

# **ESCAPE FROM AMERICA:**

**AN EXPOSÉ OF INTERNATIONAL  
TREACHERY**

**BY**

**JUDITH M. HANSEL**



PublishAmerica  
Baltimore

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**Dedicated to  
Brian Jay Waby  
1969 – 2000  
Who Told Me To  
“Go For It”**



*“We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of that first revolution in 1776. Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage—and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home, and around the world.”*

-John F. Kennedy  
January 20, 1961



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## Prologue

My mother gave birth to me twice. The first birth took place in my parents' apartment in 1937 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The second birth she gave to me was the day she died. Her death allowed me to make major changes in my life, including separating from my husband and returning to Wisconsin to live.

My brother telephoned me in March 1988, to tell me our Mother had had a stroke that she would not survive. I arrived at her bedside on March 11 and asked her if she was going to get better. She could no longer speak, but her eyes filled with tears as she shook her head "no." Later that night she lost consciousness and never regained it.

After the three of us—my brother, my sister and I—made funeral arrangements, I phoned Aunt Emily who lived on the family farm in North Central Wisconsin, and asked if my sister, Ellen, and I could visit. She invited us for dinner the next day. Dinner is served at noon in farm country.

Our father grew up on the farm. Whenever I visited the farm during my childhood and adolescence, I felt as if it was my real home. I belonged to the land and to the three generations of people who had lived and died there.

My father's sister, Emily, lived alone in the farmhouse in 1988. She was 82 and not only drove her own car, but mowed the grass around the house. My Uncle Lloyd and his wife, Helen, came to lunch that day as did my cousin, Steve, who lived in Appleton.

“Well, Judy,” asked Uncle Lloyd, “would you rather live in the city or the country?”

“I would love to live here in Waushara County,” I replied looking around the kitchen that held so many happy memories.

That is when the radical thought struck me. I had always wanted to live in Waushara County near the farm. There was no reason for me not to move to Wisconsin. My children were grown, my marriage 99 percent over, and my mother’s death liberated me from her criticism. I was free.

We left the farm about 4 o’clock. “I think I am going to move to Wautoma,” I said to Ellen as we drove into town.

“That should be an interesting experiment,” she replied.

I picked up free real estate booklets and a copy of the Waushara Argus, the town’s newspaper, at the IGA in Wautoma.

“I’ve forgotten how beautiful Wisconsin is,” I commented as we headed south on Highway 51.

My husband was waiting at the airport when I returned from Wisconsin. Bernard, our half-Collie half-St. Bernard, was in the cargo section of the station wagon.

“Bernard,” I said as I got into the car, “How would you like to move to Wisconsin?”

I stole a glance at my husband who was his usual inscrutable self as he sat behind the wheel. No response from him.

“I’ve decided to move back to Wisconsin,” I announced. “We can sell the house and split the profits.” We were now on the Southeast freeway in DC. Still no response. “You know how I feel about the farm. It is part of me,” I continued.

As far as I was concerned, the issue was settled. When we reached our house, I went inside. I looked out the window and saw him doing a little jig of happiness in the driveway.

By the end of June, our house was sold and the profits divided equally. We each got a car and I got Wilbur and Bernard, our two dogs. There was no legal separation agreement because I thought I might want to return to him. He promised a monthly payment of \$300 and continued car and health insurance coverage.

I sent my money from the sale of the house to Union State Bank in Wautoma where I had opened a checking account by mail. Wilbur, a beagle, was lodged in a kennel until August when my husband would bring him to Wisconsin while on his way to visit relatives in South Dakota. Bernard came

with me in the station wagon.

“Well, Bernie,” I said as we left the Beltway and headed into western Maryland, “we are finally on our way!”

Bernard hit the back of my head with his nose as his tail fanned the air. There were no clouds on the horizon.

## **Chapter One: Wisconsin June 1988 to June 1993**

Bernard and I arrived in Wautoma on June 27. I stopped at the bank to make sure my \$27,500 check had been deposited. It had. Then I went to the post office and rented a post office box.

I decided to stay at the Mt. Morris Motel near Wautoma. I rented one of the ten kitchenette units with a yard where I could brush Bernard. We then drove to the farm where Bernard and Tanner, Emily's dog, met. Emily boiled some coffee and put out a loaf of homemade bread, a jar of jam, and some cheese. A thunderstorm had passed through the area earlier, creating a mist that rose from the lake and hung in the air. Tree branches bent under the heavy weight of the water and I could hear the raindrops falling onto the sodden ground.

"I can't believe that I am actually here," I said.

"I wish I could put you up..." Emily began.

"Emily," I said, "I didn't move here to cause you more work. I have quite enough cash and credit cards."

In the morning, I phoned the real estate agent whom I had written from Maryland. We made an appointment for the next day. I told her that I had my dog with me and that we would use my car.

The houses I saw were either too expensive, too dilapidated, or in town.

We made another appointment for after the Fourth of July. I saw a house

advertised in the local paper that looked like what I needed. The ad did not list the property's address. When I saw my real estate agent, I showed her the ad. "I'll call Erickson Realty and set up an appointment for you," she said.

A few days later, I met with Mr. Erickson. The house, only 985 square feet, was big enough for me. Beige wall-to-wall carpeting covered the floors in the living room, small hallway, and the two bedrooms. The bathroom contained, besides a toilet, a tub with shower, a sink with a vanity, and gray linoleum flooring. The kitchen, its floor covered with indoor-outdoor carpeting in a subdued red and black pattern, also held an electric stove and had a window that overlooked the rear of the property and the field beyond. A tiny hallway lay between the kitchen and the attached garage. One of the doors in the hallway led to the garage while the second door led to the rear of the property. The house sat on two acres at the intersection of County Highways C and KK. Located in the Township of Hancock, the property was 15 miles from Wautoma.

The ranch-style house, blue-gray with white shutters and garage door, sat near the front of the property. Along the edge of County Highway KK, a row of tall pine trees grew. Pine trees also grew along the Northern edge of the property protecting the house from the cold winter winds. While I had dreamed of buying an old farmhouse, I discovered that either they were in very poor condition and needed a lot of work, or that they had been renovated and were too expensive. The little house in Hancock met both my needs and my financial condition. I wrote a \$600 check for a down payment and gave it to Mr. Erickson.

The next time I saw Uncle Lloyd, I asked him about lawyers in town. "Mr. Dutcher handled Clarence's will, didn't he?" I asked. "Should I ask him to check the Title?"

"He's no worse than the others," replied Uncle Lloyd.

I hired Mr. Dutcher to search the Title and give me an opinion. Then I went shopping. I bought a new refrigerator, TV and VCR at the local appliance store. At the furniture store I purchased a hide-a-bed for the living room for guests to use should I ever have any guests. I went to the weekend farm auctions, bid on a washing machine and wooden bed frame with headboard, and managed to buy both. I ordered an antenna installed on the roof of the house. I bought a small three-piece maple dining set for the kitchen and a stereo for the living room. As we traveled the countryside, Bernie hung out the window and barked at the cows.

In early August, I received Mr. Dutcher's opinion. It stated that there

were Restrictive Covenants placed on the Title by the US Department of Agriculture, specifically by the Farmers Home Administration agency of the USDA. The letter went on to say that I would never own the property outright if the Restrictive Covenants remained on the Title. I phoned my real estate agent and told her that I no longer wanted to buy the house. I wanted my deposit returned, but if that was not possible, I would just forget about the \$600. She told me she'd contact Mr. Erickson.

Mr. Erickson phoned me at the Mt. Morris Motel. "We can solve the Restrictive Covenants problem," he told me. "You can put your \$23,900 cash into Mr. Dutcher's Trust Account. If the Covenants are not removed, the deal will not be final and Mr. Dutcher will return your money."

I thought about all the things that were being delivered to the house after the closing date of August 16. I thought about Bernard's hair in the motel room that the owner had begun complaining about. I thought about Wilbur who was due to be delivered in late August. I thought about the fact that the Restrictive Covenants were a USDA federal housing program and that I had no reason to mistrust the federal government. I thought that Mr. Dutcher would honor his fiduciary duty to me.

"OK," I said, "let's do that."

Before August 16 Mr. Erickson called again. "The Covenants are being removed by the County Agent of the USDA. However, the paperwork will not be available until after August 16," he informed me.

On August 16 we went to settlement. Mr. Dutcher said he wouldn't release my cash until the Release of Restrictive Covenant documents had been entered on the Title.

I drove to my house. My life had changed so dramatically and quickly that it was difficult to believe that I was actually living in Waushara County, near the family farm with a house of my own.

The furnishings I had ordered arrived, the TV antenna rose from the roof, and my new telephone worked. Wilbur arrived and he and Bernard greeted each other by barking and chasing each other in circles.

It had all been so effortless. For the first time in a long, long time I felt happy.

My idyllic life lasted ten days. I threw a load of wash into the newly hooked-up washing machine and returned to watching TV. When I used the bathroom, the toilet water backed up. I called the plumber who had inspected the septic system for Erickson Realty. He arrived the same afternoon and checked the indoor plumbing, the septic tank, and the septic field.

“You need a new septic system,” he told me.

“Your report on the septic system said it was working,” I replied.

“We did not guarantee it,” he explained. “The system cannot handle all the water from your washer. Just don’t use the washing machine.”

Well, I rationalized to myself, I guess it will be okay if the only problem is too much water from the washing machine. I felt discouraged and I heard the faint tinkle of a far-off bell alerting me that maybe not all was well with the house.

Mr. Dutcher phoned me. “The Release of Restrictive Covenants document has arrived. I am releasing your money from my account.”

“Mr. Dutcher,” I said, “there seems to be a problem with the septic system.”

“If you think I misrepresented something to you, hire another lawyer and sue me.” Then he hung up.

Perplexed, I hung up my phone. I had no money to pay another lawyer. There wasn’t anything I could do, so I tried to put it out of my mind.

The fellow who installed my TV antenna had told me that the roof needed patching. When I went to Milwaukee for a weekend my well wouldn’t pump water when I returned. I phoned a different plumber to come check the pump. He told me I needed a new pump for the well.

My suspicions began to grow. I drove to the Court House in Wautoma and asked to see the Abstract (Title) to my house. On August 17, Mr. Dutcher had filed a Warranty Deed on the property. The Release of Restrictive Covenant document was issued on August 28. It was not entered on the Title until September 8. I didn’t think a Warranty Deed could be put on the Title until the Restrictive Covenant had been released. The previous owners had bought the house in 1986 from the US Department of Agriculture when a Quit Claim deed had been issued along with the Restrictive Covenants.

I researched the regulation under Title 7 United States Code Service, Code of Federal Regulations, Section 1955.116. The regulation stated that the repairs the house need were to be listed on the Deed. No repairs were listed on the Deed.

I went to the County USDA agent who had arranged for the Release of Restrictive Covenants. I questioned him on these issues. He replied that maybe I should visit the Regional Director of the USDA in Stevens Point. Instead, I wrote a letter to the Regional Director. His reply stated that the USDA had done nothing wrong and that he considered the matter closed.

Thus began my long nightmare. I spoke to Uncle Lloyd about my house’s problems.

“Do you think,” he asked, “that the government will repair your house?”

“They were supposed to ensure that the repairs were made before the Release of Restrictive Covenants document was issued,” I replied.

Lloyd told me to turn the power to the water pump off before I left for a weekend. That solved the water pump problem. The roof, if it was leaking, never leaked into the house.

My brother Harry, the Executor of our mother’s will, sent me a check for \$9,000. That money allowed me to create a fenced yard around the back door for the dogs. I purchased a mailbox and had it installed at the end of the driveway. I also purchased a large room air conditioner and had it placed in the living room’s common wall with the garage.

I had no desire to return to Maryland, so I shopped for an attorney to handle a divorce. The first lawyer I hired didn’t seem to understand what I needed from a divorce. The second attorney took a check for \$500 as a retainer, but handed me the check back when I returned for the first appointment. “You are a troublemaker,” he told me. Evidently, the first attorney had ignored client confidentiality and told the second attorney that I demanded a fair settlement.

I found an attorney in Stevens Point who understood how the Spouse Equity Act of 1984 worked. The divorce was granted on February 5, 1990. The Court Order stated that I would receive \$900 a month for four years; \$600 for three years, and then 35% of his federal pension when he retired in 1996.

My septic system still performed poorly even though I used septic-system products to keep it operating. The septic tank was pumped every six months.

I took my documents regarding the Restrictive Covenants to my divorce attorney in March 1990.

“There’s nothing you can do about this,” he told me.

“What do you mean?” I asked. “It states on the Restrictive Covenant document that the Covenants are enforceable in any competent US Court.”

“There is nothing that can be done,” he repeated.

I didn’t pay him his \$6,000 fee for the divorce. He broke his fiduciary duty to me when he refused to pursue the USDA fraud.

I wrote to the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee asking what I had to do in order to graduate. I left UWM in 1960 three credits short of graduation. The University replied that I needed a course in Social Work policy. I applied to the State of Wisconsin for tuition help under a program of the Department of Vocational Rehabilitation that pays tuition for women returning to the



workforce. In order to get this aid, I had to participate in eight hours of psychological testing. This testing included the MMPI—the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory. I was approved to receive payment of tuition, books, and travel expenses. Evidently the tests proved that I was sane.

I decided to get a mortgage on the house since the cash I paid for it was lost. The house was not worth the money I paid for it and by federal regulation was uninhabitable. I could at least get my cash back through a mortgage. Over a period of a year and a half, I obtained three mortgages from Union State Bank. The bank's attorney, Marc Bickford, charged me \$75 every time he checked the title for clouds. Each time he ignored the Quit Claim Deed with Restrictive Covenants and the fact that no repairs were listed on the Quit Claim Deed and that the Warranty Deed was placed on the Title before the Release of Restrictive Covenants document was received. He was either incompetent or corrupt.

I took the Social Work policy class and learned that government regulations have the force of law. I also learned, from TV's *Law and Order*, that contracts signed under conditions of fraud are null and void.

At this point, I began researching various legal concepts at the Wautoma Court House Law Library. I found Section 240.01 of the Wisconsin Statutes that stated that contracts signed under conditions of fraud are null and void. Thank you *Law and Order*!

I graduated from UWM on December 16, 1990. I put Bernard and Wilbur in a local kennel and took a three-week trip to San Francisco to visit Ellen.

By spring 1991, the septic system had to be pumped every three months. I used a little water as possible and threw the water from cooking and dishwashing pans outside. I researched the cost of a new septic system. Due to the type of ground that my house was built on, and due to changes in environmental law, a new septic system would cost \$11,000.

Then Wilbur got sick and was diagnosed with a bladder tumor. The vet catheterized Wilbur's bladder and set up an appointment for him at the vet school in Madison. Before that appointment, Wilbur's bladder was obstructed by the tumor again.

Wilbur always thought he was leader of the pack. In Maryland, he would jump the fence and swim in Henson Creek, his ears lying flat on top of the water. When he'd escape from the house, he'd walk on the sidewalk to the 7-11 store. He fathered four unplanned puppies and washed them with his tongue as though he knew they were his. In Wisconsin we took walks and

when he found a scent of some animal, he'd be off and baying across the fields. He'd come home, usually smelling awful having rolled in something. If, God forbid, I left him home when I went out, he'd sit with his back to me when I returned, there being no doubt of his anger.

I had no idea of what the medical costs would be for Wilbur. My credit cards were already maxed out. I decided to not put Wilbur through surgery, but instead opted to euthanise him. I put both dogs in the car early one morning and headed to Stevens Point on Highway 51. Wilbur sat in the back of the station wagon, looking out the rear window. When he tired of this, he jumped over the front seat and wriggled himself under my right arm as I drove. *How can I do this to him*, I thought. I convinced myself that I had no choice, that it was kinder to ease Wilbur into death rather than have him suffer. I lied and I knew I was lying.

I started crying when the vet put the first needle into his vein.

"I can stop now," the vet said, "we can let him sleep it off."

"No," I said, crying harder.

The second needle went in as I stroked Wilbur's silky ears. He stopped breathing.

That night when I put Bernard's food down, he sat there, looking at me. He was waiting for Wilbur to eat since Wilbur was always first. Bernie finally ate after I picked the bowl up and set it in front of him.

In 1991 I began corresponding with federal officials regarding Title 7 USCS, CFR. Section 1955.116. I wrote the Department of Justice Fraud section; the Secretary of the USDA in Washington; my Congressman and Senators. Between 1991 and June 1993, I wrote every person in the federal government that had any connection to the implementation of federal law. I wrote to the Governor of Wisconsin. And I wrote to the Washington Post where, in 1985, I had contributed to a front-page story concerning abortion. I just knew that the Post would love investigating and reporting a case of fraud in the government. The reporter I knew phoned me.

"You have to stop sending me material on this matter," he told me.

"Why?" I asked. "I thought you'd eat it up!"

"We are not doing a story. If you send any more information, I will just return it to you."

I didn't understand it. Why would the Post turn down such a juicy story?

I wrote to the White House and in March 1993, wrote to Clinton's Secretary of Agriculture, Mike Espy. Every reply, without exception, denied that there was any wrong doing on the part of any agency of the government. Senator

Kohl went so far as to suggest that I apply for a government loan to repair the house.

In August 1991, I took a trip to Bear Butte in South Dakota after receiving a letter from the Inspector General of the USDA stating that no impropriety occurred with either the placement or removal of the Restrictive Covenants. Bear Butte, outside Sturgis, South Dakota, is a sacred place to the Sioux. People climb Bear Butte in Vision Quests, seeking answers to problems. I climbed Bear Butte on a hot, sunny day. There are places along the trail to sit and meditate. My quest was whether to pursue the issue of government fraud or to just walk away from the house. By this time, I had received three mortgages for the total amount of \$23,000. The total I invested in the purchase of the house was \$24,500.

The wisdom I received on Bear Butte told me that I could either stay and try to expose the fraud or just walk away. However, I could not state that God told me to do either. When I returned to Wisconsin, I stopped making mortgage payments. This would get the issue into Court where Justice would be served.

Or so I thought.

In December I noticed a Sheriff's car parked on County Highway KK near my house. When I got out of my car, a Deputy approached me and said, "I have something for you. Please sign here."

He handed me an envelope to sign and then some papers.

"Thank you very much," I said. "I have been waiting for this."

"You have?" he asked.

"Yes. The realtors and attorneys committed fraud when I bought this house. I want to expose the fraud."

The Deputy drove off as I entered the house. Union State Bank had served me with a Mortgage Foreclosure Complaint under Case Number 91CV189. It was stamped as received by the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Waushara County in Wautoma, Wisconsin.

I went into action. I Answered the Complaint with third-party claims against the USDA, Union State Bank, Mr. Bickford (Attorney for Union State Bank), Erickson Realty, Mr. Dutcher, and my divorce attorney, Mr. Massoglia. I wrote the history of the sale of the house and subsequent events. I represented myself in the form of a pauper so I didn't have to pay filing fees.

It's not as if I didn't try to hire any attorney. My divorce attorney (as recounted earlier) told me there was no remedy. I could find no local attorney that would take the case. I wrote Mr. Dershowitz and Scott Turow, both of

whom replied that their schedule was full. The American Civil Liberties Union refused to take the case. I wrote to Ralph Nader's Public Interest Group in Washington but received no reply. I finally contacted a Milwaukee attorney who asked me to send him my documents. He said he would phone me with his opinion.

"You are right. This is fraud," he said when he called back, "but stuff like this happens all the time, and I'm not taking your case."

"Thanks for looking at my documents," I said. It made me feel better that I wasn't wrong about the fraud.

"Let me know what happens," he said before he hung up.

Things weren't turning out as easily as I hoped they would. At Bear Butte, I had decided to follow the issue to wherever it took me. I still had no doubt that Justice would prevail somewhere in the system.

In early January, I received a Notice of a Motion for Summary Judgment filed by Union State Bank. At the Motion's hearing, Judge Wolfe dismissed my third-party complaints and Struck my Answer to the Mortgage Foreclosure Complaint for having "too much extraneous material."

"Since I must see that substantial justice is done," said Judge Wolfe, "I am giving the Defendant ten days to submit another Answer."

How could I write another Answer when the facts were in the Answer she struck from the record? I refused to submit another Answer. I immediately appealed her decision to the Wisconsin Court of Appeals.

On March 19, 1992, another hearing was held at which a Judgment of Foreclosure was entered. I immediately appealed this decision to the Appeals Court, too.

The Sheriff offered the property for sale in July 1992. I didn't know how the Sheriff could sell property that I never legally owned. Union State Bank bought the house which means, I guess, that the bank moved the property from the debit side of their ledger to the asset side.

In September, I advertised a "Going to Jail" sale of my furniture and of the improvements I had made to the house. At first the Waushara Argus refused to print my ad, but I told them I was legally responsible for the ad.

At this point, my aunt and uncle were shunning me. I think they thought I was bringing shame onto the family's name. My aunt Emily made it quite clear that I was not welcome at the farmhouse. This was the first time that I saw a person's "mask" fall away, exposing her real self. This sudden revelation of my aunt's real personality scared me.

Since my position was that I never legally owned the house and therefore

had no right to make improvements to the property, I sold the TV antenna, the fencing, the mailbox, and the air conditioner. I kept a single bed, a small lamp, and my typewriter.

On October 1, 1992, the Waushara Circuit Court issued a Confirmation of Sale Order and a Writ of Assistance for the Sheriff to remove me from the property between October 1 and October 8, 1992. Bernard and I stayed close to home those days, but no one arrived. On October 9, someone knocked on my front door at 9 a.m.. It was a detective.

“We are here to remove you from the property,” he said.

“Your Writ of Assistance expired yesterday,” I replied.

“I don’t care,” he responded, “get dressed.”

After I dressed, I put Bernard and my typewriter into my car. I got in, locked the doors, and turned on the engine. The “L” shaped garage offered me the opportunity to park the car sideways in the garage preventing the authorities from towing it away. At this point, the detective came out of the house. He banged on my window.

“Turn off the car! You are under arrest!” he shouted.

It was the first time that I saw a person’s eyes change from blue to green.

I shook my head “no” and continued to try to turn the car.

Another officer came up on the passenger side of the car, unlocked the door, reached in, and turned the ignition off. I was taken to the police car in handcuffs.

“Your car will be stored in a lot in Plainfield. Your dog will go to the animal shelter.”

I looked around for the first time that morning. There were several police cars along the road and officials from the bank. What were they expecting—a shootout? I did own a single barrel shotgun.

As we drove to the Wautoma jail, the driver asked, “Is this what you wanted?”

“More or less,” I replied.

“They’ll probably kill your dog,” he added.

Bastard.

We reached the jail and they processed me through mug shot, fingerprints, and other procedures. I used the phone in the cellblock to call my son, Mike, who lived in Washington, DC. I asked him to phone Senator Kohl and let him know that I was in jail. I went into my cell and lying on the bed was a Catholic magazine that featured the death of a Polish priest in jail who had been persecuted by the Communists. It made me realize that others suffer for

putting themselves at risk for Justice. I was not alone.

At three p.m. I appeared in court where I entered a plea of “not guilty.” Released on my own recognizance, I picked up my car and went to get Bernard. He seemed to be having fun at the shelter. Crazy dog.

As I drove to find a motel room for the night, I allowed myself a small chuckle. No one had read me my rights.

On October 11 I traveled to Ascension Lutheran Church in Milwaukee for its 150th Anniversary celebration. I had been baptized, confirmed and married there. The pastor who had confirmed and married me was the guest preacher. I sat in the balcony with the choir members as I had sat there during my teens and young adult years. The same choir director was there and I gave him a huge hug when we “passed the Peace.” Pastor Grimsby spoke of the saints who were yeoman workers for God. Between the Polish priest persecuted by the Communists and the yeoman workers for God, I began to realize that I was on a spiritual journey as well as a legal one.

I took a short trip to visit my sons in Maryland and spent four days in Ocean City. The ocean is good for clearing out my head.

When I returned to Waushara County, Bernard and I spent nights in different motels. He would bump his nose against my head when I drove beyond County Road MM where the farmhouse was located. He didn’t understand that we were not welcome there anymore.

Bernard’s confusion grew as we spent November in different motels in different towns. At one point at a motel, he refused to get into the car. My trial on the Misdemeanor charge, Obstruction of Justice, Case 92CM114, was scheduled for January 15, 1993. I phoned Mike again.

“Hi, Mike,” I said as he answered the phone.

“Hello, Mother,” he replied. “What’s up?”

“I am looking for a new home for Bernard. Do you know anyone who is shopping for a dog?”

“Actually, I do,” he said. “I’ll call them and tell them about Bernie.”

On Thanksgiving, I phoned Mike. “They want to take Bernie. They have a new puppy and need an older dog as a companion for it.”

“Great. Thanks, Mike. I’ll drive Bernie to Maryland as soon as this blizzard is over.”

I sat on the floor and told Bernard that he was going to have a new home. That it was the best that I could do for him. That I didn’t want to give him away. That I didn’t know what else to do. That maybe when this legal stuff was over, I could take him back. I sobbed through all of this.

We reached Washington on December 3. While Bernie and Mike's dog, Thunder, romped in a wooded area, I told Mike that I would spend December in Ocean City and that if the new owners didn't want Bernie, I'd pick him up on the way back to Wisconsin. I gave Bernie a hug and a kiss. My heart broke as I drove away.

In Ocean City I rented a bedroom in a two-bedroom condo. The other resident came in only occasionally to pick up clothes or other items. In effect, I had a two-bedroom condo with deck and fireplace by myself for \$250. My youngest son, Brian, came and visited me for several days. Dennis, my middle son, spent Christmas Eve and Christmas Day with me. Mike took me out to lunch in Georgetown.

One of the reasons my marriage broke up was that my ex-husband and I disagreed on how to manage Brian and his epilepsy. Brian's father thought that Brian should just take his medication and get a job. I knew that Brian was sicker than even the doctors thought and I told Brian that. When I moved to Wisconsin I felt that Brian would be free of this conflict. The doctors had no idea of what caused his seizures and now Brian was losing his sight and the doctors couldn't figure that out either.

In Ocean City I typed up a Motion to Dismiss the charges in Case 92CM114 because I had not been read my Miranda rights. I tossed it in the mail in Maryland and sent the original to the Court, a copy to the District Attorney, and a copy to the bank's attorney.

On my way back to Wisconsin, I brought a tub of KFC chicken to Dennis and Brian and phoned Mike from there and discovered that Bernie's new owners adored him. That made me cheer up a bit. I still opened the back door of the car to let him jump in, but I knew I would stop doing that eventually.

