

DECLARATION OF KEVIN DOE

I, Kevin Doe, hereby declare under the penalty of perjury pursuant to 28 U.S.C. § 1746:

1. I make this declaration based on my personal knowledge except where I have indicated otherwise. If called as a witness, I could and would testify competently and truthfully to these matters.

2. I was born in Honduras in 1989. I am 29 years old. In 2018, my wife and I fled Honduras to escape violence and threats. We entered Mexico together and were both arrested by Mexican immigration authorities. The immigration authorities then separated me from my wife and my wife was deported to Honduras. My wife is pregnant and told the Mexican immigration officials that she was pregnant and scared to return to Honduras, but she was deported anyway. She is scared to be in Honduras. I also have children from a previous marriage who live with my ex-wife.

3. I went to the San Ysidro port of entry to seek asylum on January 29, 2019.

4. I fled my home country because I received many threats, including death threats, because of my religious beliefs and my outspoken role as an Evangelical Christian minister preaching against the MS-13's violence. Members of the gang killed other pastors who preached like I did, and killed my brother-in-

law.

5. During sermons and the prayer groups that I led at the church, I prayed for God to control the gangs and preached that the gang life was full of vice and led to hell. The MS-13 gang hated this and sent their members to my services to intimidate me. Several times after my services, they approached me and told me that they would kill me. In or around 2018, the threats against me and my family intensified after I refused to tell my parishioners to support the ruling party in Honduras. The MS-13 gang made the threats because the gang wanted the ruling party to win. I refused to do this because I believe the government of Honduras is corrupt and I do not support the ruling party in Honduras.

6. If I am sent back to my country I fear that I will be killed. The gang has already carried out their threats against others in my community. They killed other pastors and my brother-in-law. MS-13 does not let these things go. They know what I preached, and for them that is enough to kill over.

7. I do not believe my government could protect me if I were to return to my country because I reported the threats to the police and the threats continued and, in fact, got worse. The police were unable to prevent the gang from killing the other pastors and could not protect my brother in law. Police in Honduras are ineffectual and often corrupted by gangs. I don't think they could ever protect me.

8. I have no criminal record.

9. When I arrived in Tijuana, I learned about “the list.” I waited about eight days in Tijuana before I was able to get transportation to the port of entry to put my name on the list. During this time, I stayed at a local church, the Iglesia Bautista Camino de Salvación. Members of the church told me that we had to be very careful and not travel alone. They explained that I could be kidnapped, because migrants were seen as potential hostages. We had price tags on our heads. I had heard that many migrants who came along on the caravan had been disappeared, and I don’t know if they were ever found. Out of fear, I never left the church at night. At the pastor’s instructions, I walked carefully during the day and tried not to go too far from the church.

10. On January 29, 2019, my number was called to turn myself in and request asylum in the US. At the port of entry, United States officials put me in a line, counted the people in the line, and separated the men from the women and children. The officers also asked all of the people in line, including me, whether anyone of us had been part of the caravan. I told them that I had joined the caravan in Tapachula. They separated members of the caravan from the rest of the group. And I was placed in the line with the people from the caravan.

11. Then they brought me and the others from the caravan to a room where they searched me. It was in the morning. They had me remove my jacket and sweater, so that I was only wearing my shirt and pants. Then they had me

remove my shoe laces, and they ordered the women to remove their earrings and jewelry. The officers took my belongings, along with the others, and moved me to a very bright room with metal benches that looked like a waiting room. The room was empty when I arrived. There were only three of us at first who entered, but over several hours more people were brought in. At one point there were more than 40 people in that small room. I waited in that room for hours. It was uncomfortable and disorienting.

12. Eventually, an officer called my name and brought me to a cell that already had about 26 other people in it. I asked the others in the cell about food, and they told us I had missed dinner. I believe it was close to 7:00 pm, but it was hard to know what time it was because the lights never went out. In total, I spent two days in that cell. There were two toilets for 27 people and they were not private. I tried to rest sitting on the benches, but it was hard to sleep because the lights were very bright. The officers didn't tell me how long I would be there and I was afraid I would never leave. At one point, I gave a sermon in the cell and spoke about God's will. The other men came close and one of them was crying. I asked why he was crying and he told me he had spent 8 days there and had felt like he was losing touch with God. The officials were watching us through the cameras and an official came and interrupted the sermon and told us it was time for food. I was taken to a cafeteria where I was given a burrito and water.

