our nursery in 2025:



26. I'm sharing my story because I don't want what happened to me or Fran to happen to anyone else. It has torn my family's life apart.

Everything in this declaration is true and correct to the best of my recollection.

Executed on the 27 of August, 2026, in Huehuetenango, Santa Eulalia, Guatemala.

Signature:  _____

ATTESTATION AND CERTIFICATE OF TRANSLATION

I, **Perla F Alvelais**, certify that I am fluent in both English and Spanish. On August 27, 2026, I personally spoke with **Lucia Pedro Juan** and read the foregoing declaration to her, translated into Spanish faithfully and accurately. **Lucia Pedro Juan** affirmed she understood my translation and that the information in the above declaration is true and accurate.

I declare under penalty of perjury, pursuant to 28 U.S.C. § 1746, that the foregoing is true and correct.

Signed: 
NAME: Perla F Alvelais

Date: 08/27/2026