I returned to Wisconsin in early January and stopped to pick up my mail in Hancock. A letter from the District Attorney informed me that he had dropped the charges against me without prejudice which meant he could recharge me anytime. Also in the mail was the decision from the Wisconsin Court of Appeals that upheld the Circuit Court's Orders in Case 91CV189 that Struck my Answer and that ordered a Judgment of Foreclosure.

I had never been allowed to argue my legal claims in a court before a jury. I had not been able to bring my illegal arrest before a jury even though it was my Motion to Dismiss that probably caused the District Attorney to temporarily drop the charges. I filed a Petition for Review with the Wisconsin Supreme Court in early January 1993. (These documents are listed in Appendix I).

I traveled around Wisconsin in January, staying in many different motels in many different towns. I rented rooms by the week when possible.

February arrived and the Wisconsin Supreme Court had not issued a decision. I spent time at the law library in the Wautoma Court House. I learned that Wisconsin law stipulates that no one is to be removed from a property in dispute until all legal remedies were exhausted. Why was I living in motels? I should still be living in the house.

I decided to go back into the house to see what would happen. The locks had been changed, so I went in through the kitchen window. I turned on all the lighting fixtures and shoved the thermostat as high as it would go. My bed, lamp, and typewriter table had been removed. I couldn't live there in winter with no furniture, no bed, no dishes, no refrigerator, no cooking utensils or towels. I left the property and returned to the Prestonnaire Motel in Adams County.

I waited to see if I would be arrested. I wasn't. I am sure the lights were noticed, but maybe police thought someone else did it. I went to see the new District Attorney, Guy Dutcher, Mr. Dutcher's son. (How's that for a conflict of interest?)

I told the office staff to tell the DA that I would be trespassing on the property in the afternoon. I visited Union State Bank and told an officer of the bank that I would be trespassing on the property. I spent two hours in my car sitting on the land around the house. No one came to arrest me. I drove back to the Court House and asked the DA why I wasn't arrested.

"We're not going to arrest you for trespassing," he responded.

I needed to get arrested so that I could present the fraud to a jury. I planned to defend myself, of course. What did I have to do to be arrested without committing a serious crime? My modus operandi in other causes consisted of hand-printing signs that I posted in strategic places. What was better than a poster? The sides of the house, of course. I bought black paint and painted my signs on the house: USDA corrupt! Union State Bank issues mortgages on worthless properties! Sheriff cooperates with fraud! I painted similar slogans all over the house where they could be seen from the road. I was staying in Adams County. No one came to arrest me.

I drove to Wautoma for groceries. When I came out of the store, a Sheriff's car pulled up. "You are under arrest," the Deputy told me.

"My car is here. Can I drive it to the jail?" I asked.

"Yes."

After I parked my car in the jail parking lot, I was escorted into the jail



and processed again. The charge was “Destruction of Private Property,” a felony. I was resting on my bed when an officer came into the cellblock.

“Judy,” he asked, “where is your gun?”

“It’s in my car,” I replied.

I thought no more of it. On Sunday morning the jail staff finally brought in a TV. I was alone in the women’s cellblock, so I hoped I would find a televised Mass or a good movie. Instead, I saw ATF agents involved in a shootout in Waco, Texas. As I watched and listened to the TV report, I had only one thought: the revolution has begun.

On Monday, March 1 I appeared in court where I pleaded “Not Guilty” in Case Number 93CF007. I looked forward to my day in court before a jury. I was released on my own recognizance.

The Wisconsin Supreme Court refused to review the Appeals Court and the Circuit Courts’ Orders in Case 91CV189. The only remedy remaining was the US Supreme Court. I sent a brief to the Court, not knowing what I was doing. In response, the Clerk of the US Supreme Court sent me a booklet that outlined how to file a case at the Court. I learned that I needed to request a Writ of Certiorari, which, if granted, would review the decisions at the US Supreme Court.

I spent a few weeks researching law and typing the brief. I sent it all in and received Notice that Case 92-8914, Judith M. Hansel vs. Union State Bank, was registered at the US Supreme Court.

I tried to move my criminal case to the US District Court in Milwaukee where I thought I’d get a fairer decision. Instead I received a decision that was labeled a “Civil” case, not a “Criminal” case. I was denied removal of my case from the Circuit Court to the US District Court under Case # 93-C-341.

My jury trial in the housing painting charge, Case 93CF007, was scheduled for May 19, 1993. As I drove to Wautoma that morning, I experienced chest pains. I knew that these pains were psychologically caused since my fear level was way up. I had no idea how to be an attorney other than the law I read and the TV programs and movies I saw.

One friend had tried to cheer me up. “You know, Judy,” he said, “you are practicing law the same way Abraham Lincoln did.”

Perhaps. But I knew I didn’t have Lincoln’s way with words. Movie characters that I relied on were the Paul Newman character in *The Verdict* and Ben Kingsley’s *Gandhi*.

With my heart pounding I parked my car on the street, entered the court

house and, on my way to the court room, saw a friend's husband. I stopped and entered the room to greet him.

"You can't come in here," he declared.

I had stumbled into the jury room. I backtracked into the hallway and went into the assigned court room. I arranged my papers and tried to look as if I knew what I was doing. The Court had provided me with a list of potential jurors, two blank verdict sheets, and a statement that I chose to defend myself and accepted responsibility for that choice.

I had a hazy idea of what I would ask potential jurors in the "voir dire": were they Union State Bank customers? Had they ever had a mortgaged foreclosed? Were they related to or close friends of any of the principals in the case? Had they discussed my case with anyone? Were they or relatives employed by any of the principals? Did they ever gain from or were they ever refused help from a USDA program? Were they participating in a USDA program now? That was about all I could think to ask them.

The DA arrived and then we were told to rise for the judge. He looked surprised when he saw me. I smiled at him

"She looks okay sometimes," the DA mysteriously said.

Judge Karch then told me that since I was representing myself, he needed to ask me a few questions. Unfortunately, I didn't object. After an hour of interrogation on various points of law, the judge asked me how I would handle the "In Limine" Order granted the Prosecutor at a Motion Hearing that I had not attended. The Order stated that I could not ask any questions about ownership of the property.

"I'll get around the Order somehow," I responded and added a line lifted from *The Verdict*, "The jury usually hears the truth."

"You are not competent for trial," the Judge Karch stated. "I am calling in the jury and dismissing them. You wait in the hall."

I angrily gathered my papers and shoved them into my used brief case.

"Why are you putting your papers away?" asked the DA.

"I don't want you to see them," I replied.

I left the courtroom and went to my car and jumped in. I drove to the Prestonnaire Motel in Adams County where I was staying. How dare Judge Karch deny me my right to a trial by jury? Was he afraid that I'd win?

That evening two of my neighbors were chatting about their guns. They brought them out to show everyone. I went to my car to get my shotgun to see what they thought of it. I couldn't find it. There was a box of ammunition, but no gun. Then I remembered the conversation with the Deputy in the jail

in February. They must have taken my gun when I was in jail. Of course, this was another illegal move on the Sheriff Department's part. Guns cannot be confiscated until the owner is convicted of a felony.

The next morning two officers from the Adams County Sheriff's Department arrested me at the motel. They drove me to the Waushara County line where they handed me over to the Waushara County Sheriff's deputies.

Riding in the back of a police cruiser was now a part of my everyday life.

I appeared in Court in the afternoon. My new Case Number was 93CF024. Unlike prior arrests, I was not given the Defendant's copy of the Arrest Warrant or the Statement of Probable Cause. They did not tell me what the charge was. The judge said he'd release me with \$2,000 cash bail.

"I don't have \$2,000," I told him.

"You have family and friends," the judge suggested.

"I have committed no crime. This Court, the District Attorney, and the Sheriff are the criminals. The bank's officers and attorneys are the criminals. I won't ask anyone for cash when I shouldn't even be here," I lectured him.

"Well, then," roared the judge, "you can sit in jail until you raise \$2,000."

"Then I will sit in jail and not eat," I retorted.

They took me back to jail. I was weighed. Different jail staff tried to talk me out of not eating. "It's the only weapon I have," I told them.

I ignored the dinner left for me on the cellblock door. A can of Coke and a chocolate bar were left for me at bedtime. I ignored them, too.

I occupied one of the four cells in the women's cellblock. One evening they brought a weepy woman into one of the other cells. She told me she had been arrested on a bad check charge. After 45 minutes we were laughing over the fact that the real criminals are the bankers. Shortly after our laughing session, a guard came and put her in another cell down the hall. She resumed weeping and apologizing to the guards. Women too often think obsequious behavior will help them when all it does is breed contempt.

On Tuesday I appeared in Court again.

"Ms. Hansel," intoned Judge Karch, "I am willing to release you on a signature bond with a condition that you must consult with a Court-appointed attorney while you are in jail."

"I want an attorney who is in private practice and who is older than my sons," I responded. Most of the legal aid attorneys were still in their twenties.

"I have also made an appointment for you with the Director of the Winnebago Mental Institution for a Mental Competency Evaluation on June 22 in Oshkosh," continued the Judge.

The next day, Patrick Seubert, an attorney in private practice in Neenah, Wisconsin, came to see me. "I want you to set up a competency evaluation with another psychiatrist for a second opinion," I told him.

"I don't know how to do that," he said. "I will be the Court-appointed Guardian of your finances after your Evaluation."

I didn't reply. The handwriting was on the wall. I would be declared incompetent so that I lost all my credibility. That might not shut me up, but it would destroy any hope of having my experience of fraud in the USDA rural housing program believed and accepted. I might even be involuntarily admitted to the Institution and receive drug and electric shock treatments.

"Can I take a friend to the interview with me?" I asked.

"No."

"Can I take a tape recorder?"

"No."

My fate was sealed with my only hope a Writ of Certiorari from the US Supreme Court.

On May 28 I was in court again.

"How do we know," asked Judge Karch, "that you will go to the evaluation appointment?"

I had thought about this possible question and gave the only answer I knew that would be accepted. "I want to prove to Mr. Dutcher that he is wrong."

I was released from jail on May 28, 1993. I immediately left Waushara County and checked into the Prestonnaire again. I had wanted to get my gun returned, but I had been too afraid to ask for it.

Since the outcome of the Evaluation was already decided, I knew I couldn't attend the appointment scheduled for June 22 in Oshkosh. My only hope for Justice continued to be a Writ of Certiorari from the US Supreme Court.

On June 9 I drove past my house on the way to the Hancock Post Office. The words I had written on the house in February were being covered over by white siding. Earlier in the year, I had noticed a new roof on the house and that a new well had been dug. I surmised that the US Supreme Court had denied me a Writ of Certiorari. Fear stabbed me in the chest. How could I avoid involuntary commitment to the Winnebago Mental Institution in Oshkosh?

I picked up my check at the Hancock Post Office, drove to Adams County and cashed it, and headed to Waukesha to see my brother.

As I drove south on Highway 13, I listed in my head all my Constitutional

rights that had been violated:

Amendment Two: The right to keep and bear arms

Amendment Four: The right to be free of unreasonable searches and seizures

Amendment Five: The right not to be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process.

Amendment Seven: The right to trial by jury.

Amendment Fourteen: The right to equal protection of the law and the right to not be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process.

I never really believed that I would have to flee to Canada to resolve my problems with the fraud committed by the US Department of Agriculture. When friends asked what would I do if I lost in the Courts, I just laughed and said, "Oh, I'll go to Canada."

When I arrived at my brother's house, he told me the Supreme Court decision was on the hall table. I opened the envelope and after reading the brief denial, I asked, "What am I going to do now?"

"Yeah," Harry responded, "What are you going to do now?"

"Well, I am afraid that the District Attorney and the Director of the Winnebago Mental Institution in Oshkosh have plans to label me psychotic or may even commit me involuntarily to the hospital. I cannot take that chance. I will have to go to Canada."

I wrote a note to the Waushara Circuit Court Clerk that requested that my alimony check be forwarded to my brother's address. He agreed to forward all my mail if and when I arrived in Canada.

I left Waukesha at 6 p.m. and headed south. Once I crossed the Illinois border, I felt safer and checked into a motel in Stockton. The next morning I reached Iowa and a short time later, arrived in Minnesota. I called Patrick Seubert in the afternoon and asked him if he would approach the bank to somehow settle the problem out of court. He said, "No."

That evening I arrived at my favorite motel outside Red Wing, Minnesota, where I had stayed several times earlier in 1993. "We have your registration card right here," the owner said as I walked in the door.

"Oh, thanks," I replied. I wondered how he knew I was arriving when I hadn't made a reservation. Since I was out of jail on bail I decided to leave early in the morning to avoid possible arrest.

I left at 6 a.m. and drove past Minneapolis/St. Paul. While stopped for coffee, I looked at a map of Minnesota. I decided to stay off the Interstate highway and enter Canada at International Falls since this seemed safer to

me. I spent the day traveling down two-lane highways, feeling confident that no local police were on the lookout for me. I made one more call to Mr. Seubert who again refused to represent my point of view to the officials of the bank and their attorneys.

Late in the afternoon I discovered I was much further West than International Falls. I spent the night in Black Duck, Minnesota. At breakfast I learned that I was not far from Baudette, which has a border crossing with Rainy River, Ontario. I drove into a gas station and filled up the tank. I wanted to ask the farmers who were filling their trucks with gas if I would have trouble crossing the border. I decided not to ask anyone anything since I didn't want to draw attention to myself. I had read in the media that Canada was turning refugee claimants back into the US. It seemed smarter to pretend to be a tourist and claim Convention Refugee status once I was in Canada.

At about 10 a.m. on June 12, 1993, I reached the border. A female border guard approached my car and asked to know the purpose of my visit.

"I am driving to Thunder Bay and will return to Wisconsin driving along the shore of Lake Superior in Minnesota," I lied.

"It looks like you have a lot of luggage in there," she commented as she peered into the cargo section of my station wagon.

"I know," I admitted, "I always pack too much stuff for trips."

I had a whole carton of legal papers, Court decisions, letters from government officials, and my arrest records that I hoped she'd never see.

"How much money do you have with you?" she asked.

I told her about three hundred dollars. She seemed satisfied and told me to enjoy my trip. As I drove down the road, my body flooded with relief. I arrived at the International Falls/Fort Francis border crossing at noon where I saw a line of vehicles on the US side of the border. Canadian border guards were inspecting trunks and opening all the doors on the cars. "Hey!" I wanted to shout, "I'm over here!"

I stopped to change my US money into multi-colored Canadian bills. When I told the clerk that she was giving me too much money, she explained that US money is worth more than Canadian money. What a pleasant surprise.

I drove to Atikokan and spent the night at the Flyway Motel on the highway.

## **Chapter Two: Thunder Bay, Ontario June 1993 to July 1994**

I drove into Atikokan for breakfast on June 13. After breakfast I returned to Highway 17 and headed down the two-lane highway towards Thunder Bay. Sporadic traffic on the tree-lined road provided little company as I rambled along. Occasionally a pond or a lake interrupted the forest and gave me splendid views of nature. The day, sunny and warm, relaxed me. Even though the US was only a few miles to the south, I felt detached from it and I wallowed in the idea of being out of harm's way. No longer did I worry that the next minute I would see a black and white behind me with its siren screaming.

In late afternoon I arrived in Thunder Bay. I had been eating on the road for three days, had spent four nights in motels, and traveled more than 800 miles. My car, an '82 Le Baron, needed to be fed its gasoline, too. I realized that I would soon be out of money. After I checked into an inexpensive motel, I phoned Ellen, my sister in San Francisco, to tell her that I was safely inside Canada.

The next morning after asking directions to the Ministry of Immigration, I drove to the building, parked the car, and went in. A well-dressed woman approached me and asked, "How may I help you?"

"I am an American," I explained, "and I need to file a Convention Refugee claim."

“Won’t you please come into my office?”

I followed her into her office and gave her a brief history of my legal problems. “Do you have any documentation of your identity and threats made to you?” she asked.

I gave her my driver’s license, my birth certificate, and a copy of the Court Order for a Mental Competency Evaluation dated May 25, 1993.

“I will give these to the Senior Immigration Officer and he will decide whether or not you qualify for a hearing before the Immigration Refugee Board,” she told me.

As I left she handed me a copy—actually a paperbound book—of the new immigration regulations just authorized by Parliament. I thanked her and hoped that I had presented my story well enough for her to understand my objective fear.

Paying for my breakfast the next morning, I discovered I was down to \$80. I returned to the Immigration office and asked if I could stay in a refugee camp.

“We don’t have refugee camps in Canada,” the Immigration Officer said. “They are against the law.”

“Oh,” I replied, “where can I stay then?”

“Call the Social Services Office,” she said. “They are in the phone book.”

On the phone a social worker told me that I could stay at the Emergency Shelter on Simpson Street. After she gave me directions to get there, I drove to the shelter, parked my car, and anxiously went in. I explained my predicament to the person in the office. I completed the form he gave me and waited while he read it

“You will be able to stay here until your next alimony check arrives,” he said. “Our shelter is co-ed with 28 beds for men and eight beds for women. We are also a drop-in center from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. and from 8 p.m. to midnight. All prescription drugs are kept in a locked drawer in the officer. Alcohol and drugs are prohibited. We serve lunch to the general community daily; residents receive three meals.”

After I signed in, I drove around Thunder Bay and enjoyed exploring a new city. Upon my return to the shelter, a message from the Senior Immigration Officer said that I qualified to have a hearing before the IRB. I was to be at the Immigration office at 9 a.m. to be processed. I felt both relieved and happy.

Wednesday morning I had difficulty getting out of bed before 8 a.m.. I missed breakfast. Half the hair on my head was flat and the other half curly.



I grabbed my curling iron and took it to the drop-in lounge upstairs. As I looked around the room for an electrical outlet, I saw a brown-eyed man lift his baseball cap, run his hand over his partially baldhead, and smile at me.

*Well, there he is, I thought. Trouble.* As I plugged in the curling iron and fixed my flat hair to match my curly hair, I wondered why he made such an impression on me.

I left the shelter before 9 a.m. and drove to the Immigration office, where the female Immigration officer photographed and fingerprinted me and then gave me a ten-page biographical form to complete. That evening, during drop-in hours, I completed the form. I saw Mr. Trouble at another table playing cards. I had enough sense to complete the form instead of slithering over to introduce myself to the card players.

The next day I phoned my brother and gave him the shelter address so he could send me the next alimony check.

Now safely in Canada with Immigration documents, and having a place to sleep and food to eat, I could relax and enjoy myself. I introduced myself to Mr. Trouble. He told me his name, Henry (Hank) Royal. I listened with my social-work trained ears as he told me that his wife had died in 1988 and that he had drunk himself out of the house they had owned. Since then he had been living with friends, on the street, or in the shelter. Newly sober, he was trying to stay off the booze. I proposed a deal to him: since I knew no one in Canada, but had six years' sobriety, I would encourage and support his sobriety if he would provide companionship for me. He agreed.

When my 27-year marriage ended in 1988, I had decided that I did not want to be in another intimate relationship. I valued my freedom too much. I saw no way that this platonic relationship could either hurt me emotionally or derail me from my goal—Convention Refugee status in Canada.

I saw Hank at lunch every day and usually also in the evening. I met and conversed with other clients. The shelter crowd was a multifarious community that included actively drinking alcoholics who became rowdy on a regular basis, alcoholics who were in the process of sobering up, and schizophrenics who wrote page after page of nonsense. One gentleman, Lawrence, showed me the abdominal scar he acquired when the doctors had to cut him open to remove parasites. Mark, tall, thin, and with a beard, had lived in Chicago for a while because his mother was American. He enjoyed playing psychiatrist to the other clients.

My check did not arrive until June 30. By that time, Hank had rented a room at the Odd Fellows Lodge. John, the shelter manager, suggested that I

go to the Diocesan Office of Refugee Services (DOORS), an agency of the Catholic Church. I drove to the refugee house on Archibald Street, three blocks from the shelter, parked my car and climbed the stairs to the front door of the three-story brick house. The door was open so I went in. A small office on the left side of the entrance held the Reception Desk. "I am a Refugee Claimant," I told the receptionist. "The shelter manager told me you might have a room for me."

"I'll call the Director, Mrs. Buttle, for you," the receptionist said. "Please have a seat while you wait." A few minutes later a pleasant looking heavysset woman in her late thirties came down the stairs and introduced herself as Mrs. Buttle.

I introduced myself and explained what I was doing in Canada and that I needed a place to live. Mrs. Buttle asked to see my Immigration documents. I gave them to her.

"You can have the second floor bedroom," she said after reading the documents, "but we'd like you to teach English to immigrant children in our summer school."

"Sounds good to me," I responded, "but I have no teaching credentials."

"That's okay. Just do the best that you can."

The summer school consisted of three mornings a week for six weeks.

I went to a teacher's supply store and purchased books that used the phonetic method of teaching reading. One five year old needed to learn the alphabet, but the other children had spent time in Canadian schools.

My room at DOORS was large and furnished with a double-sized bed, a chest of drawers, and a window that overlooked St. Patrick's Cathedral across the street. After I moved in, I phoned Harry.

"Hi, it's just me," I said.

"You still in Canada?" he asked.

"Yeah. I love it here," I replied. "I am hoping that you will be able to send my mail by FedEx instead of the postal service. I will send you a Money Order to pay for it."

"I can do that," he said.

Now settled in, I had to find a place to cash my check. I went to a bank where a teller told me that the bank would open an account for me and deposit the check but that I could not withdraw any cash until the check cleared. That would take four weeks. I took my check to the Money Mart store next to the bank. I asked to speak to the Manager.

"Do you need some help?" he asked

“I am immigrating to Canada,” I replied, “and the banks won’t cash my check.”

I handed him the check.

“Well, this is made out by the Circuit Court.”

“Yes. The US Navy check is sent to the Court. The Court deposits the check and then writes a check to me.”

“I am an American,” the manager said, “I met my Canadian wife in New Mexico. I am sure this check is good. We’ll be happy to have you as a customer.”

Money Mart charged me a fee and the exchange rate was lower than the bank’s, but I needed the cash.

I made contact with some Twelve-Step groups that I belong to and went to several meetings per week. I felt very much at home at meetings and enjoyed the fellowship at Robin’s Donuts after the meetings.

I ate lunch at the shelter and spent some evenings there, too. After lunch I usually drove to the Inter-City Mall with Hank where he would “harvest tobacco.” He collected cigarette butts from the ashtrays and rolled his own with the tobacco left in the butts. I acted as his lookout to warn him of approaching security officers. It was fun.

A refugee family from Poland arrived at DOORS in mid-July. They occupied the third floor apartment. Hank, who occasionally visited me at DOORS, told the young woman that she was pretty—in Polish. How many languages does this guy speak I asked myself. I knew very little about Hank even though I drove him to the city office to pick up his birth certificate.

“Look,” he said, waving the certificate at me, “this is my birth certificate.”

I had doubts about Hank’s real identity and gave him a look that I hoped communicated that.

I argued with myself about his identity. I didn’t believe that I was important enough to have some sort of undercover agent investigating me. Everyone at the shelter looked forward to listening to his outrageous tales. I thought that even if he was gathering information on me, I didn’t mind because I had nothing to hide. So I stomped on my intuition and told it to go away.

When Hank was not riding in my car, he rode a bike around town. I invited him over to the house for dinner the last weekend in July. He accepted and said he would be over when he finished attaching new saddlebags to his bike. I suggested he arrive at 6 p.m.. Well 6 p.m. came and went. No Hank. I drove over to the shelter at 7 p.m. and there was his bike sitting outside the shelter. I parked the car, looked to see if anyone was around, took his

saddlebags off his bike, threw them in the back of the wagon, and went to a meeting. I told no one that I had become a thief.

At lunch the next day, I asked Hank why he hadn't shown up for dinner. His excuse was that he had gone to the meeting at the shelter. "And," he continued, "someone stole my new saddlebags while I was there!"

"Poor baby," I said.

On August 13 the summer school ended. Mrs. Buttle told me that her husband was a barrister (attorney). He wanted to peruse my documentation for my refugee claim. I happily gave her my evidence. On Monday she returned and said, "You're going to have to move out next Monday. We are turning your bedroom into an office."

I just looked at her. I knew that my documentation would prove that I had a valid claim, but I never imagined that I'd be thrown out of a refugee house for being able to prove my refugee status.

That week I lived alone in the house. One evening a Central American man came to the door.

"Can I spend the night here?" he asked.

"I'm not in charge here," I replied, "go to the shelter and they'll give you a bed."

"I spent last night at the shelter and I cannot have another night there," he replied.

I didn't feel comfortable enough to invite the man into the house. "You can stay on the porch if you want."

Sweating and shaking with gray circles under his eyes, it was obvious he was running from someone or something. I made him a couple of sandwiches and gave him a glass of milk. The porch was empty when I checked it in the morning.

I told Mrs. Buttle about the man when she arrived at work the next day "It's a good thing you didn't let him in," she said.

I wanted to ask her if this was what happened to people when they were denied refugee status. The incident made me acutely aware of the fact that Canada has never granted refugee status to any US citizen.

That Sunday night I defrosted and cooked Hank's steak that was left from the dinner he didn't attend. I drove to the Odd Fellows building and could hear Hank and a friend speaking French as I walked down the hall.

"Bon Soir," said his friend as he departed.

"Bon Soir," said Hank as I walked in the door.

"Oh," exclaimed Hank, "you didn't have to do this."

“It’s your steak,” I responded, “I am leaving tomorrow. Do you want to come along?”

“Where are you going?”

“I don’t know, but someplace out in the bush.” (“Bush” means countryside in Canada).

“Are you returning to Thunder Bay?”

“Probably. My hearing will be here. So do you want to go?”

“No. But thanks for the steak.”

“Bon Soir.”

“Bon Soir.”

The next morning I packed up and was out of the house by 6 a.m.. I did not want to see the employees when they arrived at work. I drove to a park on the banks of Lake Superior and slept until 9 a.m.. Parked next to my car when I woke up was a RCMP police car. I sat up, gave then what I hoped was a withering look, and began to apply makeup. The police car drove away.