13. At three in the morning at the beginning of the second day the US immigration officials woke me up and took me to do an interview. They asked me to put my hand up and swear to tell the truth. Then they asked me why I'd left my country. I tried to explain that I was a pastor and fleeing threats, but it was very hard to communicate. The officer who was doing the talking couldn't understand me, and I could not understand him very well because he was rushing me through the interview and I didn't fully understand his Spanish. The interview lasted about 4 or 5 minutes. At the end, he took out a packet of documents and started telling me where to sign. I tried to read the documents but he would flip the page before I had a chance to review the papers. He never explained what I was signing. I saw on one page that it said "Tijuana" but another page said "San Diego." I asked him if this meant we were going to Tijuana. The officer said yes and told me that there was a new law that meant we would have to return Tijuana and fight my case from there. He never asked me if I was afraid of returning to Mexico. The officer said that I would have an appointment with a judge on March 19, 2019. He showed me the list of pro bono attorneys in Massachusetts and said they would take my case. He told me that I had to be present for my court date on March 19, 2019 but did not tell me where I had to go. I still don't know where I am supposed to go for my court date. I don't know who to ask and the officer did not tell me. The only resource I was given was the pro bono list for California and Massachusetts.

14. I felt depressed and afraid when I realized I was being returned to Tijuana.

15. After signing the papers, I was sent back to my cell. After several more hours, I and 10 others were brought to a room with a table where they had laid out my belongings and asked me to identify my belongings. Then, they brought me back to another cell. The officers came back and put handcuffs on us and told us to hang our backpacks from our fingers.

16. On January 30, late in the morning, they put me and others in a van with two benches facing each other and we rode for about 25 minutes. They dropped me off on the Mexican side of El Chaparral. I was met by a large group of reporters with cameras. I was afraid that my face might show up in the news. Publicizing my story is dangerous – many people don't want us here in Mexico and there has been violence against the migrants. I was afraid that the MS-13 might see my face in the news. They are a powerful, ruthless gang and have members Tijuana too.

17. I was given a card that I understood was like a tourist permit saying I could be in Mexico for 76 days, but without permission to work.

18. I am afraid because migrants are not safe in Tijuana and I have been told that I could be kidnapped for a ransom. I am afraid of the Zetas who are connected to the MS-13. I have a friend who is staying in the church with me who

barely survived a kidnapping by the Zetas.

19. I hope that on March 19, 2019 I will be allowed to enter the US and stay there to fight my case. I can't spend more time than that here in Tijuana. I have no money and it is very expensive for me to travel around Tijuana. I am relying on donated food, donates clothes, and there's no way I can rely on these things for much longer. I have no money to take the bus. It takes me two hours to get to the only legal office I know of in Tijuana on two buses. I have to walk about half an hour from the bus stop to the church where I am staying and it is very dangerous. I feel like bait for a wolf. I am worried that the reporters who interviewed me when the US sent me back used my story in the news. On social media, I have seen that many people in Tijuana want asylum seekers like me to die. I am scared because my face might be in the news, or on social media, and I am being asked to wait here with no money and no work. I am vulnerable I don't understand how I can ask an attorney in Massachusetts to represent me while I am in Tijuana.

20. Given that I have been harmed in my country, I fear that if my identity and my status as an asylum applicant are released to the public, my life and possibly that of my family will be in danger. I wish that my identity not be publicly disclosed, and I wish to proceed with the use of a pseudonym or initials in any federal action.

I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the United States of America that the foregoing is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and recollection. This declaration was read back to me in Spanish, a language in which I am fluent.

Executed on February 6, 2019 in Tijuana, Mexico.

Kevin Doe
Kevin Doe

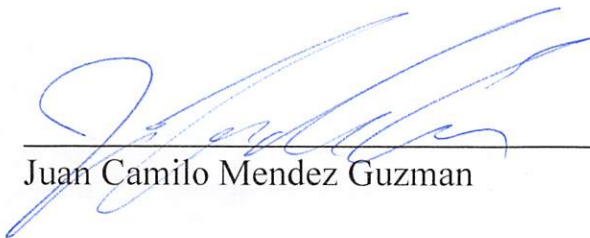
CERTIFICATION

I, Juan Camilo Mendez Guzman, declare that I am fluent in the English and Spanish languages.

On February 6, 2019, I read the foregoing declaration and orally translated it faithfully and accurately into Spanish in the presence of the declarant. After I completed translating the declaration, the declarant verified that the contents of the foregoing declaration are true and accurate.

I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the United States of America that the foregoing is true and correct.

Executed on February 6, 2019 at Tijuana, Mexico.



Juan Camilo Mendez Guzman

2/6/2019

Date