

**A Testimony from Rev. Lindsay Hardin Freeman**  
***Former St. Martin's Priest Currently Serving in Minnesota***

Another murder in Minneapolis yesterday. I watched the video, getting sick to my stomach. A murder. And make no mistake; it was.

A man jumped by masked thugs, sent on behalf of the President of the United States. And lies promulgated by his department in a matter of minutes. If you don't believe me, watch the videos.

By chance, we'd signed up to deliver groceries for a local Episcopal church, Casa Maria, ([www.saint-nicks.org/casamaria](http://www.saint-nicks.org/casamaria)), on the border of Minneapolis. Some 500 requests for food had come in just this week. Because people are scared to come out of their house. They are abducted. Their children are taken from them. Their front doors are battered down. And they are hungry.

The parking lot was packed. Packed. At least 100 cars and more on the street. People wanting to do that simple, healing thing — bringing food.

We were assigned a family of three on the outskirts of Minneapolis. That's all we knew. And that they wanted fruit. We went down the list and added items suggested by the food shelf. Milk. Vegetables: green peppers, onions, garlic. In-bone chicken, rice, beans and more.

Because we'd called ahead, the recipient was waiting for us at the door of his apartment building. Shivering — in the -10 below cold. Standing by him was a little girl in a pink jacket and pink hat and black tights and a white tutu. No gloves. She smiled at me. I stayed with her as the car was unloaded. I could see the fear in the man's eyes, letting his child stay with a stranger. She was about the same age as the children deported this week, flown to a concentration camp, excuse me, detention center, in Texas.

And the man's name? The shivering, hungry man's name? Jesus.

He had tears in his eyes when we drove away. And so did we.