I waited at the park until noon. The FedEx package usually arrived at the shelter before noon. I kept the shelter as my Canadian address because I did not want to confuse anyone with several addresses. My check was at the shelter when I arrived. I took it to Money Mart and received \$525 Canadian for my US \$416. Ready to leave town and explore Canada, I left town on Highway 11 heading northwest. I planned to drive to Dryden, Ontario, unless some place interesting showed up along the way. The two-lane highway had little traffic and few gas stations. It seemed prudent to add gas every time that I could to prevent an empty gas tank. Some gas stations were equipped with restaurants and others with camping facilities. I passed a sign that read, “You are now in the Arctic watershed.” I was thrilled!

In late afternoon I saw a billboard advertising Raven Lake Lodge. A few kilometers down the road an arrow pointed to the right labeled “Raven Lake Lodge.” I turned right and went into the Lodge office.

“Hi,” I said as I went in, “I’m looking for a place to stay.”

“How long do you want to stay?” asked the fellow behind the desk.

“A week,” I replied.

“Okay. My name is Charlie. Let me show you what we have.”

Three rustic cabins had wood stoves for heat, showers without tubs, and sparse furniture. Charlie must have seen a look of dismay on my face because he said, “I have more modern cabins, too.”

I usually enjoyed rustic lodges, but I was alone and wary of the wood stoves. As we walked to the other cabins, we passed a steel contraption lying

on the ground.

“What is that?” I asked

“It’s our bear trap,” Charlie explained, “there’s food inside and the door shuts when the bear enters. We’ve been trying to catch this one bear all summer.”

A fish house containing sinks for cleaning fish caught in Raven Lake and a refrigerator for storing them, stood near the lake. The walls were wood halfway up with screening to the roof.

We reached the other cabins. These cabins had baseboard heat, tubs with showers, and completely furnished kitchens. “I’ll take this cabin,” I told Ch

“You’ll be the only person renting a cabin until the weekend,” Charlie informed me.

“That sounds good,” I replied, “I enjoy solitude.”

After I paid for the cabin, I drove my car to the cabin and unloaded it. The cabin contained two bedrooms and a living room in addition to the kitchen and bath. No radio or TV. I had my cassette player with me and John Denver tapes. Almost heaven.

While soaking in a bubble bath, I heard a loud scratching noise. I got out of the tub, put on my robe, and tried to find the source of the noise. I decided it was outside, so I opened the door and looked out. A black bear, standing on his hind legs, was tearing down the screened walls of the fish house. I considered walking to the Lodge office which was up a hill, but decided to stay in the cabin. I had no desire for a close encounter of the bear kind. The cabin had no telephone.

Later the evening the bear removed the lid from the garbage can outside my kitchen door. As I gazed through the window at the bear, I wondered if bears knocked before coming inside. The next morning I was eager to see what damage the bear had done. I walked down to the fish house where Charlie was inspecting the destruction.

“Morning,” I said. “I saw the bear down here last night, but I was too afraid to leave the cabin.”

“Look what that damn bear did,” complained Charlie, “he tore the screening off, climbed in, opened the refrigerator, and ate all the fish.”

I wanted to laugh, but instead said, “That’s awful.”

“Bear hunting season begins in September,” said Charlie.

The nearest grocery store was eighteen miles away in Ignace. As I was driving to town, I picked up a woman hitchhiker who had misjudged the amount of gas in her car’s gas tank. We arrived in Ignace. The woman thanked

me as she headed to the service station. I bought enough food for a week and while I was checking out, I told the clerk about the bear incident at Raven Lake

“If you want to see bears,” she said, “go to the garbage dump in the evening. Bears hang out there and scrounge for food.”

I bought some post cards and stamps and drove back to the lodge on that beautiful cloud-free day. I felt blessed to have found sanctuary where not only was I safe, but I was surrounded by peace. When I reached the cabin, I was in a mellow mood. After I put the food away, I changed into my swimsuit, grabbed my cassette player, and went to the beach to sunbathe. John Denver singing, “Some Days are Diamonds” proved that this was a diamond day for me.

I stayed the seven days I had paid for and then signed up for another three. I didn’t want to leave the serenity of Raven Lake and its surrounding beauty. One day just melded into another. I visited the bears at the Ignace dump, wrote in my journal, took naps, photographed the lake, the trees, a double rainbow, and hoped to see a moose.

My supply of money was disappearing so I reluctantly packed up my car and drove to Thunder Bay. I had fallen in love with Canada. It had not been my intention to fall in love with another country, but I had. I felt no guilt about it. Canada was for me and I was for Canada.

I checked into Fort William motel when I arrived in Thunder Bay. A letter from Immigration at the shelter announced that my hearing would be held in Thunder Bay on October 6, at 9 a.m.. I borrowed a typewriter from a 12-step friend and set about writing my statement for the hearing. By the time I finished writing the statement and organizing my evidence, I had a 114-page document. I purchased three binders and made copies of the document: one for each member of the two-member Immigration Refugee Board and one for me.

Several people suggested that I consult a local Thunder Bay barrister who had represented another Wisconsin woman in 1991. I made an appointment to see him.

“My initial fee is \$6,000,” he told me.

“That leaves me out,” I replied.

I then appealed to Legal Aid for help. That organization gave me a long form to complete which I took with me. Several days after I had returned the completed form to them, I received a letter denying me help because as an American I had zero chance of gaining Convention Refugee status. I appealed

this decision to the Director of Legal aid and then to the Board of Directors. They all agreed that Legal Aid would not help me because of my US citizenship. I would have appreciated legal representation, but I had stopped trusting lawyers in Wisconsin. On my own again as I had been in Wisconsin, I planned to handle my claim by myself. I searched for the UN Declaration of Human Rights at the Thunder Bay library. I found the declaration and made copies of it. I wrote a chronological history of the events that had happened in Wisconsin from the day I purchased the property until the day I crossed the border into Canada. Then I added all the specific US Constitutional rights and Human Rights that had been violated in Wisconsin. I listed the Human Rights violations as follows:

**Article 3:** Everyone had the right to life, liberty, and security of person

**Article 7:** All are equal before the law and are entitled without any discrimination to equal protection of the law. All are entitled to equal protection against any discrimination in violation of this Declaration and against any incitement to such discrimination.

**Article 8:** Everyone has the right to an effective remedy by the competent national tribunals, for acts violating the fundamental rights granted him by the constitution or by law.

**Article 9:** No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention, or exile.

**Article 10:** Everyone is entitled in full equality to a fair and public hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal in the determination of his rights and obligations and of any criminal charge against him.

**Article 11:** Everyone charged with a penal offense has the right to be presumed innocent until proven guilty according to law in a public trial at which he has had all the guarantees necessary for his defense.

**Article 12:** No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his privacy, family home or correspondence nor to attacks upon his honor or reputation. Everyone has the right to the protection of the law against such interference or attacks.

**Article 17:** ...2. No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his property

**Article 25:** Everyone has a right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself and of his family, including food, clothing, shelter, and medical care and necessary social services.

Violations of my US Constitutional rights are listed at the end of Part I. I wrote the following summary for the IRB members: "The law does not exist in the United States of America. Therefore, based on violations of the Articles of the Declaration of Human Rights; and based on repeated violations of the



US Constitution by the State of Wisconsin and the United States of America, I respectfully request Canada to grant me Convention Refugee status.”

I did not see how the Immigration and Refugee Board of the Canadian Ministry of Immigration could deny me Convention Refugee status based on the documentation of violations of rights that I possessed. I happily anticipated my Convention Refugee hearing. I decided to relax while I could and see more of Canada.

I took a one-day trip to the amethyst mine east of Thunder Bay. Amethyst poked out of the ground along the highway. When I reached the mine on top of a hill, I turned and looked around. Spread below me for as far as I could see was Lake Superior surrounded by trees. Blue lake, blue sky, green trees. It looked as if I had arrived immediately after Creation and this was how the world looked then. Impossible to take a picture of the whole scene, my camera lens captured only a portion of the glorious panorama before me. At the mine I chose several discarded pieces of amethyst which I planned to turn into Christmas presents. Just another perfect day in Canada.

After searching for more permanent housing, I rented a room at Robby's, a former YMCA building. Robby's fitness center was on the first floor, rented rooms were on the second and third floor. My room, twelve feet by twelve feet, held a double-size bed, a desk and chair, a chest of drawers, a bedside table, a lamp, and a full-size refrigerator. Each floor had a common kitchen and laundry. The bathroom was across the hall from my room. The rent was \$250 a month.

I bought a used black and white small TV and invited Hank to see my room. He sat on the edge of the chair as if he would bolt at any moment. Whenever Hank was perturbed with me he would criticize me. As he moved towards the door, he shot one of his scurrilous remarks at me. “Thanks, Hank, I needed that,” I laughed.

The door slammed shut behind him.

Early in October, the Seattle Seahawks arrived in Thunder Bay to play against the Canadians. I decided that this would be the perfect opportunity to make my refugee claim public. I hand-drew signs that read, “USA VIOLATES HUMAN RIGHTS.” I taped these to the outside of the arena, on the front door of the bus that the Seahawks used, and stood in front of the entrance holding a sign. A reporter approached and interviewed me. In the next day's story about the hockey game on the front page of the Chronicle Journal, my plight was told. I phoned the paper and spoke to Jim Kelly, a reporter, and thanked him for the coverage. I invited him to my refugee hearing and he

agreed to attend.

On October 6 I arrived at the Canadian Immigration Center at 9 a.m.. As I got out of my car, another car drove into the adjacent parking slot and disgorged two men and a woman. "You must be Ms. Hansel," the middle-aged woman said to me.

"Yes, I am," I replied as we entered the building.

The Senior Immigration Officer greeted us at the door. "The hearing room is this way," he explained as he led us down a hall.

As the Immigration Refugee Board members arranged their papers, I removed my coat and looked for Jim Kelly, the reporter. The presence of a member of the press was crucial. Since I had no attorney, the presence of a third party provided me with some assurance that I wouldn't be railroaded.

The hearing room, the size of a small courtroom, was designed in a similar manner. The IRB members sat behind a dais made of teak. The two desks that the hearing officer and I occupied were teak also and faced the dais. Each of us had a freestanding microphone in front of us. The walls and carpeting were pale gray. A picture of the Queen on the wall and a Canadian flag hanging limply from a pole were the room's only decorations.

"I am Alida Leistra and this is Peter Doran," Ms Leistra said, gesturing to the expensively tailored man to her left. "Mr. Dale Munro is the Refugee Hearing Officer. His job is to inform Mr. Doran and myself about current refugee law and precedent cases."

Mr. Munro, a 30-something fellow with dark hair, horn-rimmed glasses, and a well-pressed blue suit, leaned over and shook my hand. At this point, Jim Kelly entered the room and sat on a bench behind Mr. Munro.

Pointing at Jim Kelly, Ms. Leistra asked for his name and his reason for being there.

"I am Jim Kelly," he replied. "I am a reporter for the Chronicle Journal."

"These hearings are usually closed hearings. Do you want Mr. Kelly here, Ms. Hansel?"

"I invited him," I replied.

"This hearing is being tape-recorded. We will mail you a copy. Please tell us what brought you to Canada, Ms. Hansel," said Ms. Leistra.

"I have these three binders," I said as I rose and gave one to Ms. Leistra and one to Mr. Doran.

"Oh," said Ms. Leistra, "we didn't know about these. You should have mailed them to us."

"They are heavy and cost too much for me to mail," I replied.

I then went through the whole history of my problems from the day I bought the property in 1988 to the day I arrived in Canada. As I told my story, I referred to the documents in the binders that would prove my point. The Board members followed along in their binders as we went from letters from attorneys, Congress members, bureaucrats; to hearing records and decisions from Courts; to my arrest records and bail bond commitments; and to the Order for Mental Competency Evaluation and the decision from the US Supreme Court. As we went through the documents, Mr. Munro would interrupt me with a reference to a law or a case for the Board members to ponder or as a reply to a question from Ms. Leistra. Mr. Doran asked no questions. Correspondence from the Convention Refugee Determination Division had informed me about Mr. Munro. I thought his presence at the hearing was to make sure all issues were discussed; not to bring material into the hearing that I didn't know about and therefore could not comment on. Mr. Munro was not the friendly referee that he was described as being, but seemed to be a coach for the Board members when the going got rough.

I concluded my testimony with a statement that described my documents as being the objective evidence of my subjective fear. Both the Immigration Act of Canada and the 1951 UN Geneva Convention on the Status of Refugees demand that a refugee claimant's fear must be based on objective events.

"Do you have any questions, Mr. Doran?" asked Ms. Leistra.

"No," replied Mr. Doran.

"We will mail you a decision, Ms. Hansel. This hearing is adjourned."

I spoke to Jim Kelly as the Refugee Board members and the Hearing Officer gathered their papers, their coats, my binders, and left.

I knew that I had done the best that I could and that the decision was now in the hands of the Immigration Refugee Board members.

On October 7, the Chronicle Journal ran a two-column story about my Convention Refugee claim and what had happened to me in Wisconsin. I surmised that if Jim Kelly had heard the facts, so did the Immigration Refugee Board members. I did not see how I could be denied Convention Refugee status.

The next Saturday as I was leaving Robby's, he stopped me at the door. "Someone threw a rock through the driver's side window of your car."

"Call the police, will you?" I asked him.

I went out to see my car. Shattered glass lay all over the front seat and the floor. A brick lay on the floor. I filed a report with the police and then drove to the car wash where I vacuumed the broken glass out of the car.

“What are you going to do about the window?” Hank asked me the next day when I saw him at the shelter.

“Oh, I’ll find some way to fix it,” I replied. “God usually provides for me.”

A few days later I bought heavy-duty clear tape. I wound it around the doorframe and then around the vent-window frame. At intersections I had to peek through the wound pieces of tape.

“So how long are you going to drive like this?” Hank asked as he rode along in the passenger’s seat.

“Don’t like women who find their own solutions, eh?” I responded.

If Hank was an undercover law enforcement officer, it wouldn’t look good if he was seen riding around in a car with tape where glass should be. And if there were an accident, he might have been held responsible. That is probably why Hank introduced me to one of his chums who fixed the window for \$45.

My car worries, however, were not over. I drove to Kakabeka Falls to photograph the Falls and when I returned to the car, I saw water leaking onto the ground from the radiator. When I returned to Thunder Bay, I priced new radiators and learned that a new radiator cost \$90. I visited several auto parts stores and asked them to find a used radiator for me. In the meantime, I was limited to driving in town. No more trips to the bush for me.

And then Hank disappeared. No one knew where he was. His shelter buddies hadn’t seen him anywhere.

Busy organizing my papers on October 28, a knock on my door startled me. I opened the door and there was Hank, unshaved, wearing dirty clothes, and holding a hand against the wall to steady himself.

“Hi,” he said with a grin.

“Hank, where have you been?” I asked.

He came in, brushed past me, tripped on the rug, flew through the air, and landed sitting up with his back against the refrigerator. His baseball cap was askew. I was speechless.

“I love you,” he said as he pulled a bottle of sherry out of the sleeve of his jacket.

“You do?” I asked.

He nodded “yes” as he slurped on the bottle of sherry.

What an unexpected turn of events! Should I order him out of my room? Did I want to play the game he was playing? Was he playing a game or was this the real shelter bum he claimed to be? What to do. What to do.

“I love you, too,” I responded.

At this point Hank stood up, lurched to the bed, fell on it, and passed out.

I decided to let him sleep it off. I went back to organizing my papers while I wondered who Hank really was and why he was in my life. Later in the afternoon Hank woke up.

“My check is at Don’s,” he said, “will you drive me there?”

“Sure,” I said.

Hank had lived at his friend Don’s house for a while and still used Don’s address for mail. As we were leaving, I noticed Hank’s backpack on the floor.

“Hey,” I said, “you can’t stay here and drink. Take your backpack with you.”

Over the next few days Hank was always drunk. Thrown out of the shelter several times, he was also loud and obnoxious at the Odd Fellows building. I wasn’t afraid of Hank, he was just another alcoholic. Other alcoholics were one of my specialties.

While I didn’t want to admit it to myself, the fact was that I was bonded to Hank. The four months that I had been in Canada were spent mostly in his company. Even drunk he was funny.

I went to the women’s AA meeting on Saturday night and filled everyone in on what was happening. Hank Royal had quite a reputation in Thunder Bay. A lot of business people knew him on a first-name basis. The AA women knew him from when he sobered up once and went to meetings. After the meeting we went out for coffee. Jill, who worked midnights at an answering service, invited Sally and me to visit her at her office.

“I’m going to check on Hank, but I’ll be over later,” I told her.

“Okay,” Jill replied.

I could hear Hank shouting when I arrived at the Odd Fellows Lodge.

“Hank, are you still drinking?” I asked as I walked into his room. He always left the door open.

“YES! YES! YES!” he shouted.

Other roomers were telling him to quiet down. I knew that there was no way that he would quiet down.

“Let’s get out of here,” I suggested.

“YES! LET’S GO TO YOUR ROOM!”

“Oh no, Hank, you’re not getting me thrown out of Robby’s. I’m taking you to a motel.”

“YES!”

First I drove to Robby's where I picked up some bubble bath. Robby's didn't have tubs and I was dying for a bubble bath. Sitting on the floor outside my door was a bottle of bourbon three-quarters full. I took it with me back to the car.

"Are you out of sherry?" I asked Hank as I slammed the car door shut.

He pulled a full bottle of wine out of his jacket sleeve and grinned.

My brain whirled—what was I doing taking this drunk man to a motel? I felt that I had reached some crisis point with Hank and it had to be resolved one way or the other.

I paid for the motel and signed us in as my brother and his wife. I hoped Harry wouldn't mind if he ever found out.

"I'm going to take a bubble bath," I announced to Hank. I had a nice long, hot bubble bath. Hank stayed in the bedroom.

"Now I have a surprise for you," I told Hank after I finished the bath and was dressed. I took the bottle of bourbon and mixed some with Coke in a motel glass. I drank it.

"I thought you didn't drink," said Hank who seemed sober.

"I usually don't," I explained, "but when I was in Ocean City at Christmas in 1992, the woman who sublet me her condo had a cartoon of different alcoholic beverages sitting on a dining room chair. I was feeling very sorry for myself and had a drink. It had no effect on me. I didn't crave another drink. So what do you think?"

Hank just looked at me.

"Well?" I asked.

I then decided that I should call Jill since I probably wouldn't be visiting her at her job. I phoned and told Jill, "I don't think I'll be over. I'm at a motel with Hank."

"We didn't think that you'd be here," said Jill.

"Really? Why?"

"It's six a.m., Judy. You must have had a good time," giggled Jill.

"It's morning?" I asked.

"Sure is," she answered.

I said goodbye and hung up. Hank was asleep in the bed. I pulled the drapes back and the blinds up. The sun was shining.

"I suppose you're mad at me," said Hank from the bed.

"Should I be mad at you?" I asked.

The last time I had checked my watch it was 1:05 a.m.. Now it was a few minutes after 6 a.m.. Had I blacked out from the swallow of the drink that I

had? The motel room wasn't trashed. Neither of us had broken bones or bruises. Nothing was missing. I decided the best thing to do was to pack up and leave. I carried a few things out to the car.

"So you're leaving me here," said Hank when I returned.

"No, Hank. We just have to check out."

"I'm out of cigarettes. Will you get me some?"

"Sure."

I drove a block to the gas station and bought two packs of Export A's. When I returned to the motel, Hank was up and dressed. I drove him back to the Odd Fellows Lodge and took myself home.

I felt confused.

By November first I had received nothing from the refugee board. By now, certain that I would be denied Convention Refugee status simply because everyone told me so, I tried to adjust emotionally. Part of me accepted what people said, but another part held out hope. I didn't think the Refugee Board could or would violate international and Canadian law just because I was a US citizen.

Evicted from his room for non-payment of rent, Hank was still drinking and being obnoxious. I drove over to the Odd Fellows and had the resident manager put some of Hank's possessions in my car. Hank's fishing pole, his ax, and an old black briefcase we stashed in my car's cargo area. Hank didn't care what happened to his stuff.

I received a message at the shelter that the Senior Immigration Officer wanted to see me. I went to the Immigration office on November 6.

"We are giving you a Conditional Departure Order," the Senior Immigration Officer told me.

"What?" I asked.

"This Conditional Departure Order will turn into a Deportation Order when you receive the denial of Convention Refugee status," he continued.

"But I haven't received a decision yet," I argued.

"Well, this is our procedure. Please sign here," he said as he shoved the document at me.

"I'm not signing it."

"Your signature only proves that you received the Order, not that you agree with it."

"I refuse to sign it."

He then shoved the document at me again. I wrote on the signature line, "Refused to sign." He gave me my copy. I left.

I consulted the Immigration Act that was given to me on June 16. I typed up a statement that I wanted to appeal the Conditional Departure Order at the federal court. I mailed it and went to lunch at the shelter.

“Hank’s in the hospital,” John told me.

After lunch I went to the hospital. Hank was sitting up in bed looking bored.

“What happened to you?” I asked him.

“I vomited blood.”

Hank had no IV running and no blood transfusing into his arm. I doubted his story.

“Let’s go outside for a cigarette,” Hank suggested.

“Okay,” I replied.

Hank put on his shoes. “See the blood on my shoe?”

It looked like red paint to me. Being Canada, it wasn’t exactly warm outside.

“Don’t you worry about getting sick coming out here?” I asked.

Hank shook his head.

He stayed in the hospital for about a week. Occasionally when I visited him, he would shoot one of his abusive remarks to me whereupon I would leave. I realized that the relationship bordered on insanity, but I felt I had to tough it out to prove myself. If Hank was an employee of one of the governments or of a private interest, I needed to prove that he could not throw me off course.

I was wrong.

Two weeks after I sent my statement to the federal court, I received a reply. I had used the wrong form to submit my argument and the deadline for submitting the correct form had passed. I was stuck with a valid Conditional Departure Order. How much of my failure I could assign to time spent with Hank rather than working on my legal issues, I did not know. I vowed never to let Hank come between me and my goal of Convention Refugee status again. It was my mistake—no one else’s.

Released from the hospital Hank spent some nights outdoors. He showed me a few places he slept. Sometimes he slept at the shelter. Sometimes he slept in my room, but there was no sex. I don’t know if he wanted to avoid a real bond with me or if he hoped I’d break out in hives from frustration. My plan with Hank was to just go with the flow.

On the fourth Thursday in November, US Thanksgiving Day, I received the IRB’s denial of my Convention Refugee claim. The written reasons were



a completely turned-around story of what actually had happened to me. Lies. I took my copy of the Immigration Act to a library across town where I would not be interrupted while thinking and writing.

First I had to file a notification that I was going to file an application for Leave and for Judicial Review. I had seven days from the receipt of the decision to mail that to the Federal Court-Trial Division in Ottawa. Within thirty days of that date, I needed to file a perfected application which had to list the mistakes made by Ms. Leistra and Mr. Doran, the applicable laws, and precedent cases in my favor. Another AA woman lent me her typewriter and allowed me to keep it at Robby's. This was a big help. I used the library in the Thunder Bay Court House and the public library.

I made sure that I understood which form I had to use for each step. After my notification to the Court that I was applying for leave and judicial review, I received a booklet from the Court outlining the time limits and information that had to be included in the application.

I spent most of December researching, writing, and typing. Once I determined what errors were made, I had to match them with the laws those errors violated, and then match both of those with precedent cases in my favor. It wasn't difficult, just time consuming. I am not an attorney and do not have the blessing of any bar association. I did not belong to any good old boy/girls' club where I could have power lunches to promote my cause. I had no choice but to do it myself.

I took breaks during this time by lunching at the shelter and going to meetings. One group had a Christmas party scheduled for December 18. I asked Hank to accompany me and at first, he refused. On the night of the party, though, he was waiting for me when I left Robby's.

When we arrived at the church, Hank hid out in the nursery in a rocking chair. I was busy helping to set food out for dinner. I ran a plate of shrimp and cheese to him and asked, "Don't you want to join us?"

"No," he replied.

The food was ready when I overheard a woman saying, "There's a horrid man smoking in the nursery. I told him he couldn't smoke there."

I went to talk to Hank, but he was gone. I grabbed my coat and went out to the car. Hank was sitting on the passenger side.

"Come back in," I pleaded, "that woman is an idiot."

"I'll just wait for you here."

"Don't be ridiculous. I'll grab a couple of plates and we'll take them to Robby's."

After filling two plates with goodies, I drove to the liquor store and bought a bottle of champagne and one of sherry. Hank spent the night with me. Of course, still no sex.

I woke early in the morning. The lamp was on. Hank, sitting on the chair, glowered at me.

“Where is it?” he demanded.

“Where is what?” I responded.

“Your cash. Where do you keep your cash?”

“I hide my cash. What’s wrong?”

“Where is it?” he demanded.

I got up, went to the closet, and got my wallet. “Here it is,” I said, waving it at him.

Hank attempted to grab the wallet. I put it in my other hand. He reached for it. I changed hands again and held my hand in the air. He snatched the wallet from my hand and left.

I looked at the clock. It was 6:30 a.m.. I put my clothes on along with my boots and coat. I went downstairs and opened the door to the street. It was snowing. Only one set of boot prints marked the snow. These prints went from the door to the curb. There were no footprints in the street. A car had picked Hank up!

I walked a half-block to my car and drove to some of the outside sleeping places Hank had shown me. He was at none of them. I drove to the shelter to see if he was there.

“We haven’t seen Hank this morning,” said John.

“If you see him tell him I am reporting his theft of my money to the police.”

Then I went to Don’s house. Don hadn’t seen him either and I left the same message with Don.

My final stop was at the West Hotel where some of Hank’s friends lived. One of his French-speaking buddies was buying cigarettes. “Have you seen Hank this morning?” I asked.

“No,” said his chum.

“He stole my cash. If you see him, tell him I am reporting the theft to the police.”

Then I drove back to Robby’s and crashed into bed. I was shattered. I was hurt, angry, surprised, and felt betrayed. How could he do this to me? Was Hank just a small time con man? Who drove the car that picked him up? If he was being paid to spy on me, why did he want my money? I felt violated. I

had trusted him and he had used that trust to steal from me.

I stayed in bed immobilized by emotional pain. At 11 a.m. someone knocked on my door. It was Hank.

“What’s this I hear about the police?” he asked.

“I’d like my money back,” I replied.

“What are you talking about?”

“You stole my money, went downstairs, and were picked up by a car.”

“I slept under the stairs. I haven’t left the building.”

“I saw your boot prints in the snow to the curb. Stop lying.”

Hank sat down.

“I want you to give me my wallet and leave. Now.”

Hank shrugged his shoulders, stood up, and left. My wallet was on the floor next to the chair. My money was still in it.

I stayed in the rest of the weekend. As the temperature dropped to minus 44 degrees Celsius, I knew that my car might freeze up, but there was nothing I could do about that.

On Monday I stayed away from the shelter. I walked to the nearby mall for groceries, probably looking as bedraggled as I felt. Returning to Robby’s, the room seemed colder than ever. A heavy build-up of ice lined the window as cold air poured through the junction of the wall and the floor. I complained to Robby and he suggested that I purchase a space heater, but he lent me one that didn’t do much good. I spent most of the time in bed just to keep ward. Even my electric blanket didn’t work. Maybe it too, had frozen.

I had my little TV, my books, enough food, and, of course, my appeal to keep me busy. At about 10 p.m. on Monday, December 21, someone began pounding on the men’s washroom walls. This washroom was one room away from mine. Shouting obscenities and sounding as if he were in a drunken rage, Hank announced his presence. I would have to pass the washroom to get to the phone to call the police. I hoped someone else would call for help.

The pounding and yelling stopped at 2 a.m. In the morning I wrote Robby a note and told him that Hank was terrorizing me and that I didn’t understand why someone hadn’t called the police. I needed to let Robby know that Hank hadn’t been invited by me.

I went to check on my car and although it took a while, it started. Originally, I had parked the car in the tourist parking slots at a parking lot half a block from Robby’s. In November the Thunder Bay snow-removal people left me a note that said I had to move my car because the tourist parking slots were used as a snow-dumping site. Since then I had parked on the street, next to

the parking lot, where there were no meters.

I carried my cash in my shoes or my boots. I thought that was the safest place. I decided that Hank had taken my wallet to make me unable to pay either the rent or the filing fee for the application for Leave and for Judicial Review.

I had requested help from the Bishop of the diocese. I wrote him letters, but received no replies. On Christmas Eve I placed several large poster board signs around St. Patrick's Cathedral stating that the Bishop refused to help me. Bishop O'Mara was scheduled to preside at Midnight Mass. His non-response was difficult for me to understand since the second floor room at DOORS was unoccupied and had not been remodeled into an office. I did not want to return to DOORS, but I thought that some family might have a spare room for me to rent. I was not expecting the Church to support me.

The shelter scheduled a Christmas Eve party. I decided to go. The shelter provided gifts for clients who ate lunch at the shelter, those who used the drop-in center, and residents. Hank was there and sober. I didn't want to be alone on Christmas Eve, so I sat next to Hank. Neither of us had too much to say. He didn't apologize for stealing my money or pounding on walls. I didn't apologize for calling him a terrorist. I was still confused about Hank and the missing time at the motel. But this was Christmas, and weren't all the rules suspended for Christmas? That was my rationalization for taking Hank back to Robby's with me. The room was extremely cold, Alec Guinness was "Scrooge," cold air was pouring through the floor. "If we don't make it through the night," I said, "it has been fun knowing you."

I wasn't joking. It's easy to freeze to death in Canada. We survived the night, the cold, and each other.

I spent the last week in December perfecting my application, making copies, buying envelopes, and finding Ottawa addresses. On January 3 it was ready to mail and I felt great relief as I handed the several envelopes into the postal clerk's hands.

My car hadn't started all week. I was sitting in my car when Hank suddenly appeared at the passenger side door. He had this ability to pop up from seemingly nowhere and disappearing at will. One moment he'd be with me and the next he'd be gone. He had a whole bag of tricks. I unlocked the passenger door and Hank opened it, came in and sat down.

"My car seems to be frozen up," I told him.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"I'm thinking of repairing it and then drive to Ottawa. That's where the

decision will be made.”

Hank said nothing.

I had been battling a cold that turned into bronchitis. I went to the doctor who had done my Immigration physical. He advised antibiotics, fluids, and bed rest. I made forays only to the grocery and drug stores. Robby repaired the floor where the cold air was coming in and that made me more comfortable. On January 13 I went to check on my car. It was gone! I went to the shelter and phoned the police.

“Your car wasn’t stolen, Ma’am. We towed it,” the officer said.

“Why?” I asked.

“Because it was parked illegally.”

“No it wasn’t.”

“Ma’am, it was parked in violation of the Highway Act. It’s in storage at Al’s Towing and Storage.

“Who’s in charge there?” I asked.

“The Watch Commander.”

“Please let me speak to him.”

When the Watch Commander picked up his phone, I introduced myself and explained that my car had been illegally towed.

“Your car was parked in violation of the Highway Act,” the Watch Commander said.

I knew there was no point in arguing. I would have to read the Highway Act and go from there.

The next few days I spent reading the Highway Act, composing letters to the Police Chief and Mayor, and mailing the letters. I wrote that the Highway Act did not mandate towing of cars that were not parked at parking meters. My car had not been parked at a parking meter. I decided to give them a few days to respond.

Hank phoned me at Robby’s on January 17 in the morning.

“Hi,” I said, “why are you calling?”

“I’m just checking on you. Are you okay?”

“Yes. I’ll be at the shelter for lunch.”

“I’ll see you then.”

I arrived at the shelter a couple of hours later. I sat down next to Hank who was already there and shouting in his alcoholic manner. I looked at him and said, “You were sober two hours ago.”

“I WAS SOBER!”

“No one can get as drunk as you are in two hours.”

Then the truth hit me. “This is all an act, isn’t it? You’ve been acting drunk.”

I felt incredibly stupid. All this time Hank had been pretending to be an alcoholic. His story was just that—a cover story.

Hank finished eating and looked at me. “Fuck off,” he said. I put my coat on and picked up my tray. “Where are you going?” he asked.

“I’m fucking off.”

I took the bus to the Inter-City Mall and tried to recover from the shock. *He’s an actor*, I thought. How does his body cope with all the sherry he drinks? As I sat there trying to get my thinking straight, I noticed a brown-eyed, unshaven man, wearing a baseball cap, making eye contact with me. He smiled. I couldn’t believe it. There’s Hank replacement! They, whoever “they” were, thought I’d just latch onto the next brown-eyed man who smiled at me. I stood up, looked at him, and shook my head no. Obviously the person I knew as Hank Royal didn’t really know me at all. And also obviously, he wanted out of the part he was playing and out of my life. *Well, Mr. Trouble*, I thought, *you’re not getting out so easily. If my opponents want someone to spy on me, it’s going to be you or no one!*

By early February I had received no response from the government regarding my application for Leave and for Judicial Review. I had sent my application to the Minister of Immigration, Sergio Marchi, the Attorney General, Allan Rock, and the Immigration and Refugee Board. By law the government had to reply within thirty days.

My car was still at Al’s and I didn’t plan to pay storage fees. My car was in very poor shape with a cracked windshield, bald tires, leaking radiator, missing muffler, rusting body, and it was frozen. I thought that maybe it was better if it just sat at Al’s until the weather warmed up. I did write follow-up letters to the Police Chief and the Mayor to make sure they realized I was still opposing the tow.

February dragged on. Hank and I were speaking and spending time together. Evidently my unspoken message about new spies had come through loud and clear. I signed up to take a citizenship course in the evening since I knew very little about Canada and I planned to gain Canadian citizenship.

I went to the first two citizenship classes. The teacher was cheerful and enthusiastic. The Wednesday night before the third class, Hank came over to Robby’s and kept me awake all night with tall tales of his life as a surveyor and trapper of fur-bearing animals. I was too tired to attend the third class, but did attend the fourth, fifth, and sixth. I never received a certificate.

On February 28, Hank asked me to accompany him to the West Hotel bar to meet some friends of his. I met one rather tubby, bald man who was middle-aged and one younger man with dark hair. I said “hi” and left to cash my check which I had just received. At lunch on March 2, Hank asked me to meet him at the shelter at 10 p.m.. I went to the Wednesday AA meeting and afterwards, hopped on a bus to the shelter. It was only 9:30 p.m., so I chatted with people and watched TV. By 10:30 p.m. Hank had not arrived so I decided to leave. Heading for Robby’s on foot I noticed an ambulance a block away with its siren and lights on as it stopped at the intersection. The siren and lights were then turned off. No one got out of the ambulance. As I drew near to the ambulance, the driver looked like the tubby bald man I had met on Monday. I crossed the street to avoid the ambulance. As the light changed, I pulled out a sharp screwdriver from my purse. I held it straight out in front of me in plain view.

As I reached the other side of the street, I saw the younger, dark-haired man walking towards me from the right. He gave me a puzzled look. I continued walking and as I crossed the street to the bus terminal, another young man walked towards me, but went past me when he saw my weapon. The rest of my return to Robby’s was uneventful. When I reached my floor, I went to the kitchen and called the shelter. “Is Hank there?” I asked when John answered the phone.

“He just left,” John said.

I went down the hall towards my room. Hank was running up the stairs. I waited for him.

“Why didn’t you wake me up?” he demanded when he reached the top of the stairs.

“I didn’t know you were sleeping at the shelter.”

“Well, come on. Let’s go into your room.”

“Are you kidding?” I asked, outraged that he would suggest such a thing. “After what you almost pulled off out there you expect me to let you into my room?”

Enraged, Hank literally flew down the stairs barely touching them with his feet. I didn’t want to think about what would have happened to me in that ambulance.

Two days later, around 9 a.m., someone knocked on my door. When I opened it, the Senior Immigration Officer and the female Immigration officer were standing there. I invited them into my room.

“Here is your Departure Order,” the male Senior Immigration Officer

said. "If you do not leave voluntarily by March 30 we will deport you."

"You can't do that," I responded. "I have a case pending in federal court."

"I don't care," he snarled. "You will be deported March 30 if you do not leave voluntarily."

He handed me his pen.

"I cannot return to the States," I said. "I am in danger there."

"Maybe you should try Switzerland," he suggested.

I signed the order, knowing that I would have to go over his head to get it changed.

After they left, I decided I needed to get my car back. If I was going to be deported, I wanted to take my car with me regardless of what shape it was in. I researched how to file a complaint against the City of Thunder Bay. It was a legal fact that the cops had illegally towed my car. I researched the law, typed up my claim, paid a \$125 filing fee, and served the papers on the Police Chief and the Mayor. I gave one to the Registrar of the Court who assigned Case 5514-94 to the April 21 court calendar.

I also found a copy of the 1992 Immigration Act at the public library. On March 18, I was having coffee with Hank at the restaurant where another woman who had fled Wisconsin justice had worked for a short time.

"Well, I found it," I smugly said to Hank.

"Found what?" he asked.

"The section of the Immigration Act that prevents people from being deported while they have a case at federal court."

"Where did you find that?"

"At the library."

"The library doesn't have books that are that technical."

"Oh, really?" I laughed.

Hank jumped up, ran out the door, and fled down the street. I went to the door and yelled, "Hey, Hank!" but he was gone.

On March 19 I faxed a letter to Jean Chretien, the Prime Minister. I felt a serious miscarriage of justice was about to take place and the people in power should know about it. I received a phone message on March 28 from the Thunder Bay Immigration office asking me to drop in to see them. When I arrived, I was given a letter stating that the Departure Order would not be enforced until the application for Leave and for Judicial Review had been processed. I breathed a huge sigh of relief. I told everyone I knew that I had escaped deportation.

My alimony was scheduled to go down to \$600 a month beginning in



April. I asked Robby for a cheaper room and told him I could not afford the charge for the refrigerator. He assigned me a room at the end of the hall adjacent to the fire escape. I planned to move there on April 1.

Having been under great stress from the possibility of being deported, I told Hank that I was too tired to go to my usual Wednesday night AA meeting. I took a late afternoon nap and felt better when I woke up. AA meetings are great stress relievers for me, so I decided to go to the meeting.

I shared with the group my close encounter with deportation, but declined going out for coffee since my fatigue had reappeared. As I was riding the bus back to Robby's, I listened to the conversation between the driver and a woman passenger.

"There were ladder trucks there and flames coming out of the window," the bus driver said.

"It sounds like the building will be destroyed," the lady commented.

"Yeah, Robby's may have to close."

"Robby's!" I exclaimed. "Is Robby's on fire?"

The bus turned into the terminal next to Robby's. There were fire trucks with ladders leaning against the building and fire hoses snaking across the road. I found a group of residents and listened as they told me that the fire had started in Room 22 and was caused by careless smoking. My new room, 21, was right across the hall from 22. A fire official approached me and asked me if I was a resident. I told him that I was and gave him my name and room number.

"Can I go to my room tonight?" I asked him.

"No, probably tomorrow some time."

"Where can I stay tonight?"

"The Salvation Army is taking the men. There is a van leaving now that will drop you off at the Emergency Shelter."

I had no idea if my possessions had burned. I slept at the shelter.

In the morning I went to Robin's Donuts near Robby's. Several of the other residents were there waiting to see when we would be allowed in the building.

"How did the fire start?" I asked.

"The Fire Department thinks that it was started in Room 21 by careless smoking."

The only person hospitalized was the person in Room 21. He had inhaled smoke and needed treatment.

I had no insurance on my possessions. It was fortunate that the woman

who lent me the typewriter had picked it up the night before the fire.

Hank arrived at Robin's Donuts wearing a large bandage on his forehead.

"What happened to you?" I asked.

"I fell down a friend's fire escape and needed stitches."

I wondered if he was telling me, while admitting nothing, that he had started the fire.

Someone received word that we could visit our rooms at noon. We could remove our things, but the building could not be inhabited due to fire, water, and smoke damage. We all would have to find new places to live. I called Jim Kelly, the Chronicle Journal reporter, and asked him if he wanted to go inside Robby's with me to report on the fire. He thought it was a great idea.

At noon we climbed the stairs to the second floor. My room had water and smoke damage. After surveying my room, Jim left to see the rest of the building. I was sorting out my clothes deciding what was worth saving when I heard men talking in the hallway. As they walked toward me, I popped out into the hall and said to their video camera, "If this fire had happened at 3 a.m., I'd be dead." They made no comment and continued down the hall.

There had been a serious rooming house fire the previous winter when several people died because the emergency exit had been locked with a chain. An ongoing debate addressed the inadequate fire safety laws regarding rooming houses. It had been decided that older buildings did not have to comply with Ontario's fire regulations that mandated sprinkling systems in residential buildings.

The lobby hadn't been damaged so I called Sally from there and asked if she could drive my possessions and me to the Fort Motel. By the time I had brought my salvageable things down to the lobby, transferred them to her car, and then took them into the motel, I was exhausted. Sally invited me to dinner at her house, but I told her I was just going to crash.

I stayed at the motel for two weeks. I went to many meetings—always a good idea when things happen that are out of an individual's control. I mentioned at meetings my need for a place to live and after a Tuesday meeting, Cherrilyn offered one of her rooms to me. She rented rooms in a house she owned to people recently out of rehab. She drove me to the house, a few blocks from the shelter, and I transferred my stuff to a room on the second floor. I stayed there for three weeks.

I filed a Motion for Summary Judgment in Court regarding the return of my car. I had received no response to my complaint from the City of Thunder Bay. The Court date for hearing the Motion was April 21. I arrived at the

Court at 8 a.m. and was surprised that the court calendar did not list my case. I went to the Registrar and asked her about it.

“Don’t worry,” she said, “your case is scheduled for today.”

To my surprise Lawrence, my friend from the shelter with the stomach scar, was waiting in the courtroom. “What are you doing here?” I asked.

“I want to see what happens to your case.”

Lawrence did not bathe very often, so I distanced myself from him without being obvious about it. Lunchtime arrived and my case had not been called. I got some lunch from the vending machine while Lawrence dug around in his large duffel bag to find his.

The afternoon cases were called. The final case on the calendar dragged on and on. “This is a whole wasted day,” I whispered to Lawrence.

“Just wait. See what happens.”

At 4:30 p.m. the judge asked me if I had a case scheduled. I replied that I did and gave him the case number and my name. “I am asking the court to grant me a Summary Judgment since the City has not responded to my claim which is a violation of the law.”

“Your Honor,” responded the city’s attorney. “Ms. Hansel’s car was parked illegally. The Police towed it to Al’s Storage on January 11 of this year.”

“According to the Highway Act,” I began and mentioned the correct section number, “cars parked illegally at parking meters may be towed. There was no parking meter where my car was parked. And anyway, the City failed to respond to my motion within the specified time period.”

“Counsel?” asked the Judge.

“We feel Ms. Hansel’s claim is frivolous,” responded the City Attorney.

“Ms. Hansel,” intoned the Judge, “I am granting your Summary Judgment Motion. The City will pay the storage fees.”

“I’ve asked for \$25,000 in punitive damages, Your Honor.”

“I’m afraid not, Ms. Hansel. Court stands adjourned.”

I turned to Lawrence and said, “Thanks for being here.”

“I’m glad you won,” Lawrence said with a smile.

I phoned Al’s towing in the morning and asked them to fix the tire with the slow leak and to get my car started. I picked up the car at 11 a.m. and made sure that nothing was missing inside the car. I drove over to Sally’s and beeped the horn. She came to the door. “You got your car back!”

“There’s Justice in Canada,” I shouted back to her and drove to the shelter for lunch.

Hank admitted, “It’s a victory,” but he didn’t seem happy about it.

After lunch I drove to the Safeway for groceries. I wanted to find out as much as I could about Hank so I decided to go through his brief case that had been in my car since the previous November. The Safeway parking lot seemed like a safe and anonymous place to rifle through his papers.

I found a letter addressed to him that hadn't been opened. The letter, from a hospital roommate who had shared Hank's hospital room when he broke his leg in a car accident in the 1980's, advised Hank to cut down on his drinking.

A picture of a woman sitting in a hospital bed with a man standing next to her, showed a slim man with dark hair and brown eyes who could have been Hank except he was too short. I gauged the man's height in relation to the safety sides of the hospital bed which had been pulled up. Also in the brief case were a plastic Ontario birth certificate, an original Baptismal certificate from a church in Sudbury, and an original Social Insurance card with the name, "Ann Radey" on them. I decided to keep the picture, the birth certificate, the Baptismal certificate, and the Social Insurance card. I thought that I might need them some day. Ann Radey's birth certificate indicated that she was three years older than I.

Hank was supposedly living on a widower's pension from the government. I had a check stub that he left in a jacket pocket that I found while going through his pockets at Robby's. The numbers on the check stub and the numbers on Ann Radey's social insurance card matched. I had no guilt about going through his pockets or brief case. I was almost sure Hank was an impostor posing as Hank Royal and hired either to inform or me or to actually prevent me from attaining Convention Refugee status.

It snowed the weekend of April 25. I love walking in the snow. I went to the shelter for lunch and when returning to the house passed Hank who was lighting a cigarette in a doorway. "Want to come back to the house with me?" I asked.

"Sure."

We arrived at the house and walked past the other residents in the living room. They, newly sober, gave me looks that said, "We don't want that drunk here."

I ignored them and took Hank up to my room. He pulled a bottle of rum out of his jacket sleeve.

"Sorry, Hank," I said, "I don't like rum."

We spent the whole weekend in bed. The street had those sounds of silence that snow creates. No car engines revved, no horns honked, no dogs barked,

no children shouted. A snowy peace.

“Maybe we should get married,” said Hank.

“You know I don’t want to get married again,” I replied, “and, anyway, I don’t know who you are.”

That settled the question. We enjoyed a lovely weekend. I brought food up from the kitchen for meals. The house cat came in to see what was going on and joined us in bed. The spy and his target made peace.

Later that week Hank came over for some of my split pea soup that he suggested was more like a stew. Like my mother and ex-husband, Hank always found something to criticize.

“Now,” I said as we finished dinner, “I have a surprise for you.”

Hank gave me one of his looks that said, “what could you possibly say to surprise me?”

“Remember your saddle bags? I asked.

“My stolen saddle bags?”

“I stole them.”

“You stole them?”

“I don’t like being stood up for dinner. Do you want them back? They’re in the car.”

We went out to the car and I pulled the saddlebags out and gave them to Hank. “Do you want your fishing pole, your ax, and your brief case now?”

“No,” said Hank, “I’ll get them another time.”

Hank jumped on his bike and pedaled away down the street. Watching him disappear, I thought that this was one very odd relationship.

On April 28 I moved back to the motel. I realized that sooner or later I would have to move back to the shelter. I didn’t have enough cash to stay at the motel permanently. Some people had returned to Robby’s, but the smell of smoke was everywhere and my room had not been repaired.

Besides all my car’s other problems, the ignition gave me trouble. I had to insert the key several times to make the proper connection. For that reason I left the key in the ignition. In the middle of the night on April 29, I woke up and saw headlights beaming into my room. I thought that someone must be stealing my car, but I was unable to respond and went back to sleep. In the morning I went to the police station and filed a stolen car report. On Saturday night the police phoned and told me that my car was at another motel down the street from where I was staying. I walked to other motel, got in, and began to drive to my motel. When I tried to stop, the car pulled to the right and the brake pedal hit the floor. My brakes were ruined. With all its problems,

my car was nearly dead.

I was watching *Thelma and Louise* on Mother's Day when Hank knocked on the door. "Come on in," I said, "and watch this great movie."

Hank sat on the edge of the bed and watched as Thelma approached the police officer in the car and then held a gun to his head. "Who trained him?" Hank asked.

*Who trained you*, I thought, but said, "Hank, it's a movie."

Hank left a few minutes later, choosing not to finish watching the movie.

The following Tuesday I went to the drop-in lounge at the shelter and sat next to Hank who was already there. "I'm going to take you by the hair on your head and drag you out of here," he threatened.

"Oooooo," I replied. "You Tarzan. Me Jane." I laughed. Men cannot stand being treated humorously. Their egos get threatened.

On Wednesday I again joined Hank in the lounge. He was angry. And this time he was brutal.

"Fuck off," he said to me. "I don't want to see you or talk to you ever again!"

This hit home. I just sat there. No laughter now. My chest hurt. Hank left. A few minutes later the shelter manager came up the stairs.

"Judy, Hank has asked me to tell you that he is afraid of you. He wants the staff to keep you away from him."

I felt humiliated. I could almost hear my heart cracking into pieces as the ache in my chest grew. Overwhelmed with despair I told myself to get to a meeting.

I grabbed a bus to the 1 p.m. Fort William meeting. "How are you feeling?" asked one of the men.

"Awful."

I went back to my survival mode from the early days of my sobriety. I attended as many meetings per day as I could fit in. I became an actress. I acted okay at meetings. It was no one's business how I actually felt and I figured there might be someone reporting back to Hank. I didn't do much smiling, but I didn't sit in a corner and weep, either.

The women's meeting was a source of comfort for me until they began asking me about honesty and drinking. *Aha!* I thought. *They want me to confess to drinking with Hank. NEVER. Never.*

A few days later I moved back to the shelter. So did Hank. To see him around the building caused me excruciating pain so I spent a lot of time sitting in my car. I went to Mass every day and after Mass, prayed the Rosary

with all the widows dressed in black.

By June 1 I had decided to provoke the Minister of Immigration and the Attorney General into some kind of legal action. I sent letters stating that six months had passed and the government had not responded to my Application Case IMM-7484-93. In late June I received a copy of a Motion requesting an Extension of Time from a Ministry of Justice attorney. I filed a Motion to Deny stating that requests for extensions of time had to be filed within the initial 30-day time period. In early July I received an Order from the Court granting an extension of time. It was ridiculous—a retroactive extension of time.

No reason remained for me to stay in Thunder Bay so I decided to see Canada while I still could. The Canadian government was violating the Immigration Act and the 1951 UN Geneva Convention on the Status of Refugees, but there was nothing I could do about it. I packed up most of the things in my car and sent them off to my brother. I wrote the UN Commission on Human Rights a short history of my case and why I was leaving Thunder Bay. I wrote a letter to the City of Thunder Bay explaining that my car was parked on the shelter lot, but I'd be back for it.

On July 11 I boarded a Greyhound bus using the name Ann Radey. As the bus left Thunder Bay I felt an invigorating sense of freedom and the burden of gloom was lifted from my shoulders. I had escaped again.

## **Chapter Three: Sudbury, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Ontario July 1994 to June 1995**

The bus left Thunder Bay at 7 p.m.. We passed thick green forests, glistening ponds, and blue lakes as we traveled Highway 17. The highway signs in Canada are shaped like a crown and are labeled “Crown Highway.” The sun didn’t set until 10 p.m., so I sat back and enjoyed the view. We stopped in small towns along the way, left off and picked up passengers, and took rest breaks every two hours.

Night descended. People dropped off to sleep as the bus rumbled down the two-lane highway. The bus driver woke me up with his announcement that we were stopping for 20 minutes in Wawa. I went into the donut shop and drank a cup of hot chocolate. We returned to the bus and at 4 a.m. we arrived at Sault Ste. Marie. I got off the bus, gathered my luggage, and approached a cab waiting at the terminal.

“I need to go to the cheapest hotel or motel in town,” I told the driver.

“Okay,” he replied.

The first motel we reached had a “No Vacancy” sign on the door. “There’s a cheaper place,” the driver said, “but I don’t think you’ll like it.”

“Oh, I’ve stayed at lots of rowdy places,” I assured him, “price is the only issue that is important to me.”

A few minutes later we pulled up to the Algonquin Hotel. “This is it,” the



driver said.

“Thanks a lot,” I told him as I paid the fare.

The driver retrieved my luggage, slammed the trunk shut, climbed into the driver’s seat, and drove off into the night. I entered the hotel and took a short flight of stairs up to the Lobby. There was a desk clerk on duty.

“Hi,” I said. “I need a room for a few days.”

“This is a hostel,” the man replied. “We have some private rooms, but most of our guests sleep in dormitories.”

“How much is a private room?” I asked.

“I have one with private bath for \$17 a night.”

“I’ll take it.”

“It’s almost five a.m. I won’t charge you for this night, but will charge you beginning tonight.”

“That is very nice of you. I appreciate it.”

The desk clerk took my cash and then showed me to my room that was up another flight of stairs. I thanked him and then inspected my new quarters. The bathroom had a wood medicine chest above the sink and a huge claw-foot bathtub. The bedroom had a double bed, a chest of drawers, a chair, and a lamp on the bedside table. There was a small closet.

I soaked in a hot tub of bubbles for a while and then, as the sun was coming up, went to bed. I felt relieved to be out of Thunder Bay.

The next afternoon I explored the city. Closer to the States than I had been in over a year, I could see US flags flying on buildings across the river. I bought groceries in a nearby mall and while on my way back to the hostel passed Precious Blood church. I made a mental note of Mass times. When I reached the Algonquin, I stopped in the lobby and phoned Harry

“Hi,” I said, “it’s me.”

“Where are you?”

“I’m in Sault Ste Marie, Ontario at the Algonquin Hotel. Can you FedEx my next check here?”

“Just give me the address,” he replied.

I gave him the street address and told him I’d phone him before another check came in because I didn’t know how long I’d be in the “Soo.” After I completed the call, I took my food up to my room. I didn’t have a refrigerator, so I had bought only non-perishable items. I had enough money to spend and planned to eat some meals in restaurants.

I spent two weeks in the “Soo.” I bought a book for my grandson, David, at a public library book sale. It was one of James Herriot’s dog stories, “Only

One Woof.” I attended Mass at Precious Blood and explored Queen Street, the main shopping area in Sault Ste. Marie. At a check-cashing store, the manager refused to cash US checks. I perused the telephone books in the library and found that Sudbury, only four hours away, had a Money Mart store.

My FedEx package arrived so I bought a ticket to Sudbury for the next day with money left from my previous check. I said my goodbyes to the hostel staff and thanked them for their hospitality. Late the next morning, I took a cab to the Greyhound terminal and watched people and buses come and go until my 1 p.m. departure was announced. Few passengers boarded the bus so I was able to sit in the front seat by myself. After two hours, we stopped in Blind River for a rest break. Our next stop was Espanola, Hank’s hometown. As we approached Sudbury, a large nickel on top of a hill was visible. “What is that?” I asked the driver.

“That’s the Big Nickel Mine. There are tours of the mine,” he explained.

When we reached the terminal, there were no cabs. I called a cab company and ordered a cab.

“Where are you?” the dispatcher asked.

“I’m at the bus terminal,” I replied.

“Which bus terminal?”

“The Greyhound terminal.”

“What is the address there?”

“Look, I have no idea of what the address is. I just arrived in town. There’s a bowling alley across the street.”

“Thank you, Ma’am. A cab is on the way.”

*What’s with these people*, I wondered. How many bus terminals can there be in Sudbury? The cab arrived and I hopped in while the driver stowed my luggage in the trunk.

“I need to go to the Money Mart store,” I told him.

“Okay,” he responded.

We reached the Money Mart store a few minutes later. “Please wait for me,” I instructed the driver. “I need you to take me to the hostel.”

I went in and gave the clerk my Money Mart ID card and my alimony check. I had no problems cashing the check and was back in the cab a few minutes later.

“Do you know where the hostel is?” I asked.

“Yes, but it’s an expensive trip.”

“That’s okay,” I replied, “I’m on vacation.”

I had been in a giddy mood ever since I left Thunder Bay. I threw caution to the wind on a regular basis and refused to worry about my financial condition or where I was going to live or what I was going to do. It was a beautiful summer in a beautiful country and I'd had enough of horrible times.

After I gave the driver his \$12, I found the manager in the restaurant. "I want to stay in the hostel for a few nights," I told him.

"The hostel is no longer in operation," he informed me.

"But you're in the hostelling book," I argued.

"Only until the end of this year," he replied. "Look," he continued, "you can stay in the hostel if you want to as long as you don't mind the condition it is in. The rent is \$22 a night."

"That's fine with me," I said as I paid him for four nights.

The two dormitories were on the second floor of the building adjacent to the restaurant. Each dormitory had two bunk beds. The bathroom, at the end of the hall, was passably clean. The kitchen, equipped with a refrigerator, a microwave, a stove, cabinets, a sink, and a table with chairs, was dusty and unused but not filthy.

Besides the defunct hostel, the owner provided a full-service restaurant, horse-boarding stables, and a collection of farm animals. The rolling terrain reminded me of Wisconsin. I felt at home as I petted the goats and sheep, photographed the ducks, and watched the horses get new shoes.

Four days later the owner, who was also a professor at Laurentian University, gave me a ride to the Edge Motel in Sudbury. I had reserved a room by phone for two weeks at \$75 a week. The Edge, a small motel with one floor of rooms, had a bar in the basement and a restaurant that was only open on weekends. A large shopping center was nearby. I visited the town of Copper Cliff, where the owner of my purloined documents had been born and raised. I attended Mass at the church where she had been baptized. The Creighton Mine was in Copper Cliff. I figured that if I ever needed to use the documents, it would be good to know some basic facts about "my" hometown.

When my two weeks at the Edge Motel were up, I bought a ticket to Toronto on August 22 and boarded the bus for the four-hour trip. I felt anxious because Toronto was a more expensive big city than the towns where I'd been visiting. Halfway to Toronto, I had the brilliant idea to just stay in shelters. Why pay anything at all? Reassured, I sat back and relaxed.

When we reached the Toronto terminal, I claimed my suitcases and dragged them to a phone. I looked in the Yellow pages under "shelters," but none was listed. I checked the White Pages under Salvation Army and noticed a shelter

listed on Dundas Street. I phoned the number and when a woman answered, I asked if there was a bed available for the night.

“Yes we have a bed available,” the woman replied.

“How do I get to your place?” I asked.

“We are on Dundas at Keele Street.”

“I’ll be there as soon as possible. Thanks.”

I hung up and stashed two of my suitcases into a locker. Outside the terminal, I climbed into the first waiting cab and told the driver I needed to go to Dundas and Keele.

“Okay,” the driver responded. “How are you today?”

The driver was a black man with an English accent.

“I’m okay. Where are you from?”

“Nigeria.”

“I’m from the States. I’m trying to immigrate to Canada.”

“Why is that?”

I launched into my speech on human rights violations and my claim for Convention Refugee status. “My case is at the federal court now,” I said.

“If I had to do it over,” he said, “I wouldn’t have come to Canada.”

“Really?” I asked. “Why?”

“The taxes are terrible. Taxes take a lot of my money. They didn’t tell me about taxes until I arrived.”

It had never occurred to me that some countries might not have taxes. Canada has income tax, sales tax, property tax, and the infamous federal GST tax of eight percent. Canadians hate the GST.

We arrived at the shelter. As I got out to pay the driver, I asked him if he was going back to Nigeria.

“I can’t go back,” he said.

I didn’t respond. As he drove off, I went to the shelter door and pushed the buzzer.

“How may I help you?” asked a disembodied voice from the intercom.

“I phoned for a bed a while ago,” I said.

The door buzzed and I entered the lobby. As I approached the reception desk, a young woman came out of an adjacent office. “Hi,” she said. “I’m Alison, the social worker here. Please come with me.” I followed her into her small office. “Are you new in town?” she asked as she went behind her desk and sat down.

“Yes, I just arrived from Sudbury. I’m an American trying to immigrate to Canada.”

“May I see your Immigration documents, please?” she asked.

“Yes, I have them right here,” I replied as I handed them to her.

After she had read them and made copies, she told me that I could stay for two weeks. Then she handed me a two-page form to complete. When I had completed the application, I gave it to her. “I’ll show you to your room now,” she said.

We took the elevator to the third floor and walked down the hall to Room 29. The room had two single beds, a chest of drawers, a lamp on a desk, a closet, and a private washroom with a tub and shower.

“This is very nice,” I said.

“We serve breakfast, lunch, and dinner. The shelter is open all day. You must get up by 8 a.m. for breakfast, but you can go back to bed after breakfast if you want. You are responsible for keeping your bathroom clean, but a maid cleans the rooms once a week. Curfew is 10 p.m. Sundays through Thursdays and 1 a.m. Fridays and Saturdays.”

“Thank you very much,” I said as Alison left the room. As I made up my bed with the linens lying on it, I said a small “Thank You” to God.

Over the next few days I learned my way around Toronto. I visited Eaton Mall and I found St. Michael’s Cathedral. The church, with burning candles, statues of saints, and stained glass windows offers a haven from the crowds and noise of a big city. The church stayed open all day so that homeless people could get out of the weather. Several Masses were offered daily.

I also visited the downtown reference library where I read newspapers. I had a recurring urge to read the personals column in the Toronto Star. I had never read the personals column in any city that I had ever lived. But here I was, looking for the column marked, “670 Personals.” I discovered that every other Monday, beginning August 1, 1994, there was an ad for me from Hank. The ads didn’t mention names or offer any other identifiable things or places. I just knew that they were for me from Hank. I had written Hank on a regular basis ever since I had left Thunder Bay. Even though we were not on speaking terms when I left, I felt compelled to write to him. I always told him where I was.

My two weeks at the Salvation Army ended and I was sent to another shelter. This shelter, also in the downtown area, was a two-story house on a residential street. Five women occupied each of the four bedrooms. From 1 p.m. to 9 p.m. this shelter also operated as a drop-in center for women who had no place to go. A large living room on the first floor, a kitchen that could seat 40 people, and a yard with a six-foot high wooden fence comprised the

property. The bedroom doors were locked at 8:30 a.m. and unlocked at 5 p.m.. No more sleeping in for lazy me.

I heard a lot of sad stories in shelters. At the Thunder Bay shelter I had listened and offered suggestions to other people and their problems. In Toronto I no longer did that. I had learned that I had enough problems of my own to fix without looking for more. With the huge hole left in my chest where Hank had yanked my heart out, to my legal and political problems, I had no time for strangers' despair.

In early October the shelter's director notified me that she was transferring me to another shelter. I decided to leave Toronto and go to Niagara Falls. I arrived there on October 12 and rented a plush motel room on Lundy Lane. I spent the first four days there just surviving—eating, sleeping, showering. I was exhausted.

After two weeks on Lundy Lane, I moved to a motel closer to the falls and downtown shopping areas.

The falls are wonderful. The sound the falls make along with the rainbows in the mist inspire awe. I took the "Maid of the Mist" boat trip to the foot of the falls. The roar of the falls silenced everyone and the spray doused our blue rain gear. It was fun.

I phoned Harry with my calling card every two weeks and gave him my latest address. "Where are you now?" he asked.

"I have moved to 'Down Under'. It's a bar in the basement of a building with rented rooms on the second floor. I can't afford motels anymore."

FedEx always showed up. Occasionally bad weather delayed delivery, but not for long.

In mid-November I returned to Toronto to get another high blood pressure prescription from the doctor who volunteered at the shelter. While I was waiting to see him, one of the staff handed me a large brown envelope. It was from the Federal Court-Trial Division in Ottawa. I opened the envelope with trembling hands. My Request for Leave and for Judicial review was denied.

The next morning I returned to Niagara Falls. I rented a room at the Caverly Hotel for \$60 a week. The room, large with a double bed, a chest of drawers, and a table with chairs, had a private bathroom. All the other residents were men who spent most of the day in the hotel's bar. One of the fellows loaned me an extra TV that he owned. Jack, in the next room, had terminal cirrhosis.

"My Mum did of cirrhosis, too," he told me.

His friends would buy his booze for him and deliver it to his room. I felt very sad for Jack and wondered why I had been so lucky while others hadn't.

I ignored the decision from the Federal Court. I certainly wasn't going to move back to the United States. I spent my days at the library or at a small cafe, where customers read newspapers and sipped coffee. In the winter months I didn't go far from the hotel.

In March Jack died. He had planned to go into the hospital so I wasn't surprised to see paramedics in the hallway. The police arrived a few minutes later and I learned then that Jack was dead. No one claimed his body at the morgue. After a month, the city buried him. The owners and residents of the Caverly went to the graveside service and afterward attended a luncheon hosted by the Caverly's owners.

I usually went through the bar to use the parking lot exit. Sometimes I'd chat with the other residents in the bar. One day, as I was entering the bar, I saw a group of men seated at a table in the corner. Was that Hank with the group? It was dark in the bar so I couldn't be sure. I didn't want to approach him. Who knew what trick he might pull?

Another day, while waiting for a bus, I thought I saw Hank fly past me on a bike. As I watched the biker disappear around a corner, I wasn't sure that it was Hank.

These sightings were in addition to other acts such as knockings on my door in the middle of the night; my possessions moved to different spots while I was out; and a white hand drawn on my full-length mirror. As I was walking in a crosswalk one evening, a truck came so close to hitting me that I felt the wind that the truck created.

I decided to report these incidents to the police. I walked to the police station, entered, and went to the reception desk.

"Hi," I said to the uniformed officer. "I need to report attempts on my life."

"What is your name and address, Ma'am?" he asked.

"My name is Judy Hansel and I live at the Caverly Hotel."

"Please have a seat. Someone will be with you in a moment to take a report."

I sat down feeling safer already. I never understood shelter people's reluctance to phone or visit the police. An officer approached the waiting area.

"Ms. Hansel? You are under arrest. The Thunder Bay Immigration office has issued an Ontario-wide warrant for your arrest. Come with me."

I got up and followed the officer through a large room furnished with desks. The officer opened a door at the rear of the room. "The Immigration

Officers are on their way. You wait here,” he said.

After the officer left, I checked the door. It was locked. I sat at the desk and went through the drawers. I found a sheet of paper in the bottom drawer and quickly wrote a short note detailing my arrest.

The door opened. Two women came in and identified themselves as Immigration Officers. They handcuffed me. As we walked through the large office, the Niagara Falls officer was standing at the door.

“Could you make me two copies of this note?” I asked him as I handed him the note held in my handcuffed hands.

“Sure,” he replied. He returned a few seconds later and handed me the papers.

“Thanks,” I said.

The Immigration officers, one on each side of me, escorted me to the garage where they placed me in the backseat of an unmarked police car. “I need my things at the Caverly,” I told them as we sped down Ferry Street.

“We will pack up your things and deliver them to you later,” one of the officers said.

A few moments later we turned into a Best Western motel on Lundy Lane.

“We house Immigration detainees in this motel,” the officer said.

We stopped at the rear entrance to the motel. The officers buzzed open a gate and walked me through a fenced courtyard. We entered the motel and turned left into an office. A large man in a Burns Security uniform sat behind a desk.

“Please place all of your valuables on the desk,” he ordered.

He listed the items I had placed on the desk on the front of an envelope, put the valuables in the envelope, and handed me a receipt. “I’ll take you to your room, now,” he said.

I followed him down the hall to the last room. Decorated in basic motel beige, the room contained two double beds, a chest of drawers, and a couple of lamps. The drapes were closed. “Dinner is at five p.m.. Your bathroom is right here,” he said, pointing to a door.

After he left, I looked behind the drapes. Bars. A comfortable jail. Events had happened so rapidly that I had had no chance to react. I had known that sooner or later I would be kicked out of Canada because of the Federal Court’s denial of my application for Leave and for Judicial Review. I just hadn’t expected a police station to be a dangerous place for me. I was not angry or afraid, but I felt betrayed by the Canadian violations of its own law and international law. And there was nothing I could do about it. I was powerless



over corrupt bureaucrats in Canada just as I had been in the US.

After dinner we were ushered into the courtyard, the size of half a tennis court. One of the walls was a ten-foot high wood fence that prevented the public from seeing us. The two side fences were wire mesh that met overhead to create an escape-proof ceiling. The fourth wall was a brick wall of the motel.

It was hot in Niagara Falls. No water was available in what I decided to call the “cage” and not the “yard” as did Burns Security. The cage had few chairs and benches so some men crouched or sat on the ground. One tree gave a little shade. The Burns cops sat at a picnic table under a large umbrella in the fenced courtyard and kept an eye on us.

At 9 p.m. the guards took us in for the evening. They told us to stay in our rooms until morning. I saw my suitcases on the hall floor and asked if I could have the small one that contained my high blood pressure pills. The guard brought it to me and I took out two blank envelopes. I addressed one to the UN in New York and one to a friend in Wisconsin. I put copies of the note I had written in jail into the envelopes. The next time a guard checked us I asked him if he could do me a favor.

“Sure, depending on what it is, of course,” he responded.

“I have these two letters to mail, but no stamps. Could you buy me two stamps at Shoppers Drug Mart and mail the letters? I have money for the stamps.”

“I’ll do it tonight before I go home,” he said as he took the letters from me.

I breathed a quiet “Thank You” to God for stupid cops.

After breakfast the next morning, the guards took us back into the cage. By 11 a.m., the sun was burning us and the humidity had us drenched in sweat. The guards took us into lunch at noon and allowed us to stay in the motel until 1 p.m.. At 1 p.m. they marched us back outside into the cage. The guards sat at their picnic bench while one of them went to McDonald’s for ice cream and drinks. We sweltered in the sun as they laughed and talked under their umbrella and over their ice creams and drinks.

After dinner I approached one of the rent-a cops.

“I am not going back out there,” I told him. “It is too hot.”

“If you don’t go voluntarily, we will handcuff and shackle you and carry you out there,” he threatened.

I went back into the cage with the others, but carried a cup of water with me. That evening after 9 p.m., I asked to speak to the supervisor. A guard

escorted me to the office. The supervisor, the same man who had taken my valuables when I first arrived, growled at me, "What do you want?"

"I am supposed to have a hearing within 48 hours of being detained. Are hearings held on the weekends?"

"Yes. We will notify you when it's time for your hearing."

I returned to my room that I shared with a young Polish woman. Other detainees told me that she had traveled with the US family that she worked for to see the Falls from the Canadian side. When they returned to the US, she discovered that her Visa did not allow her to return. She was waiting to be deported. We had established a communication of sorts that included head shaking, smiles, rolled eyes, and shrugged shoulders. The next day, Sunday, we were out in the cage. A seagull flew over us. I pointed to it and said, "Freedom."

She smiled. "Freedom," she repeated.

Later on Sunday I spoke to a man from Africa. I explained to him what was happening to me. "I have been deported five times," he told me, "but always return."

"Really?" I asked. "How do you manage to keep returning?"

He laughed. "It's easy to get into Canada with the right ID."

I thought about my Ann Radey documents hidden in my suitcase. "What happens if they catch you returning after being deported?"

"What can they do? They just deport you again."

As the weekend wore on, I repeatedly asked for the time of my hearing. I did not endear myself to the Burn's cops. I took a paper cup of water with me into the cage and other detainees followed my example. After nine p.m. on Sunday, I felt frustrated so I grabbed a white hand towel from the bathroom and with a lipstick wrote, "HELP" on it and hung it on the bars on the window. The Polish woman and I laughed. The next morning one of the guards came in and asked which one of us was responsible for the towel in the window. We both played dumb as he snatched the towel from the window and stalked out of the room.

When the weekday supervisor arrived on Monday morning, I went into his office after breakfast and asked him when my hearing would be held.

"We'll let you know," he said.

Tired of sitting in the cage, tired of being detained, and tired of being denied a hearing, I went into my room's bathroom and sat with my back against the closed door.

"Are you in there, Judy?" a guard asked after knocking on the door.

“Yes, I am.”

“Are you sick?”

“I’m sick of waiting for a hearing. I’m not coming out until I have a hearing.”

A few minutes later, the supervisor came and banged on the door. “Get out of there,” he ordered.

“No.”

He pushed the door and being heavier than me, pushed the door open.

“Pack up your stuff. You’re being deported now.”

“But I haven’t had a hearing.”

“You’ve had enough hearings!”

I hadn’t had a chance to go through my suitcases and see if anything was missing. The supervisor escorted me to a white van. Two young people in the front seat introduced themselves as Immigration Officers. “Can you take me first to the Caverly Hotel so I can get my check?” I asked.

“No.”

“I don’t have much money.”

They just drove across Rainbow Bridge, stopped at the US Customs and INS building and opened the van door. It was June 12, 1995, exactly two years to the day that I had entered Canada. I refused to get out.

The driver went into the building and came out with a US employee.

“Are you a US citizen?”

“Yes.”

“Welcome home!”

I didn’t want to raise suspicions, so I got out of the van. After Customs checked to see if I was smuggling anything into the US, I was allowed to leave.

First I called FedEx and told them about the package that was either on its way or already at the Caverly. “I’m at the US end of the Rainbow Bridge,” I told them.

“The FedEx truck cannot deliver your package because you are in a different country.”

Then I called Harry. “Can you wire me \$100?” I asked after explaining my predicament. I gave him the name of a nearby store that I had found in the Yellow pages. He agreed to wire me \$100. I went through my suitcases. All of my books and my camera were missing. I phoned for a cab and when it arrived, had the driver take me to the store so I could pick up the \$100. I asked the cabby to take me to a cheap motel, but the cheapest he knew of was

\$45. I had to spend the night somewhere and the cab fare was going up by the minute.

After checking in I called Harry again. I asked him to inform FedEx of my Niagara Falls address. I then went out and had dinner. When I returned to the motel, I wrote a report to the UN about my arrest and detention at the Best Western motel in Niagara Falls, Ontario.

I decided to return to Canada as Ann Radey. First, I didn't think that I'd be able to cash my check in New York. If I took it to a bank, they might call the court in Wisconsin and find out that there was a warrant for my arrest. Second, I was angry that Canada had not only deported me, but had deported me in violation of its own and international law. Third, I didn't consider myself an American anymore.

I asked the motel owners how to get to Buffalo, since there was no bus across the border into Canada from Niagara Falls, NY. The manager pointed out a bus stop across the street from the motel and told me that the bus that stopped there went to Buffalo where I could catch a Greyhound to Canada. That night I took all my winter clothes out of my suitcases and left them on a chair. I couldn't enter Canada with my suitcase full of winter clothes in the middle of June.

The next morning at 9 AM the phone rang.

"Your FedEx package is here."

I quickly dressed and went to the office. "Thank you God for FedEx," I prayed.

I checked out of the motel and dragged my two large suitcases over to the bus stop. The trip on the bus to Buffalo took 45 minutes and when we reached the Buffalo bus terminal, I had to transfer to another bus to get to Greyhound. I had \$25 left.

When I reached the Greyhound terminal, I approached the ticket window and asked the clerk how much a ticket to Toronto cost. "\$17," she replied.

In order to look three years older, I wore no make-up and pulled my hair back, so that the white roots were showing.

It is a short bus ride over Peace Bridge to the Canadian Customs and Immigration building. My Ann Radey ID was in my purse, but I was still nervous. I had not yet adjusted to lying to authority figures. We had to get off the bus and claim our luggage from the bus driver and then take our luggage with us into the building. I was last in line. As I stepped up to the Immigration officer sitting behind a computer screen, I showed him the Ontario birth certificate.

“How long have you been gone?” he asked me.

“Two weeks,” I replied. I made up the answers as we went along.

“Have you brought anything back with you?”

“No.”

“Nothing?” He seemed skeptical.

“My grandson is sick. I went to see him.”

“Okay, Ma’am.”

I was back in Canada.

The trip to Niagara Falls is short. As I waited on the bus to continue to Toronto, I wanted to get off the bus and see if my camera and books were still at the hotel, but I convinced myself it would be safer to stay on the bus. When I arrived in Toronto, I put my luggage in a locker and went to the Money Mart store.

“Hi, Judy,” said the clerk when I came in, “how’s your Immigration case going?”

“I haven’t heard a thing,” I said as I scooped up the cash.

I went back to the Greyhound terminal and bought Ann Radey a one-way ticket to Sudbury. The bus left at 1 a.m., so I had time to catch my breath and have dinner. I ate in the small restaurant on the lower level of the terminal and then went up to the mezzanine level and watched people from the bar while I nursed a Coke.

At 12:45 a.m. the public address system announced that the bus departing for Sudbury was loading at Gate 4. As I made my way to the line, I noticed four men in an office located above and behind the buses. They seemed to be looking at me. *I have to get out of here*, I thought. I boarded the bus feeling relieved until the bus driver announced one last stop in Toronto at the York terminal. Adrenaline began to pump through me as the passengers at York boarded. I never knew when police would climb on board and force me to go with them.

The bus finally got underway and as we traveled through the night, I looked at all the stars that are visible outside Canadian cities. Nature always seemed to welcome me to Canada, regardless of what the bureaucrats thought of me. I was back in Canada and feeling happy. This is where I belonged.

## **Chapter Four: Sudbury, Calgary and Lethbridge, Alberta June 1995 to January 1996**

We arrived at the Sudbury terminal at 6 a.m.. I walked to a nearby McDonald's and ate breakfast. Then I looked in the Yellow pages for a place to stay. I could not return to the Edge Motel or the hostel, since both of those places knew me by my real name and they knew that I was in Canada for immigration purposes. I phoned the Nickel City Hotel and spoke to the manager. He had a room available for \$70 a week. I told him I'd take it and then took a bus to Hazel Street. I went into the hotel and found the manager in his office.

"Hi," I said. "I phoned about the room you have available."

"How long do you plan on staying?" he asked me.

"About a month. I just got in from Thunder Bay and I plan to visit friends."

"The room is \$70 a week."

"That's fine."

"Do you have any identification?"

I handed him my Ann Radey birth certificate and social insurance card.

"Well," he said, "this is interesting. We have a fellow named Radey living here."

"Really?" I asked as my blood pressure shot up fifty points. I never imagined that I might run into someone who knew the real Ann Radey.

I paid a week's rent and took the key he gave me to Room 14. The room was not as nice as the hostel or the Edge Motel, but I felt safer in a part of town away from the Edge Motel. The bathrooms were in the hallway which meant less privacy. I was the only female renter amid the usual population of alcoholic single men.

One of the things that Hank had taught me was to find the exits first when I entered a room or a building. I found a back stairway out of the building as well as the main stairway, which was on the side of the building. This survey ensured that if a quick departure became necessary, the fastest way out could be chosen. The downstairs bar had two exits, each one leading to a different street.

I phoned Harry and gave him my new name and address. I told him I didn't know how long I would be able to stay in Canada, but that I would call him when I got a new address. I found Mr. Radey in the bar and told him my name. He questioned me about living in Thunder Bay and explained that his cousin, Ann, had lived in Thunder Bay with her husband, Hank. Little did he know that I was in Canada using his cousin's ID. I lied as best I could. What else could I do? I certainly couldn't tell him that I was on the lam from Wisconsin and had been deported on June 12 from Canada. I don't think he believed my responses to his questions, but he didn't challenge my identity.

To fill up my days I went to the noon AA meeting, where I used my own first name. I ate lunch sometimes at the Catholic Charities soup kitchen. One afternoon when I returned to the hotel, I went into the bar to use the ladies room. I passed a slim man wearing a baseball cap sitting on a barstool. When I reached the ladies room door, I turned and looked at him. It was Hank. What was he doing in Sudbury? He was gone a few minutes later when I came out of the ladies room.

My daily activities were monitored. One of the younger residents was always down in the bar when I came down in the mornings. "Where are you going today?" he'd ask me.

"Maybe shopping. Or the library. Perhaps AA."

These were my responses and usually the truth. There wasn't that much to do in Sudbury. One afternoon I came in and got some popcorn. I took it into the room adjacent to the bar where the bands played on the weekends. Tables and chairs were positioned around the dance floor. I sat next to a pillar. The usual group of drinkers was sitting on the other side of the pillar. A police car stopped outside and the uniformed police officer came inside. "Well, where is she today?" he asked.

“Probably shopping,” said one of the residents.

“Maybe at a meeting,” said another.

Yikes! They were talking about me! This was just too good to pass up. I got up from my chair, walked around the pillar and asked, “Are you boys looking for me?”

The cop picked up the almost empty pitcher of beer and drained it. The other men looked startled. No one said anything. I flounced out the door and up the stairs hoping that they had learned that maybe they didn’t always know where I was.

I used a rental typewriter at the library and formally announced my presence to the federal government in Ottawa. The International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights gives individuals the right to file a claim against a country. Canada has signed these documents, but the US has not. I typed up a three-page indictment of the rights specified in the Covenant that were violated by Canada in my refugee claim. I sent the complaint to the Human Rights Committee in New York, the Chairman of the Third Committee of the General Assembly of the UN, and the Human Rights Commission in Geneva.

On June 22 I sent a statement to the Prime Minister of Canada that detailed the violations of the Immigration Act that occurred when I was deported on June 12. I needed to have a legal reason to be in Canada, since according to the government I was breaking the law, not them. After I mailed these two documents the harassment began. Unknown people knocking on my door in the middle of the night, drunks walking up to me on the street and verbally abusing me. By the middle of July I knew that I would have to leave Sudbury, but I needed to wait for another check to arrive. I went to a woman’s shelter and told them a tale about how I was out of money. I explained that my brother was sending me some money by FedEx and asked if I could stay at the shelter until my cash arrived. They agreed. Most of the time lying didn’t bother me. I felt that Canada had erroneously denied me Convention Refugee status and had illegally deported me. Canada had sent me back to the country that persecuted me for my political opinion and that is a violation of the 1951 UN Geneva Convention on the Status of Refugees. Canada, through its Ministry of Immigration officials, had broken the law, not me.

On the last Monday in July, I bought Ann Radey a one-way ticket to Calgary. I retraced my steps of the previous July. We arrived in Thunder Bay for our breakfast stop. I phoned the shelter and asked for Hank.

“He’s not here. Do you want to leave a message?”

“This is Judy, John. Tell Hank that I want to know what he was doing at



the Nickel City Hotel's bar in Sudbury.”

The bus driver called his passengers to return to the bus and I looked at the shelter as we rode past. There was no bike and no Hank to be seen. Later that morning we passed the Raven Lake Lodge sign and rode through Ignace. I had been so happy in Canada then and now I was running from the Canadian government just as I had run from the US government. And I had done nothing wrong. Except, of course, expecting governments to obey their own laws.

We stopped in Dryden for lunch. I sat out in a field and tried to recapture the serenity I had enjoyed at Raven Lake Lodge. The bus was leaving when I saw it pulling away from the restaurant and I had to run to catch it. We made a brief stop in Lake of the Woods and then had our dinner break in Winnipeg. As we headed across the prairie, the televisions on the bus were showing a movie. Reality was more interesting to me as I watched the sun set over the open fields. I slept through most of Saskatchewan, but woke up and purchased a post card in Swift Current. We ate breakfast in Medicine Hat, Alberta and we arrived in Calgary at noon. When I got off the bus, I felt as though I were still moving.

I put my suitcases in a locker and phoned social services. A social worker advised me to go to the shelter and gave me directions to get there. I took the Greyhound shuttle bus to Calgary's light rail system. I rode the train to a block from the shelter and walked the rest of the way. The shelter was in a large concrete building that had no windows. I entered a huge room and saw a door with a sign that read “Manager.” I knocked on the door. A tall, gray-haired man opened the door and asked me, “Can I help you?”

I told him I had just arrived in Calgary and needed a place to stay.

“I think I can find you a better place to stay than here,” he said. “I'll call the YWCA and arrange for a bed for you there. Ask to see Mary Ann. The Y is just one block away.”

“I saw it on my way here,” I said. “Thanks for your help.”

A few minutes later I arrived at the Y and approached the receptionist at the front desk.

“Hi, I'm here to see Mary Ann,” I said.

“She's expecting you. Take the elevator to the second floor.”

When I arrived on the second floor, I saw an open office door and went in.

“Hi,” I said to the plump young woman, “I'm looking for Mary Ann.”

“That's me,” she replied. “We have a bed in the dormitory for you tonight, but if you want, you can rent a room here.”

“That’s great. I’d like to stay until February.”

“Okay. We’ll set you up to start renting a room in a few days.”

She took me to the dorm, gave me directions to the cafeteria, and informed me that I could use the gym and swimming pool free of charge.

I moved into a room on the seventh floor a few days later. The room, newly decorated, had fresh paint and new carpeting and furniture. I paid \$232 per month for rent. My room was adjacent to the TV lounge and my window gave me a view of the Calgary skyline

The Money Mart store, located in a suburb of Calgary, required me to take a bus to cash my check. I always approached a Money Mart store with trepidation. They knew my real name and I often feared that the police might be lurking inside. My Money Mart ID had my photo and notations on the back that listed all the stores that I had used in Ontario. I never had a problem cashing my checks, but I was still apprehensive. I had to be constantly aware of what name I used and what name to respond to when people were talking to me.

I decided to assume more of the real Ann Radey’s identity. She had no children so when people asked if I had children, I said no. I certainly couldn’t be dead so I changed to the closest thing—divorced. I named my ex-husband Hank and said he worked for the Ministry of Immigration in Thunder Bay. I began to live my cover story.

I enjoyed Calgary with its free lunchtime concerts in one of the beautiful performing arts halls in the downtown area. As usual I hung out at the library. A movie complex charged only \$1.50, so I could finally go to the movies again. Time passed swiftly.

In early October, Mary Ann told me that I would have to move to a shared apartment on another floor or leave the Y. “I thought I could stay here until February,” I argued.

“That has changed,” she said as she handed me a seven-page application to complete.

I couldn’t fill out the application as Ann Radey because that would be fraud.

Besides, if they checked out the facts that I might list, they would discover that I wasn’t Ann Radey.

I had always wanted to see Banff, so I took a one-day trip on a Greyhound. I walked around the town of Banff and watched the elk as they walked down the streets or napped under the trees. Disney was nothing compared to this! I rode the gondola up the mountain and scared myself by looking down. I

stood on the ice and snow covered observation deck and wondered at the majesty of Creation. I mailed post cards and on the one to Hank wrote: "I made it to Banff!"

I realized that I would have to leave Calgary and chose October 31 as the day to leave. That day the citizens of Quebec would vote whether to stay as part of Canada or to separate and become a new country. I thought it would be a good day for me to just disappear.

I packed my suitcases and left the Y in late morning. I ordered a cab using the name Chris. When I arrived at the terminal, I purchased a ticket to Lethbridge and waited in the cafeteria behind a potted plant.

All my scheming came to naught. Standing in line waiting to board the bus to Lethbridge was a fellow I recognized from the shelter's lunch program. "Hi," he said, "where are you going?"

"Lethbridge," I admitted.

"I'm going home," he said and mentioned a small town 50 km south of Calgary.

We boarded the bus and I sat alone. From my window seat I saw the snowy tops of the Rocky Mountains west of the highway. When we arrived in Lethbridge, I claimed my luggage, found a telephone, and called hotels in the phone book. The Bridge Hotel had a room available for \$80, so I flagged a cab and was at the hotel a few minutes later. After I paid the \$80, I went to the room. It was quite possibly the worst place I have ever stayed. The floor in the middle of the room went downhill. The bed was lumpy. Dust covered the chest of drawers. Wind blew through the washroom's closed window. A damp, musty smell hung in the air. Even the roaches had moved out.

I stayed at the hotel for two weeks and waited for my check. Harry and FedEx came through again. I dashed to the Money Mart store with my check.

"This is a US check, isn't it?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," I replied.

She looked unsure.

"You can call the Money Mart store in Calgary and check to see if it's okay."

She called Calgary and learned that the check was good. It was a close call and it made me realize how vulnerable I was without cash. I immediately went to the YWCA and rented a room using my Ann Radey persona. The rent was \$252 a month. The Y had a well-equipped kitchen for residents' use, a low-cost laundry room, and a TV lounge. I went to the thrift store and bought a small black and white TV for my room. Most of the other residents

were young women in their teens and twenties. One of them had a new baby. I spent very little time in the kitchen or lounge, preferring to either stay in my room or go out to the library or mall.

The biggest international news in November was the execution of Ken Sara Wiwa, a human rights worker in Nigeria. Shell Oil Company drilled for oil on the Ogoni peoples' land and did not pay the people for the land. In addition, Shell Oil drilling created environmental damage and refused to clean it up. Mr. Wiwa attempted to bring this issue to various organizations to force Shell Oil to behave responsibly. Instead, the government accused him of a murder, found him guilty, and executed him. Hanging is the method of execution in Nigeria, but it took five attempts to kill him. His last words were, "Why are you doing this to me?"

The Prime Minister of Canada, Jean Chre'tien, and President Clinton issued messages of outrage. The Commonwealth Secretariat imposed sanctions on Nigeria.

I thought that Mr. Chre'tien and Mr. Clinton were as guilty of human rights abuses in my case as Nigeria was in Mr. Sara Wiwa's case. I mailed my opinion and a short note that detailed my situation to the Commonwealth Secretariat, the Organization of American States, and the UN. I decided that it was time that international organizations heard about my case. I have been sending the UN reports on a monthly basis since July 1994

I received replies from the Commonwealth Secretariat and the OAS. The Commonwealth Secretariat indicated an interest in my case and urged me to keep them informed. The OAS sent me a human rights complaint form which I completed and returned to them. The OAS finally decided that it could not investigate my complaints against the US and Canada because neither country had signed the OAS human rights document. The Commonwealth Secretariat eventually advised me to return to the US and file a claim against the government from inside the country. Briefly, both organizations told me to get lost. I have never received a reply from the UN. I continue to send the UN updates on my case so that, by now, my dossier must be several inches thick.

Chinook winds come off the Sea of Japan and over the Rocky Mountains to Lethbridge. One day might be cold and snowy and the next day the temperature would be above zero degrees Celsius and the snow would melt. I took myself out to dinner on Christmas Eve and ate perogies with sour cream and bacon bits. Delicious. I went to Mass and cried as we sang the hymn, "Gentle Woman." I called my sons from a pay phone and caught up

on all the news.

On January 5 I was lolling in a tub of bubbles when a female voice came over the bathtub stall. “Ann Radey are you in here? I’m Linda Rokas, an Immigration Officer. There is another officer in the hall outside your room.”

*Here we go again*, I sighed to myself. “Yes, I am in here,” I replied.

“I’ll wait while you finish and get dressed.”

I climbed out of the suds, dried and dressed myself and confronted Ms. Rokas.

“Let’s go to your room,” she suggested.

I obediently led her to my room and opened the door. Both officers came in.

“I am Linda Rokas and this is Rod Lomas,” the officer said. “Do you have any identification?”

I whipped out my Ann Radey birth certificate and gave it to her.

“Look at this,” she said showing it to her partner.

Always hopeful that Immigration employees would have good news for me, I remained courteous and submissive.

“We know this isn’t you,” Ms. Rokas said.

“You’re right,” I agreed. “I’m Judy Hansel, US refugee.”

“We have a warrant for your arrest. Pack up your belongings.”

Part of me felt relieved and part of me felt angry. Why was the Canadian government so intent on returning me to the States where my liberty was in danger? Forty-five US citizens between 1989 and 1994 had claimed Convention Refugee status in Canada and all were denied and shipped back to the US. Was there some secret agreement between Canada and the US?

Ms. Rokas said that they wouldn’t handcuff me as we left the building. Still, some employees and residents stared at me as we left. I rode in the back of their unmarked police car to the Lethbridge Correctional Center, an Alberta prison. No motels this time.

The LCC, as I came to know it, was a coed provincial prison. After being processed—fingerprinted, mug shot, forms completed—a guard took me to the women’s section. There I received two complete sets of clothes: jeans, t-shirts, underwear, a pair of tennis shoes, a washcloth and a towel. A guard escorted me to cell #11 and locked the door after I was inside. The cell contained a toilet and sink, shelves for storing extra clothes and hygiene products, a desk under a large window that looked out on trees and grass, and a radio recessed into the wall. The walls were concrete blocks and except for the window in the door, it was very private. It was nicer than the Bridge

Hotel.

The women's section had two floors of cells arranged around three sides of a huge room. The fourth wall consisted of a Plexiglas window behind which was the guards' office. Another inmate approached me at dinnertime.

"Hi, I'm Carol," she said.

"I'm Judy, from the States."

"Why are you here?"

"I returned after being deported and I impersonated a Canadian."

"Oh," she said, "personation is a serious charge."

"Don't worry," I told her. "I'm not guilty of anything."

The next day I heard my name called on the PA system. I went to the guards' office where a guard told me that I was scheduled for a hearing with an Immigration Officer. Another guard escorted me to a small room on the first floor of the prison. Ms. Rokas was waiting for me. I rehashed my story for her and told her that I had done nothing that violated any Canadian law. Persecuted for my political opinion in the US, I returned to Canada after being deported because I was afraid of further persecution in the States. The Immigration Act declares that it is not a violation of law to use another name and identity if a person is afraid to use her real name. I finished my story.

"This form needs your signature to prove that you have had a hearing within 48 hours of being detained," Ms. Rokas said.

"So that's what you're doing—making sure this deportation is legal."

She handed the form to me. I signed it.

"You're being transported to the Court now for your arraignment."

She escorted me to the processing area where a guard handcuffed me and took me to a van with wire mesh on the windows. I sat in the back of the van with other prisoners. When we arrived at the Court, I asked to see a Legal Aid lawyer. An attorney arrived at the holding cell a few minutes later. "I want to file a Motion to Dismiss the charges," I told him.

"We don't use Motions in Canada," the attorney lied.

I went into Court and pleaded "Not Guilty" to Judge Hogan. A trial date of April 22 was set.

A guard took me back to the holding cell while my release papers were drawn up. A short while later a guard took me into an office where a middle-aged, blond woman sat behind a Plexiglas window. She handed me a paper labeled, "Recognizance" that I assumed was the Canadian equivalent of a bail bond statement. No conditions were attached except to appear for trial. As I read the two-page document, the woman said, "Oh, you don't have to

read it. Just sign it.”

“I read everything I sign,” I told her.

Halfway down the sheet I read, “who did unlawfully come into Canada on the Fourth day of January, 1996...”

“I can’t sign this paper,” I said.

“What?”

“I said I can’t sign this paper. I returned to Canada on June 13, 1995.”

“You have to sign it.”

“No I don’t.”

She stood up and left the office. A guard came and took me back to the holding cell.

“The van is about to leave,” he said. “You’ll miss dinner.”

“I don’t care.”

I sat in the cell and waited. A police officer approached me and asked, “When did you return to Canada?”

“June 13. The day after I was illegally deported.”

A little while later another officer approached me. “Why don’t you just sign the Recognizance?” he asked.

“I can’t. It’s not the truth.”

Eventually the van transported me back to the LCC. They placed me in another holding cell there rather than taking me to the Women’s section. A guard threw a brown paper bag at me. I caught it and ate the peanut butter sandwich that was inside. I guessed I had missed dinner.

From that point on, the prison officials denied me privileges. They forbid me to go outside to the exercise yard, to the library, and to the evening sessions in the gym. I didn’t care. I wasn’t about to sign a false statement. On Sunday they allowed me to attend Mass. The priest gave me a rosary.

The LCC, not a completely unpleasant place, offered two color TVs for the prisoners to watch. Hair dryers, curling irons, and laundry machines allowed inmates to remain well groomed. Long-term prisoners attended classes in anger management or in academic subjects. Church services and gym were co-ed activities. In the evening when women prepared to meet their boyfriends in the gym, it seemed more like a sorority house than a prison.

We put orders into the Canteen every day. Stationery, stamps, pens, shampoo, hair dye, candy and cigarettes were just a few of the items available. There were only three fifteen-minute lockdowns during the day. I spent the rest of the time watching TV, chatting with other prisoners, writing letters or

reading in my cell. Cells were locked for the night at 11 p.m., but the radios could be listened to as long as the volume was kept low. Long-term prisoners had daily housekeeping chores, but as an Immigration detainee I had no chores.

One of the prisoners, during the holidays, had thrown a chair at the guards' Plexiglas window and cracked it. She had been sent to isolation (known as "the hole" to prisoners). When she returned to the women's section, she was greeted with joy. The women created a circle around her and Carol, while Carol performed oral sex on her to welcome her back.

Carol, obviously an informer, was often called out of the women's section to go to unknown destinations. When she returned she usually carried a bottle of shampoo or some other goody with her that I imagined were payment for her services. She made a special point of it to talk to me about my case. If she had extra food, she offered me some. I refused her seductive moves.

A nurse brought medications around four times a day. She asked me why I hadn't signed my recognizance. "Would you sign a false statement?" I asked her.

"No," she responded, "but they are thinking of keeping you here until your trial on April 22."

"Well, I'll have a lot of money when I leave Canada if that happens," I said.

I phoned Harry collect and gave him the LCC address so he could send my check via FedEx. FedEx will deliver anywhere. I called my sister and gave her the UN fax number so that she could inform them of my arrest.

On January 10 I heard my name called on the PA system. I went to the office and a guard told me, "The prison psychologist is here to see you."

I went to a small room across from the guards' office. A man in a dress shirt and tie introduced himself, "I am Mr. Conrad, the prison psychologist. Please sit down."

Over the next 45 minutes Mr. Conrad interviewed me. He wanted to know my personal family history, where my children were and whether they were employed and if so, where, my ex-husband's name and place of business, my level of education and former employment, and finally, why I was in Canada. When he finished with his interrogation, he sprang the real message on me.

"If you do not sign the Recognizance, I will send you to the psychiatric unit at the Foot Hills Hospital in Calgary."

That did it, of course. I told him I'd sign it. I had no doubt that he'd do it.

Later in the week I saw Mr. Lomas for another hearing about my detention. One of the questions asked was: do you want to claim Refugee Status?

"Yes," I said.



We went through a questionnaire several pages long.

“As Senior Immigration Officer,” he said, “I am denying your claim.”

“I didn’t think you would grant it,” I said. “I need it in the record to prove that I am not giving up.”

Rod Lomas looked at me. “I am working to get my pension, that’s all,” he replied.

On January 17 a guard handed me my clothes and told me to get ready to leave. After I was dressed, another guard escorted me to the processing area where I signed the Recognizance. The same middle-aged woman, Carol Tennant, witnessed my signature. Back into the unmarked car I went. Both officers drove me south to the border. We stopped in Milk River to change my cash to US dollars. I had spent \$71 on Canteen orders. A few minutes later we arrived at the Sweet Grass, Montana, border crossing.

We went into the US Customs building where the Immigration Officers handed me a ticket to Great Falls, Montana. “Do not return to Wisconsin,” Ms. Rokas advised me. “You are in danger there.”

I sat down and waited for the bus.

## **Chapter Five: San Francisco, Sacramento, Seattle January 1996 to April 1996**

Although I felt unhappy because I had been deported again, I also felt relieved to be out of the Lethbridge Correctional Center. The bus arrived and I climbed aboard after the driver stowed my luggage in the bins on the underside of the bus.

The town of Sweet Grass is a few minutes ride from the border crossing. I stayed on the bus while the driver helped new passengers with their luggage. My ticket took me to the Great Falls airport terminal which also served as a Trailways Bus terminal. It was very convenient since I didn't have to travel into town to catch a bus. I looked for a Trailways bus to San Francisco, but saw that I needed to go to Salt Lake City where I could transfer to a Greyhound going to San Francisco. Since the bus to Salt Lake didn't leave for another two hours, I ate lunch and mailed post cards to friends and relatives telling them that I had been forced back into the US, where I didn't want to live and where my liberty and life were in danger.

The bus left at 4 p.m.. The trip through the mountains of Montana was beautiful and I was pleased to see the Judith Mountain Range. I decided to return someday and explore "my" mountains. We reached Idaho Falls in the middle of the night. The bus terminal, not much bigger than a shack, was outside of the city limits. My son, Dennis, had been born at Sacred Heart Hospital in Idaho Falls and I had wanted to see how the city had changed.

There were freeways around Idaho Falls that weren't there in 1964. And that's all I saw—new freeways.

Our next stop was Salt Lake City, where I ate breakfast while waiting for the bus to San Francisco to depart. When the departure was announced, I took my luggage to the side of the bus and climbed aboard. As the bus left the terminal, we drove into large flakes of snow that dropped from the sky. The snow stopped when we reached Nevada. At every stop I jumped off the bus and fed the slot machines nickels. I sat in the front seat by myself and spent the trip telling the bus driver my refugee story while he pointed out places of historical interest. We arrived in Reno for dinner and a change of drivers. I read the rooms for rent classified ads in the local newspaper. I never knew when I might have to leave a town quickly and having a destination in mind avoided excess anxiety.

At Donner Pass, the driver put chains on the tires because of the heavy snowfall we had encountered. We arrived late in Sacramento due to the backed-up traffic and snow. A surly group of passengers complained and whined as they boarded the bus. *Welcome back to America*, I told myself.

We arrived in San Francisco at 11:30 p.m.. I phoned my sister, but only got her voice mail. I left a message that I had arrived in town. The Greyhound terminal was closing for the night, so I asked the manager for suggestions for an inexpensive place to stay. He gave me a list of hotels that included a hostel on Mason Street. I phoned the hostel and discovered there was a bed available. I took a taxi to the hostel and crashed into bed.

In the morning I bought a hostel membership and arranged to stay there for two weeks. After I picked up my mail at the Montgomery Street FedEx office, I met my sister for lunch. Ellen was employed as a secretary at an Embarcadero law firm. I hadn't been to San Francisco since 1990, when I had celebrated my graduation at the University of Wisconsin with a three-week visit to the city. After catching up on family news with Ellen, I returned to the hostel. I decided to go through the documents I had accumulated since June 13, 1995. I kept a daily journal that I also read. It was educational to relive my experiences.

The RCMP Immigration officer had handed me some papers as I walked out of the LCC. I hadn't had a chance to read them on the bus so I sat down to see what they said. I was shocked.

The first document was a "Prosecutor's Information Sheet." G.L. Gruber, Constable, Immigration and Passport Detachment of the RCMP had signed it. He accused me of violating section 95 of the Immigration Act, re-entering

Canada after Removal. Count Two was “Personation,” a violation of the criminal code, Section 403. Under “Particulars of Offenses,” he recounted that the Supreme Court had denied my refugee claim when the truth was that I had been denied permission to request a judicial review from the Federal Court-Trial Division. The “Particulars” stated that I had a criminal record in the States and that the criminal record was attached. Nothing was attached since I have no criminal record. These statements were witnessed by Mr. Lomas and Ms. Rokas and by a YWCA employee. Mr. Gruber signed where it said “Witnesses.” I guess he witnessed his own signature.

The horrors continued.

There were two sheets labeled “Information on Behalf of Her Majesty The Queen.” In the first one, constable Gruber swore that I came into Canada on January 4, 1996, at or near Lethbridge. I was in violation of Sections 55 and 95 of the Immigration Act as enacted in 1985. In other words, he perjured himself and used an outdated version of the Immigration Act. On the second “Information on Behalf of Her Majesty The Queen,” he swore that on or about the 4th day of January, A.D. 1996, I “...did fraudulently impersonate...with intent to gain advantage to herself to wit avoid detection, arrest and prosecution contrary to Section 403...” of the Criminal Code. Constable Gruber obviously didn’t worry about perjuring himself. He did it several times no doubt in obedience to orders from politicians. Just another Nazi following orders.

The last sheet was the Recognizance.

On January 24, 1996, I typed up a “Request for Leave to Appeal Deportation Order” and filed it under my Immigration Case Number IMM-7484-93 at the Federal Court-Trial Division. This request included a statement of facts. I assumed this Request would be tossed in the wastebasket in Ottawa, but I decided I had to inform the Court and document the perjury.

I applied for Food Stamps but my Food Stamp worker, Mr. Harris, informed me that I had to be in San Francisco for fifteen days before I could receive Food Stamps.

In early February, having run out of time at the hostel, I rented a room at the Herbert Hotel on Powell Street for \$110 a week. This left me \$160 a month for the rest of life’s necessities. The hotel, full of roaches, with the bathroom down the hall, gave me a view of a brick wall outside my window.

After the required fifteen-day waiting period had elapsed, I saw Mr. Harris again. He assured me that I would receive \$119 in Food Stamps per month and told me to pick them up the next day. When I went to get them, all I

received was a \$10 Food Stamp. First, I complained to Mr. Harris. He played dumb. The USDA administers both the Food Stamp program and the regulations that were violated when I purchased the Wisconsin house. Silly me, I had thought the persecution was over!

I filed a complaint against the San Francisco Department of Human Services Food Stamp program and was given a Hearing date of March 26. It was now early February.

My solution, to eat breakfast, lunch, and dinner at Glide Church, caused me to stand in line for an hour before each meal. I spent a lot of time just waiting.

At the end of February, I moved to the Barclay Hotel around the corner from the Herbert. If renters stay longer than 27 days in a hotel, they become permanent residents and the hotel is subject to the Tenant and Landlord regulations. The Barclay, in the midst of renovation, had liberated all the roaches from their homes. Although I had a private bathroom, I had to check the bathtub for roaches before I ran the water. I found a TV in a dumpster and brought it to my room so I could at least watch the news.

I decided to return to Lethbridge for my April 22 trial. I wrote up a three-page Affidavit that I had notarized. The Affidavit listed, in a timeline, all the events that had occurred in Canada. It included proof that Constable Gruber had made many mistakes in his documents and had repeatedly perjured himself. I mailed it to the Crown Attorney (prosecutor) with a copy for the Case file, but I had little hope of justice.

I decided that I would not attend the Food Stamps hearing that was to be held on March 26. I had visited the hearing room a week before the scheduled hearing and discovered that it was an isolated room at the end of the hall. There was no way to escape quickly if I felt endangered. On March 29 I was scheduled to return to the Herbert Hotel but instead I packed my suitcases and hopped on a bus to Sacramento and signed in at the hostel there for two weeks. I couldn't tolerate San Francisco for one more day.

I totally relaxed in Sacramento. The hostel, a renovated 1897 mansion, is completely refurbished on the first floor as it was in 1897. There is a massive wooden open stairway to the second floor. The dormitories, carpeted in pale green wall-to-wall carpeting, have lace curtains at all the windows. The huge, modern kitchen is completely stocked with all the necessary cooking utensils. I felt rejuvenated. The only drawback for me is the fact that the hostel is closed from 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m., so I could not sleep late.

I spent my time at the library, at Blessed Sacrament church, and at the

city park. Other homeless people spent their days at the park, too. I conversed with these people and when appropriate, shared my AA experience with them. One day there was a newcomer to the park who, dressed in a red and black hunting jacket, jeans, and a baseball cap, looked suspiciously like Hank. Of course, it was Hank. What was he doing in Sacramento? I did not approach him or speak to him. If he wanted to speak to me, he could do so. My instincts and his prior behavior told me that he was a dangerous person.

When my two weeks ended in Sacramento, I purchased a ticket for the 7 a.m. bus to Seattle. My seat partner was an African-American male who was traveling from Los Angeles to Seattle and who had a flask of liquor with him. He occasionally had a sip and I didn't report him even though alcoholic beverages are prohibited on Greyhound.

Our first rest break was Mt. Shasta. I got off the bus to stretch my legs and enjoyed the brisk, pine-scented air. I hoped I might visit Mt. Shasta again in the future.

We arrived in Seattle at 1 a.m. and I taxied over to the hostel. The next day I explored the waterfront and remembered places I had been in 1962 when I had lived in Burien, a suburb of Seattle. Mt. Rainier was still gorgeous and still looked like a giant pink ice cream cone at sunset.

On April 17 I returned to the Greyhound terminal and purchased a one-way ticket to Vancouver. Attending my trial in Lethbridge was the reason for my trip, but I didn't plan to mention that to anyone unless it became mandatory. I bought the ticket in my name, although I still had Ms. Radey's Social Insurance card and her Baptismal Certificate in case I needed it sometime.

As we traveled down the highway, I became increasingly anxious. Would I be allowed into Canada or would I be arrested and returned to Wisconsin? Would I be permitted to return to Lethbridge for my trial? If so, what would happen to me in Lethbridge? Would I be back in cell 11 at the LCC? I took out the rosary that the prison's priest had given me and prayed for help and protection.

The bus pulled up to the Canadian Customs and Immigration building. As I got off the bus, the driver was lighting a cigarette.

"I may not be allowed to continue my journey," I told him.

"Why is that?" he asked.

"I've had some problems in Canada. They may not allow me to enter the country. Tell the passengers that I'll be okay if I'm arrested here."

"Okay," the driver said, "but I don't think you'll have any problems."

I was last in line as I always am. The Customs and Immigration employees

become tired by the end of the line, especially if it's a full bus they are processing. I decided to go into Canada as a tourist.

The Immigration computers were closed and unmanned. No one was checking for deported persons or for criminals or fugitives. I handed the Customs lady the form I had been given on the bus to complete. "Do you have anything else to declare?" she asked.

"No," I replied.

"Have a pleasant stay in Canada," she said.

"I will. Thanks."

With a joyful heart and a big smile, I returned to the bus.

"See?" said the driver. "What did I tell you?"

"You were right."

As we proceeded down the highway, I spied a Maple Leaf flag snapping in the wind. I felt the burden on my shoulders lighten and for the first time in three months, I felt free.

## **Chapter Six: Vancouver and Victoria, BC April 1996 to February 1997**

The bus arrived at the downtown Vancouver terminal in early afternoon. I needed to find a free place to stay since all the bus tickets, hostel rents, and food had depleted my cash on hand. I knew that British Columbia had a three-month residency requirement before a newcomer could access Social Services.

I phoned social services, anyway. The social worker told me to call Catholic Charities. At this point I decided to morph into Anne Radey. A Canadian might get a better reception than a US citizen like me. I cooked up a story that I had visited my sister in California and now found myself low on cash. My brother in the States was sending me money, but until then I needed a place to live.

“We have no place for you,” the Catholic Charities worker told me, “but call the Missionaries of Charity. They may have an extra room at their home for unwed mothers.” I called the Missionaries and spoke to a nun.

“How long do you think you’ll need the room?” she asked.

“Not more than ten days,” I replied.

“We can offer you a room for that amount of time.”

“Thank you very much.”

She gave me the address and I gathered up my luggage and caught a cab to the Missionaries of Charity house in the suburbs. The house sat on the



property of a church. The lower floor of the house held the nuns' residence and a chapel while the unwed mothers' rooms were on the second floor. A nun showed me to my room and explained the rules. I told her that I was very grateful for their hospitality.

FedEx delivered my Anne Radey package in late April. After I cashed my check, I moved to a small hostel across the street from the Greyhound terminal. Staff there gave me the bottom bunk in a very small room. From my window, I saw the Sky Train and the building where the Greyhound buses were cleaned between trips. All night long I could listen to the seductive music of the big buses revving up their engines for the next trip into adventure. The rent at the hostel was \$10 a night. I stayed for six weeks.

On June 10 I caught a bus at the Greyhound terminal that drove onto the ferry to Vancouver Island. Early into the trip, I felt seasick and was unable to enjoy the scenery. Before we reached the Island, we were ordered to return to the bus on a lower deck so that when we reached land, the bus could drive out immediately. Still woozy in my seat, I overheard two women behind me conversing.

"Well, I just told him that if he had to go to his in-laws for Easter dinner, he could just stay away from me for the rest of the year," said one.

"My Becky never comes to see me," said the other.

I wanted to tell both of them to "get a life" but I was so nauseous that I was afraid that I'd vomit on them.

We reached the bus terminal in Victoria and I called the hostel on Yates Street. I ordered a bed, grabbed a cab, and after I had checked in, staggered to my bed and slept until late afternoon. Over the next few days, I explored Victoria. I wanted to visit the wonderful Buchart Gardens, but I didn't have the extra cash for a ticket. Living on an island made me feel cut off from the rest of the world. For me, that was a good feeling. In late June I took a bus to Nanaimo, where I stayed at a country hostel run by three elderly gentlemen. I had a private room that looked over a pond and trees and that cost \$13 a night. Ten days later I signed in at the hostel in Chemainus. A former logging town, Chemainus reminded me of Carmel without the high prices and crowds.

I received a letter in July from the Clerk of the Waushara Circuit Court announcing that support payments would be late in August due to the fact that the Court was installing a new computer system. I had to find a place to rent to save cash for food and other necessities. I rented a room in a mobile home owned by a middle-aged woman whose family lurched from one crisis to another. Although I was familiar with dysfunctional family systems, I

managed to keep my mouth shut.

At the end of August I moved back to the Chemainus hostel. I was tired of waiting for the Canadian government to either arrest me or grant me Convention Refugee status. I faxed a letter to the Minister of Immigration in Ottawa, gave her my address, and told her if she wanted to apprehend me, I was available. On September 13, still in bed, I heard the outside door open. I got up and looked around the door into the hall. There they were—two more Immigration officers. I went into the hall.

The officers introduced themselves, told me that I was under arrest and ordered me to get dressed. After I dressed and had packed my belongings, we went out to their white Jeep. I remained unhandcuffed and climbed into the back of the Jeep.

As we rode out of Chemainus, I asked, “Where are we going?”

“Victoria.”

“What will happen there?”

“You are being deported to Port Townsend on the ferry.”

Except for the one-day deportation on June 12, 1995, and the three months in the States in 1996, I had been in Canada for 37 months. I felt depressed at the prospect of being deported again.

When we reached Victoria, we drove into the underground garage at the Canada Immigration Center. We took the elevator to the fourth floor, entered the reception area, and then went into a separate, larger office. I sat down at a conference-sized table. “The Senior Immigration Officer will be here in a minute to preside over your hearing before you are deported,” the female officer said.

The officer left the office and locked the door behind her. I felt listless and uninterested in my fate. I was on a roller coaster that became more dangerous every time I was deported, but when I returned to Canada, the roller coaster slowed down and became fun.

I had no plans for the immediate future and I had no ideas on what to do when I arrived in Port Townsend. A middle-aged slim, blond lady entered the office. She sat across the desk from me. “My name is Sonia Smith,” she said. “This hearing is in compliance with Section 103(6) of the Immigration Act. If you have any information to tell me, please do so now.”

I had no energy to tell my story again. My head felt fuzzy. *Why go through the pain of telling my story again when the outcome will be the same?* I asked myself.

Somehow the thought occurred to me that this was the last time I could

make an official statement in Canada. Did I want my persecutors to win by default or by my own unwillingness to tell the same old story again? So I began when I purchased the property in 1988 and ended with the arrest that morning in Chemainus. “Thank you,” Ms. Smith said. “We will be deporting you this afternoon.”

“Could you possibly send me to Lethbridge?” I asked. “I’d rather be in prison in Alberta than the States.”

“You are determined,” Ms. Smith said as she left the office, “but Lethbridge doesn’t want you, either.”

No plan occurred to me to get myself out of this deportation. I would have to do whatever she decided. Ms. Smith returned and sat down. “Well, Ms. Hansel,” she said, “I have decided that you qualify for another Convention Refugee hearing.”

I didn’t believe it. I was going to be allowed to stay in Canada and have another Convention Refugee hearing? “We will fingerprint and photograph you today. You do not need to complete another Personal Information Form since we have your original one in the file.”

“Thank you.”

After processing, they turned me loose into Victoria. There is no way to communicate the sense of relief that I felt. It was too good to be true!

The Yates Street hostel was full, but I phoned the “Cat’s Meow,” a small private hostel with ten beds and reserved a bed. After checking in, I immediately went to bed and slept until late afternoon. It had been a tough morning.

I moved back to the Yates Street hostel a few days later and on October first, I rented a room at the YWCA on Courtney Street. I had a small room there with a view of the park across the street. One of my favorite activities was watching the Blackball Ferry arrive in Victoria’s harbor every day at 3 p.m..

At the end of October, I received a notice from the Immigration Refugee Board in Vancouver. It stated that since I hadn’t filed my Personal Information Form within the specified time period, my Convention Refugee hearing was cancelled. I was furious. My anger had no place to vent itself so I called the perpetrators of my frustration. I told the IRB employee that I had not completed a Personal Information Form because Ms. Smith had told me the completed one in my file was sufficient. The IRB clerk refused to accept this explanation. I went to a Mail Boxes store and used their rental computer to dash off a letter to the politicians in Ottawa. I faxed the letters to the Minister of

Immigration, the Prime Minister, and the IRB in Vancouver. I hand delivered a copy to the Canadian Immigration Center in Victoria. The letter must have been effective—my hearing was reinstated to be held on November 13 in Vancouver.

I attended St. Andrew's Church in Victoria. One Sunday a special collection was taken for the St. Andrew Refugee Committee. After Mass I went to the rectory and asked to speak to someone from the Refugee Committee. The receptionist took me into an office where a gray-haired gentleman sat behind a desk. In front of him sat a stack of cash and checks, and to his right stood a mound of unopened church envelopes. "Hi," I said, "I am a Refugee Claimant from the States. My name is Judy."

"Please sit down," the man said.

"I have a Convention Refugee hearing scheduled for November 13 and I am looking for an inexpensive place to rent while I am in Victoria."

"We cannot help you," the man said. "We are supporting a refugee family from Africa."

"I don't want any money," I explained. "I just need a cheap place to rent."

"I am sorry. We cannot help you."

As I left I wondered what John Paul II would think about this treatment of a Refugee claimant. I had received no help from the Church in Thunder Bay and now none in Victoria. Maybe God thought I needed to become more independent rather than less. I knew that I would be okay without the Church's help, but I still felt rejected.

I didn't pay rent to the YWCA in early November. Under the Waushara Court's new computer system, my alimony was disbursed in differing amounts. Previously I had received two equal checks a month, but now I was receiving four checks a month with vast differences in the amount of money in each check. I wrote letters to the Court stating that either the new system sent me too much money per month or that the old system had shortchanged me. I received no replies. I explained the problem to the Residence Manager who told me to pay the rent when able.

On November sixth I called the IRB to make sure my Convention Refugee hearing was still scheduled for November 13.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Hansel," the clerk told me, "your hearing has been postponed."

"Postponed until when?" I asked.

"We have no date set for it."

"Do you realize that I have to leave Victoria the night before the hearing,

take a ferry to Vancouver, and spend the night in Vancouver in order to attend a 9 a.m. hearing?"

"We are aware of the difficulties in attending a hearing when claimants are on Vancouver Island."

"I need your office to send me a letter stating that my hearing has been postponed."

"Oh, we don't do that."

"If you decide to hold the hearing and I am not there, the Refugee Board members will deny me Convention Refugee status because I failed to appear."

"Perhaps."

"May I speak to the Registrar?"

"He is not in."

"Please give him the message that I need a written statement from him that explains that my hearing has been postponed."

"I will give him the message."

I banged the phone down. I was angry at the Ministry of Immigration's continual attempts to deny me Convention Refugee status. Now the Ministry and its bureaucrats were even attempting to deny me a hearing. Evidently these people were unaware that I had decided to follow this path regardless of where it led me. I had no desire to return to the United States or to give up my Convention Refugee claim.

I phoned the IRB on November ninth and tenth. Told that a letter was mailed to me on November sixth that stated that the hearing was postponed, I informed them that I had received no letter. By November twelfth I still had not received the letter so I called the IRB again. I identified myself and said, "I am calling regarding my Convention Refugee claim. I have not received any letter, so I plan to take the ferry to Vancouver tonight. I will spend the night in Vancouver. At 9 a.m. I will appear for my hearing. If the Refugee Board members are not there, I will assume that I received Convention Refugee status by default."

I hung up the phone and stomped to my room to pack my overnight case. When I opened the door, I saw an envelope lying on the floor. It was stamped as received at the YWCA on November eighth. The letter stated that my Convention Refugee hearing that had been scheduled for November 13 had been postponed. I didn't understand why the Canadian government was ignoring its own law. What was so difficult about obeying the Immigration Act of Canada and the 1951 UN Geneva Convention on the Status of Refugees?

I didn't bother to complain to the YWCA's Administration. They were probably just following orders. The Residence Manager had gone on vacation earlier in the month so there was no need for me to pay rent. Why pay rent to an organization that deliberately interferes with mail? I owed the Y nothing.

I decided to request a change of venue. I wrote and requested that my hearing be held in Ottawa.

On December first I moved back to the hostel on Yates Street. Few travelers came to the hostel in winter, even though the hostel lowered the rent to \$60 a week. I also saved money by cleaning the hostel a few days a week which brought the rent down even lower. I trimmed the hostel's Christmas tree and ate the Christmas dinner the hostel staff prepared. The last week in December a huge snowstorm hit Victoria. Only the tops of parking meters peeked through the snow. The quiet peace of snowfall descended, making "All is calm, all is bright" a reality.

I received no response to my request for a change of venue. As January arrived, I grew more irate. I needed a legal resolution to my problems and the government of Canada was refusing to provide it. It was time for me to act again.

Gandhi said, "It is the duty of a civil resister to provoke a response." I bought a fat black felt-tip pen and a white poster board. I wrote "HUNGER STRIKE FOR JUSTICE" on the poster board. I marched to the Canadian Immigration Center, sat in front of the building, and held my sign for everyone to see. I ate jell-o, juice, water, and clear soup to maintain my health.

On the second day, a reporter from the Victoria Times-Colonist approached me and requested an interview. We took her car to the hostel where I spent 45 minutes detailing my political problems. On the third day, an overnight letter arrived for me announcing that my Convention Refugee hearing was scheduled for March 20, 1997 in Ottawa. My new Case number was A96-00913.

"Who do you know?" asked one of the hostel managers.

"It's not who I know," I explained. "It's what I know."

The Times-Colonist never printed the interview, but I figured that was their loss, not mine.

I spent the first two weeks in February researching travel costs to Ottawa. I decided to take a charter flight to Ottawa from Vancouver for \$167.50. I said my goodbyes to the hostel staff on February 26 and told them how much I appreciated their support. I caught the early morning bus in Victoria that drove onto the ferry. When we arrived on the mainland, the bus took me to

the airport and then continued its trip to downtown Vancouver.

Embarking on another fascinating adventure into the mire of government, I knew that living in Ottawa would give me greater access to the media, government employees, and elected officials.

I spent the day watching airplanes arrive and depart. I ate lunch and dinner in the terminal's restaurants. The flight was called at 11:15 p.m. for a departure time of 11:45 p.m.. I secured a front row seat by the window where there was more legroom and only two steps to the lavatory. As we roared off, I looked down and saw all the ships' lights in Vancouver harbor.

Drinks and peanuts were served and we were offered earphones for the movie. I asked the stewardess to notify me when we flew over Thunder Bay. She agreed.

## **Chapter Seven: Ottawa and Sudbury, Ontario February 1997 to January 1998**

We encountered turbulence over Alberta. The “Put on Seat Belts” sign flashed on. It is at these times that I wish I had never left the ground. We finally left the turbulent air and our journey into the inky black night continued.

When we reached the air over Thunder Bay, the flight attendant told me that there were clouds over the city. But as I looked down, portions of the cloud cover broke, and I saw the lights of Thunder Bay. *Hi, you guys*, I thought. I dozed throughout the flight, but did not sleep. We began the descent and passed from the dark night into the pinkish-gray morning. I looked out of the window and saw two gray wolves sitting on the edge of a snow-covered cliff. A third wolf was walking out of the woods to join the other two. Only in Canada.

We arrived in Ottawa at 7:30 a.m.. I retrieved my luggage, found a phone, and called Social Services. I was referred to the YWCA for a room. The woman at the Y told me that I would have to be financially cleared by Social Services before the Y could offer me a room. I called Social Services back. “Look,” I said, “I just got off a plane from Vancouver. I’ve had no sleep in over 24 hours. Please call the Y and tell them that I am cleared for a room.”

“Okay,” the worker told me, “one of the Y’s social workers will interview you tomorrow.”

“Thanks.”



I caught a bus going near the Y and dragged my luggage on board. Snow and ice covered the sidewalks. When I got off the bus, I slipped and slid down the street to the Y, where I was assigned to Room 828. I slept for most of the day.

Kelly, a social worker for the YWCA, interviewed me in the morning. I gave her my Immigration identification papers so she could make copies. "You can stay in Room 828 until a place for you is available at the women's shelter," she told me.

My alimony was scheduled to end in March 1997. I phoned my ex-husband and asked him to extend alimony payments for another two years in exchange for my agreeing to lower my share of his pension payments from 35% to 25%. He said he'd think about it.

On March third I moved to the women's shelter. Two women shared a room. Each room had a sink, a rack to hang clothes, a chest of drawers to be shared, and two twin beds. Private rooms were available for women in crisis. The shelter provided several lounges, each with a TV. The smoking and non-smoking lounges were open 24 hours a day so insomniacs had somewhere to entertain themselves. The living room had a big screen TV, but that was turned off at 11 p.m.. A cook prepared lunch and dinner while a maid came in daily and cleaned the common areas and the rooms. Each floor had three private bathrooms. Curfew Sunday through Thursday was 10 p.m.; curfew on the weekends was 1 a.m..

On March 17 I attended the St. Patrick's Day Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Father Connor from Ireland preached the homily and emphasized the necessity of fortitude and perseverance in the trials of life. I went to the reception after Mass and spoke to Father Connor. "I appreciate your message today," I told him. "It was exactly what I needed to hear."

"Well," said Fr. Connor, "I knew I was writing it for someone, but I didn't know who."

God does work in mysterious ways.

On March 18 I had an appointment with the Refugee Hearing Officer, Anne Alcorn. She would attend my hearing on March 20th as had Mr. Munro in Thunder Bay. I told her that I wanted the hearing to begin with the information in my 1993 binder and then logically proceed to what happened in 1996: the Food Stamps denial, the alimony check disbursements, and my ex-husband's failure to retire and who maybe was forbidden to retire by the US government. I felt that we reached agreement on how to proceed at the hearing.

While waiting by myself outside the hearing room on March 20, a short, blond woman who I recognized as a resident of the shelter, approached me. "My name is Barbara," she said. "May I attend your hearing?"

"I'd love to have you attend," I replied.

No one from the press had responded to my invitations to attend the hearing. I had met with the Refugee Committee from St. Joseph's Church, but they suggested my sons should attend the hearing and not them. The United Nations representative in Ottawa, whose job it is to make sure refugee hearings are fair, refused to attend. So Barbara was a welcome addition to my hearing. I never knew who might be an informer, but at this point, I really didn't care.

The hearing room was a replica of the hearing room in Thunder Bay. The same furniture and the same gray carpeting and walls, the same photograph of the Queen and the same limp Canadian flag on a pole graced the Ottawa Immigration hearing room. The two Refugee Hearing Officers were Dale Noseworthy and Peter Blackburn.

The Refugee Hearing Officer, Anne Alcorn, completely ignored our previous discussion regarding the procedure of the hearing. The two Refugee Board members, Ms. Noseworthy and Mr. Blackburn, interrogated me on the issues of Food Stamps, alimony check disbursements, and the failure of my ex-husband to retire. After an hour of questions and answers, Ms. Alcorn called for a ten-minute break.

When the second hour began, I ran through the evidence in my binder. Both Refugee Board members had copies of the binder. Neither Ms. Noseworthy nor Mr. Blackburn asked questions. The Refugee Hearing Officer was silent. I was unaware at the time that if a Convention Refugee claimant has more than one hearing, the subsequent hearings are considered part of the first hearing. Therefore, Ms. Noseworthy and Mr. Blackburn did not re-examine the evidence from my first hearing. That decision was made in 1993 and no one was allowed to tamper with it.

At the end of my presentation of the evidence, I stated that I wanted to read the Addendum to my Personal Information Form. The Addendum is for attorneys to complete with legal arguments citing precedent cases that prove a claimant's refugee status.

"We never allow the Addendum to be read into the record," said Ms. Alcorn.

"Well, I want to read it into the record so that the tape recording will provide documentation of precedent cases in my favor," I argued.

“We will stipulate that we received it,” said Ms. Noseworthy. “This hearing is adjourned.”

As we left the building, Barbara asked, “How do you think it went?”

“I am angry that I was not allowed to read the Addendum into the record. I’m also upset that the hearing began with the 1996 persecution and then went to previous persecutions. I thought the order of the hearing was wrong. I am glad that I had this second hearing, but I don’t think it will make any difference. I will write a Memo tomorrow that states that the hearing was unfair.”

The next day a social worker came to the shelter and completed my application for welfare. The check was \$520 per month but \$325 of that was sent to pay for the shelter. I had \$195 per month for personal necessities. On May 12 I moved back to the YWCA. While I waited for a decision from the Refugee Board, I spent my time at the park across the street from the Y, at the library, and at St. Patrick’s for Mass and Holy Hour.

I also visited the buildings near Parliament that held the media offices. I hand-delivered information about my case to these bureaus. No one ever phoned me to get more information or to interview me. One person in Canada owns 200 newspapers, so it is easy to censor a story. The Wall Street Journal, Reuters, TV and radio broadcasters, and the international press agencies also received my handout.

On the first of June I still had not received a decision from the Refugee Board members. I went to the Immigration Refugee Board office to ask about the lack of a decision. Employees there had no answer for me, so I decided to go on another hunger strike. I didn’t like using this tactic too often, but it was the only weapon I had. I bought the usual supplies and hand-printed the usual message, “HUNGER STRIKE FOR JUSTICE.” I placed myself on the sidewalk adjacent to the US Embassy parking lot. I spent two hours a day there. On June 12 I went to the entrance to the Embassy and held my sign aloft. A man opened the door and told me, “You are on US soil. If you do not move, I will call the RCMP to arrest you.”

“You will?” I asked.

I gave the idea some thought. How embarrassed would the Ambassador be if they ordered an arrest of a US citizen for being on US property? This was assuming, of course, that the arrest was mentioned in the news. I decided to move. Things could go very badly for me if I was under the control of the police. I might even be shipped back to Wisconsin. I returned to the IRB office and reported that the US Embassy personnel had threatened to have

me arrested. I submitted a statement into my record that explained this threatened arrest as further proof of persecution for my political opinion.

On June 13 I received a decision that stated that I had “no credible basis” for Convention Refugee status. The decision was signed by the Case Officer, Line Gravelin, not by the Registrar as required by law. The decision was invalid on the face of it.

After reading the reasons for denying my claim, it was obvious that Ms. Noseworthy and Mr. Blackburn had taken my facts, mixed them up, misinterpreted, misconstrued, and distorted them just as Mr. Doran and Ms. Leistra had in Case Number U93-08401. The Canadian government, through its officials and employees, was determined to deny me Convention Refugee Status, no matter how many lies it took to do it.

I had seven days to submit an application for Leave and for Judicial Review. I submitted the application with copies to the Ministry of Justice and the Ministry of Immigration. My new case number, assigned by the Federal Court-Trial Division, was IMM-2531-97. The government had 30 days to respond.

Greyhound advertised a ticket sale. Round-trip tickets cost the price of a one-way ticket. I wanted to be out of Ottawa for the July first Canada Day celebration, because Queen Elizabeth planned to attend. I thought that maybe the RCMP would consider me a threat to her and arrest me. The police do not need hard evidence of intent to do harm when it comes to protecting government officials.

I explained, and lied, to my social worker at the Y that I had received an invitation to spend a few days with a friend in Toronto. Kelly allowed me to leave town but cautioned me to telephone her if I was gone for longer than five days. I purchased a ticket to Thunder Bay because I wanted to see if Hank was still in his actor’s role of a down-and-out alcoholic at the shelter and I wanted to discover his real identity. The bus left at midnight and arrived at Sudbury at 6 a.m.. It felt good to be out of Ottawa. We ate breakfast in Sudbury and then continued along the beautiful coast to Sault Ste. Marie, Wawa, White River, Nipigon, and Shrieber, arriving in Thunder Bay at 10:30 p.m.. I phoned the Fort Motel and reserved a kitchenette unit and then took a taxi to the motel. I felt comfortable with the familiar surroundings of Thunder Bay. Whether this feeling was due to my relationship with Hank or just to the fact that I had lived there for thirteen months, I didn’t know.

The next day I visited all my old haunts. Some people actually remembered me.

“Judy!” shouted Lawrence when he saw me.

“Hi, Lawrence,” I said. “How’s your scar?”

We ate lunch together at the shelter. The dining room seemed smaller than I remembered and there was more obnoxious behavior from the drunks. Had things changed or had I changed?

John, a manager, recognized me. “Hi, Judy. Are you back to stay?”

“No. I have another Refugee case at the Federal Court in Ottawa, so I must return there in a few days.”

“Oh, so this is only a vacation.”

“More or less. I didn’t want to be in Ottawa when the Queen was there. And I want to see Hank.”

“He was here last night.”

*Good*, I thought. I needed to hear the truth about him from him.

By Monday Hank hadn’t appeared at the shelter or anywhere else. One fellow told me that he was out of town. My ticket had to be used Tuesday or it would be invalid. I placed an ad in the Personals Column in the *Chronicle Journal*:

“Hank Royal, where are you? Anyone with information write to:  
J. Hansel, 180 Argyle Street, Ottawa, Ontario.”

I phoned my social worker and left a message on her machine that I wouldn’t be back until July 5. It was just as well, because on Tuesday a massive rainstorm hit Thunder Bay and washed out the highway east of Thunder Bay. I went to Greyhound and purchased a one-way ticket to Ottawa for July 4.

I watched the Ottawa Canada Day celebration on TV. I saw the Queen and an hour of patriotic entertainment. The city looked crowded with tourists and the temperature was over 31 degrees Celsius. Although it was hot in Thunder Bay, too, it wasn’t in the 90’s.

On July 3 I waited on a bench for the shelter to open. A young woman who I remembered from 1994 approached me. “Do you have a loonie for a coffee?” she asked (loonies are Canada’s dollar coin).

“I’m going to the shelter for lunch. You can get a free coffee there.”

I saw a tall, thin man a block away walking towards the shelter. When he got across the street from me, he gave an exaggerated gesture of surprise: hands thrown up in the air and walking, suddenly stopped. *Well, there he is*, I told myself.

As Hank approached, the young woman got up from the bench and walked

away. "Hank Royal, where are you?" he asked as he sat down.

"So you saw the ad," I responded.

"J. Hansel. John? James? No! Judy!"

"You haven't changed," I said, not knowing if that was a good thing or not.

"It's good to see you," he said as he leaned over his shoes, trying to hide a self-satisfied smile.

"It's good to see you, too," I commented. Actually I felt as if I were sitting with a stranger. Where had that comfortable feeling I had always had in his presence gone?

"What are you doing in Thunder Bay?" he asked.

"I wanted to leave Ottawa while the Queen was in town."

"Do you have a cigarette?"

"No. Do you want some?"

"Yes. Let's go to the mall."

As we walked towards Victoriaville Mall, Hank stopped to blow his nose on the sidewalk without using a handkerchief. A storeowner, sweeping the walk, gave us a menacing look. This was typical Hank behavior—humiliating me in front of others.

When we arrived at the mall, Hank said, "I can't go in there."

"Thrown out again?" I asked.

He nodded a yes and then said, "I'll meet you at the grocery store at the back entrance to the mall."

After I purchased some Export A's, I went to the grocery store. No Hank. I wasn't surprised, as he seemed up to his usual tricks.

That evening I went to the AA meeting that had been the site of the disastrous Christmas party in 1993. All the old-timers were happy to see me. We had a good meeting. Afterwards, Jill asked me, "Are you coming with us for coffee?"

"No. I am going to see if Hank's at the shelter. Does anyone here know Hank Royal's real identity?" I asked the group of people standing nearby.

"He's a high mucky muck in the government," an older woman who I didn't know said. She refused to tell me more when I questioned her further.

I caught a bus to the shelter, got off at the shelter stop, and went into the shelter. Hank was there smoking and drinking coffee. I said "hi" as I handed him the cigarettes.

"So," he said, "where are we sleeping tonight?"

"At the Fort Motel."

We left the shelter and flagged down a taxi. Hank even had a funny way of catching a cabby's eye. He'd walk into the street, raise his hand high over his head, and yell, "TAXI!" in an incredibly hoarse voice. He was a character, all right.

As we rode down Arthur Street, I said, "One of the AA women told me that you're a high mucky-muck in the government."

"People shouldn't gossip," he replied.

Typical response. If he didn't want me to know something, he gave a reply that didn't respond to the question. He was not so much a man of mystery as a man who avoided the truth. I knew then that I would not learn anything more about his real identity than I had before. I paid the cabby and we went to my room. I had a bottle of champagne in the refrigerator and popped the plastic cork. I poured two glasses and handed one to Hank. "Cheers," I said.

"Cheers," he replied.

The next thing I knew I was shivering in bed, fully dressed. I got up and turned on the heat.

"You know it's hot tonight," Hank said as he sat in a chair with his shoes off.

I felt angry. "Put your shoes on and leave," I ordered.

"Can't I watch TV?"

"No. I want you gone."

Very slowly he put his shoes on. As he walked out the door, I told him, "Don't come back."

I was angry, but I had no idea why. I just wanted him out of there. I undressed and went back to bed.

I phoned for a cab in the morning after I had removed the trash from the room. I went to the office and checked out. "Don't come back," said the motel manager as I took my luggage to the taxi.

I got into the cab and went to the Greyhound terminal to store my suitcases. My bus was scheduled to leave at 7 p.m.. I decided to go to St. Patrick's Cathedral for noon Mass and then the shelter for lunch. As I walked past the rear entrance to the mall, there was Hank, panhandling.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Getting money for a bottle of sherry."

"You want a bottle of sherry? I'll get you a bottle of sherry."

I walked into the mall, entered the government liquor store and bought one bottle of sherry. I brought it out to Hank and gave it to him. We went

around the corner and sat on the inside stairs of the Mall. I had hope that maybe I could still get the truth out of him.

“I want you to know,” I said, “that I don’t believe that you’re just a drunk named Hank Royal. All I know is that you’re a high mucky-muck in some government. I don’t know why you are being paid to spend time with me. I don’t know what you are trying to accomplish. I also don’t believe that you broke two legs in an accident in 1995.”

Several people had told me that Hank had been in the hospital for a long time after being hit by a car. The accident supposedly occurred in May 1995. I was in Niagara Falls then and that was when I kept thinking I saw Hank, but couldn’t be sure. I had researched the accident in the *Chronicle Journal* back issues at the library. I found the story in the May 15, 1995, edition. A picture showed a man being loaded onto a stretcher, but the victim’s name was not known. There were no further reports about the accident in later May issues. “This was just a staged accident,” I said, “to get you out of town in 1995 so you could travel to Niagara Falls and harass me.”

Hank smoked his cigarette and drank his sherry. Inscrutable.

We talked about nothing in general for a few hours and when it reached 4 p.m., I told Hank I had to leave to get some dinner. “Where are we sleeping tonight?” Hank asked.

“I don’t know about you,” I said, “but I am sleeping on a Greyhound back to Ottawa.”

As I stood up to leave, a friend of Hank’s arrived at the stairs.

“Shall we go?” the man asked Hank.

“Yeah. I’m ready,” replied Hank.

As I walked into the mall for dinner, Hank and his pal walked down the street and out of sight.

I did not accomplish my goal of learning Hank’s true identity. All I knew was that he was an employee of some organization that wanted me to fail in my quest for Convention Refugee status. After eating dinner in the mall, I caught a bus to the Greyhound terminal. The bus loaded at 6:45 p.m. and as it turned out onto the street heading east, I felt sad knowing that I had no reason to ever return to Thunder Bay.

I arrived in Ottawa in late afternoon on July 5. I went to my room and discovered that all my belongings were gone. I took the elevator back down to the first floor and approached the clerk at the front desk.

“Where are my things?” I asked.

“They’re in the storage room,” he replied.



“Why?”

“Because you didn’t return when you said you would.”

“I called Kelly and told her about my change of plans.”

No reply.

“Look, I need my stuff.”

“Okay. I’ll get someone to unlock the storage room door. You’re getting room 829 tomorrow because you were in a room for two people.”

I took all of my things in the storage room back to my room. In the morning I had to take everything to my new room, 828.

I had to begin work perfecting my application for Leave and for Judicial Review. I looked in the Yellow Pages and found a store that rented typewriters by the week. I took the bus to the store and rented the typewriter for a week. It was a big help to have the typewriter in my room rather than go to an office where computers are rented by the hour. I filed the perfected application on July 17. No one from the government had filed a Notice of Appearance, so I could not deliver the perfected application to the government. On July 18 I received the Respondent’s Notice of Appearance, a Motion for an Extension of Time, and an Affidavit. In the body of the Affidavit of Service, the month “June” was typed instead of “July.” The Affidavit was signed and witnessed by a Commissioner employed by the government and dated July 18, 1997. The Motion for an Extension of Time stated that “inadvertence” was the reason an extension of time was needed. The Affidavit to the Motion contained lies. I attempted to contact the person who signed the Affidavit, but she had disappeared for a three-week vacation. In 1994 the government’s request for an extension of time had been requested because of “inadvertence.” The Ministry of Justice used this excuse whenever it suited them. The judges played the game by granting the motions.

I received an order from the court dated August 7, 1997. The order gave me twenty days to deliver my perfected application to the government’s attorney, Darrell Kloeze. I refused to do so. I wrote a letter to the court, explaining that the Affidavits and Motion were not made in good faith and that they contained lies. In reaction to my refusal, Mr. Kloeze served my application on himself by going to the Court and making a copy of it. This act just confirmed for me the illegal and unjust actions by the government of Canada against a Convention Refugee claimant.

The Ottawa bureaucracy based its case against me on lies, improbable excuses, and acts outside the law. What was so difficult for them about following the law? I wouldn’t have been surprised to see Harpo Marx running

across the Parliament grounds or Groucho lurching around the Justice Department mailroom. Justice in Canada is laughable.

I spent a lot of time at the Ottawa library and always checked the new non-fiction shelf. One of the new books was, *Shadow Play, The Murder of RFK, The Trial of Sirhan Sirhan, and the Failure of American Justice*, by Wm. Klabert and Philip Melanson, St. Martin's Press. The section that caught my eye was the hypothesis that Sirhan had been hypnotized and was in a trance when he fired his gun. The section that scared me gave a description of Sirhan after a hypnosis session as being cold in a warm room and having chills. *That's me in Thunder Bay*, I thought. As I read other books on hypnosis, I learned that missing time, unexplained anger, and compulsive behaviors point to someone who is controlled by hypnotic suggestion. Hypnosis explained the missing time I experienced in 1993; it explained my anger after being with Hank; and it explained my compulsive reading of the Star personal ads and writing notes compulsively to Hank.

I was frightened by this new information. What organization was I dealing with when I spent time with Hank? Did it have an agenda for me and if so, what was it? Hypnotizing me was a violation of my privacy at the least and an invasion of my personality and brain at the worst. I was still trying to integrate this knowledge into my worldview when in late August I left the Y and saw the headline, "DIANA DEAD," on a newspaper. My first reaction was to call the newspaper and tell them that they had made a terrible mistake. I went to the park across the street and learned from people that that indeed, Princess Diana was dead. *They got Diana*, I thought.

On September 25 I went to the Federal Court-Trial Division because my Motion was being decided that morning. Instead, the Registrar told me that my Motion had been dismissed and my application for Leave and for Judicial Review had been denied. I went into shock. My documentation proved that under Canadian and international law, I was a Convention Refugee. The government of Canada had violated its own law and the 1951 UN Geneva Convention on the Status of Refugees.

I came to the conclusion that the Ministers that governed Canada took orders from the officials of the US government. Canada was not a sovereign nation.

I wrote a letter in response to the Court's decision and faxed it to the appropriate government Ministers. I then refilled my blood pressure prescription, packed my suitcases, and left Ottawa on the 23:59 bus to Sudbury. As the bus headed west out of Ottawa, I wished myself a happy

sixtieth birthday.

I ate breakfast at the same McDonald's as I had in 1995. Then I began phoning motels and hotels in search of a room. In July I had received from my ex-husband's attorney a copy of a Stipulation Agreement, whereby he agreed to pay alimony until March, 1999, in exchange for reduction of my portion of his pension from 35% to 25%. A large check covering several payments arrived while I was still in Ottawa, so I had enough money to rent a comfortable motel or hotel room.

A man answered my call to the Imperial Motel on Lorne Street. All the other motels had been answered by a machine. I asked the manager how much the rooms cost and he told me \$140 a week. I explained to him that I had just arrived in Sudbury and would be there as quickly as a taxi could get me there. I returned to the Greyhound terminal and asked a waiting taxi to take me to the Imperial Motel. When I arrived there I paid the cabby, carried my luggage to the rental office, and rang the buzzer. A charming middle-aged man answered the door and, in a charming French accent, invited me into the office.

I paid him the \$140 and told him I might want to stay longer than a week. He said that would be fine. After he helped me carry my luggage up to my room on the second floor, I went into the room. It contained a small round table with two chairs, two double beds, a desk, a TV, a refrigerator and microwave, and in the bathroom, a sumptuous tub. I unpacked my clothes and hygiene products, and took a long, relaxing bath. I hopped into the bed and turned on the TV and watched *All the King's Men*, an old black and white movie about corrupt politicians. Then I slept until late afternoon.

I stayed at the Imperial for three weeks. I then moved to the Ledo Hotel in downtown Sudbury. The rent there was only \$100 a week. My room was above the topless bar, the bathroom had no tub, but the double bed was comfortable and the TV brought in local TV and the two Canadian networks, CBC and CTV. The Catholic Charities soup kitchen was across the street and the shopping center, library, and Catholic church were all within walking distance. A mission on Elgin Street served free evening snacks and Saturday morning breakfasts.

I received no mail from the Canadian government and had never received the decision in Case IMM-2531-97 in written form. I expected to receive a FedEx package on December 20. When it didn't arrive I phoned the FedEx toll-free number and asked to have the package tracked. "That package is in Toronto and will be delivered tomorrow," the FedEx employee told me.

The package was not delivered on December 21, so I called the number again.

“Well, the package is not in Toronto, but I don’t know where it is,” the clerk said.

By December 23 I felt panicky. I told, Tommy, the Ledo owner, that my check hadn’t arrived. “Don’t worry, Judy,” he said, “we know that you’re good for it.”

On December 28 I went to the welfare office and completed a welfare application. “Please return on January 5 for final approval,” the social worker told me as she returned my Immigration documents to me.

I took a bus to Wal-Mart and told my story about the missing FedEx to the pharmacist. “I’ll give you ten free high blood pressure pills to tide you over,” said the pharmacist. “You can pay for them when you get your check.”

“I really appreciate this,” I told him.

I knew that the FedEx package would arrive sooner or later. My sister, Ellen, had taken over the FedEx chore when my brother and his wife had taken a three- week trip to Europe in February, 1997.

On Monday, January 5, I read the Toronto Star “Personals” classified column. Another message from Hank to me was printed there. No identifying names or places were mentioned in these ads. I just knew they were meant for me from Hank. In response to his message, I faxed a letter to him at the shelter in which I stated that he wasn’t in charge of what happened and neither was I. God was in charge and He controlled events. Later that day a massive ice storm struck Ontario, Quebec, and the Northeastern US.

At 1 p.m. I went to the welfare office for my final approval for welfare. The FedEx package still had not been found. “Judith Hansel. Please go to Room 14,” came over the loudspeaker.

“You have good service here,” I said to the other people waiting in line.

I went to Room 14. The social worker was standing at her desk. Behind her stood a man and woman dressed in business suits. “I’m sorry,” said the social worker, “but I had to inform Immigration.”

The man stepped forward, introduced himself and the woman as Immigration officers. “You are under arrest. For authority we are using the Conditional Departure Order that you were issued in September 1996.”

The male Immigration officer then handcuffed me. As we walked through the waiting room, I raised my hands to show the Canadians in line that I was being arrested. The officers drove me to the Ledo, where they allowed me to pack up my things. I left a note for Tommy so he would know what had

happened to me. The officers helped me with my luggage and stowed it in the trunk of their unmarked police car. Then they drove me to the Sudbury jail.

They escorted me to the jail's receiving area and then left. The guard at the desk took my valuables and told me that I couldn't wear my crucifix in jail. Then he asked if I wanted the US government notified that I was in jail. "No," I told him.

Another guard took me up to the women's cellblock where I was given underwear, socks, shoes, and a two-piece orange jail outfit. The bleak cellblock held nine cells. Each cell held a bunk bed, a toilet and a sink. Outside the cells, in the common area, four concrete tables each with four concrete chairs provided seating.

At one end of the cellblock a complete bathroom with no door provided no privacy and at the other end a washer, dryer and pay phone completed the amenities. A TV hung from the ceiling.

Most of the inmates were older teenagers and women in their twenties. The guards exercised no control over the women's behavior. The individual cells were locked at 9 a.m. and unlocked at 5 p.m.. The women ran through the cellblock snapping towels at each other and literally hanging from the bars. It was worse than a zoo. In order to pass the time, we read books, wrote letters, exchanged stories, and exercised for 20 minutes in the yard. In the evening when I took a shower, the women threw cold water at me. I didn't respond.

On Tuesday a guard told me that my deportation date had been moved to later in the week due to the ice storm. On Tuesday night, the women threw toothpaste at me in the cell. The next day I requested an isolation cell for my safety. I was afraid of these women who had no consciences. I was transferred to the isolation cell on Wednesday.

The cell had a wooden bed with a thin mattress and no pillow. A sink and toilet stood in the corner. Above them a TV was placed in the wall but it had no manual controls. All seven isolation cells shared one remote control and prisoners were constantly calling for the remote. My TV had no sound, which made watching it an interesting experience since I could hear the TV in the next cell. I tried to get the remote when a show I wanted to see was playing in the next cell. At least then, sound and picture were synchronized. I also asked the nurse for something to help me sleep and for some antacid. I knew I would survive this experience, but I didn't like it.

I was stuck in the Sudbury jail until January 16, when the two Immigration

officers came for me. A guard took me to the reception area where my valuables were returned to me. Another guard escorted me to the garage where the unmarked police car and the two Immigration officers waited. As we drove into the city, the officers stopped first for coffee and then drove into a car wash. I felt bizarre sitting in the back of a police car while going through a car wash.

Once out on the highway, the male Immigration officer drove like a madman. I often feared that we would crash since the road was still icy in patches. I fantasized crashing into a tree and making my escape while the two Immigration officers, trapped in the car, were unable to stop me. At noon we stopped for lunch at a roadside diner. "I'll take the cuffs off if you promise not to try to escape," the male officer told me.

"I have one five dollar bill. How could I escape?" I asked.

Over lunch the officers asked me where I wanted to go in the States. "I'll go to Washington, DC and see my children. I'll phone one of my sons to pick me up."

I called Dennis. "Hi, Dennis," I said when he answered the phone.

"Hi Mom, what's up?"

"Can you pick me up at the DC Greyhound terminal? Canada is deporting me again."

"Sure, Mom. When are you arriving?"

"I don't know because of the ice storm. Most of the Northeast still has traffic delays. I'll call and let you know as soon as I know."

"Okay. Love you, Mom."

"Love you, Dennis."

I went back to the table where my French fries with gravy were waiting. This would be the last time for me to eat this Canadian specialty in Canada.

After lunch we headed to Ottawa, where we stopped and picked up my ticket to DC at the Immigration office. *Well, goodbye Ottawa*, I thought. I had asked the Immigration officers to get me some cash, but when they came back to the car they said there wasn't any cash for me. The Greyhound bus was scheduled to leave Potsdam, New York and to arrive 15 hours later in DC.

We then drove to Cornwall, where the official border crossing is located. As I walked from the car to the Customs and INS building, I felt afraid. Would there be an order there for my arrest and would I be shipped back to Wisconsin? Crossing the border into the States always caused me anxiety.

The building seemed empty except for an older employee. "Are you a

fugitive,” he asked, “or in any kind of trouble?”

“Of course not,” I replied as my blood pressure soared.

The two officers and I then went back to the car and crossed the border into New York. By now darkness had fallen. The street and highway signs were difficult to see. It took a long time for the driver to figure out how to get to Potsdam and we took many wrong turns and had to double back several times. When we reached Potsdam, the officers stopped for cash at an ATM machine and for gas. They didn’t know where to drop me off since all I had was five Canadian dollars. They drove to the Greyhound terminal, but that was closed due to the ice storm.

“Maybe we should rent a motel room,” I suggested from the back seat.

“That sounds good,” responded the female officer.

The male officer saw a New York Highway Patrol officer, stopped the car, and leaned out the window while showing his badge. “We are bringing this woman back to the States. Is there any shelter available here?”

“Yes. The college has a Federal Emergency Management center. You can take her there.”

We drove to the college where the Officers removed my luggage from the trunk, unlocked the door to let me out, and then barreled off into the night.

Inside the FEMA workers gave me food, a mattress with linens, and a promise that my blood pressure medication was on the way. I took a long hot shower to wash off the lingering remains of my jail experience.

Greyhound buses didn’t return to service until January 18. A State Trooper gave me a ride to the terminal. “No,” he said as I attempted to get into the back seat, “sit up in the front.”

*If the Sheriff and his co-conspirators in Waushara County could see me now, I thought.*

Once on the bus I looked forward to meeting my two granddaughters: Megan, who had just turned three, and Samantha, who was a few months past her second birthday. My grandson, David, lived in another state with his mother, so I knew that I wouldn’t be able to meet him yet.

## **Chapter Eight: Maryland, Niagara Falls and Sudbury January 1998 to November 1998**

I arrived at the Greyhound terminal at about 9 p.m.. Dennis arrived a short time later, looking great as usual. We had a 45 minute drive to the house he and his wife, Billie, had purchased. The house was near the Chesapeake Bay, in a woody subdivision.

Megan was still awake when we arrived at the house. She is a beautiful little girl who looks like her mother. After we chatted a while, I took a hot shower, unpacked my suitcase, and went to bed in the guest bedroom. It felt good to be sleeping in a house and not in a jail, or a shelter, or a hotel.

The next day, Mike, his wife Debbie, and Samantha brought pizza for lunch. We enjoyed chatting about the good times in the past while Megan and Samantha ran through the house screaming. Whatever happened to my “no running in the house” rule?

That week I took Megan for walks and enjoyed babysitting her when her parents went out. Mike and Samantha took me out for lunch. The two girls are very different, but have a sister relationship. They enjoy each other’s company and are always delighted to see each other. Megan enjoys board games and has stacks of videos for her own video player. Samantha has projects of her own and spends time happily by herself.

On Friday my ex-husband, Connie, arrived at Dennis’ house to drive the two of us to Baltimore to see our son, Brian, at the Deaton Home and Hospital.



Brian had developed grand mal seizures at age 13, but he was never accurately diagnosed until he was 26. A doctor at a group home where Brian had been living witnessed Brian in the throes of a seizure in 1996. That doctor diagnosed Brian as having mitochondria encephalopathy. Brian had inherited from me a defective mitochondria genetic condition that I didn't know I possessed. Brian's brain cells were slowly dying and he would eventually die from the condition. He was now partially paralyzed, had a feeding tube, and was losing his sight.

"Brian," his father said as we entered the room, "Mom is here to visit you."

Brian looked around the bed area—his vision wasn't entirely gone.

"Brian, I am so sorry that you are so sick," I told him. "Do they treat you okay here?"

Brian pointed to his stomach tube and made an unhappy face.

The head nurse came into the room and introduced herself. "Brian had a bad day yesterday, so he can't get out of bed today," she said.

"Oh dear," I said. "I was planning wheelchair races in the hall."

Brian laughed.

"You know Brian," I said, "I don't have to go back to Canada. I could stay here in Maryland and visit you more often. But I just hate giving up to the bad guys, you know what I mean? What do you think I should do?"

"Go for it," Brian said.

After we had spent two hours chatting, Brian said he needed to use the bedpan. I went in search of a nurse while his father stood at the bedside. When the nurse came in, I whispered to Connie, "Let's go. Brian's giving us a reason to leave."

"We'll be back Monday, Brian," I said. "I love you."

"Bye, Mom."

As we rode in the elevator, I felt that I would never have another conversation with Brian. I didn't say anything to his dad. When we reached the car, I got in and began a monologue that lasted until we reached Dennis's house. I had no desire to re-hash the past.

On Sunday I purchased a *Washington Post* and on the front page Pope John Paul II told Cubans to "work for human rights." Between Brian and John Paul, it was obvious to me that I needed to return to Canada.

On Monday I packed up my bags and said goodbye to Dennis, Billie, and Megan. Connie picked me up and we drove to Baltimore again. When we arrived in Brian's room, he was so heavily sedated that we could not wake

him up. When I left Maryland in 1988, I had felt sure that leaving was the best thing for Brian as well as for me. Sometimes it's hard to know what is the right thing to do. Connie dropped me off at the Greyhound terminal where I bought a ticket to Buffalo. I had time to have dinner in a restaurant and returned to the terminal in time to board the 7 p.m. bus. The destination sign on the bus read, "Toronto."

The bus arrived in Buffalo the next morning. I got off the bus and hoped that my Canadian opponents would be looking for me in Toronto. I bought a ticket to Niagara Falls on the 10:15 a.m. bus to Niagara Falls. I still had Ms. Radey's social insurance card and her Baptismal certificate.

There were only a few people on the bus to Niagara Falls. When we arrived at the Peace Bridge Canadian Customs and Immigration building, I made sure that I was the last person in line. Two people ahead of me were asked to step out of the line and wait for further questioning by Immigration Officers that would arrive from the Niagara Falls office. When my turn came I offered the Officer the Baptismal Certificate. "I couldn't find my birth certificate," I lied. I knew my real name was in the computer in front of him as a person who had been previously deported.

"How long have you been gone?" he asked me.

"Ten days," I responded.

"What did you bring back?"

"Just a couple of t-shirts," I responded, hoping he wouldn't ask to see them.

"That's all?" he asked.

"I visited my sick grandson," I explained.

"Where are you going?"

"Sudbury."

"Thank you, Ma'am."

I hurriedly returned to the bus, grateful to God that I had made it. When the Niagara Falls Immigration Officers arrived in their Jeep, I crunched down in my seat so they couldn't see me. Twenty minutes later the Officers left, all the travelers returned to the bus, and our journey continued. We arrived in Niagara Falls a few minutes later. As the bus approached the terminal, I saw a motel that advertised a weekly rate of \$90 on its outdoor sign. When I arrived at the terminal, I climbed into a waiting taxi and directed the driver to the Edgecliffe Motel.

After I was settled in the comfortable motel room, I wrote to the Registrar of the Federal Court-Trial Division requesting my copy of the decision in

case IMM-2531-97. I gave my sister's San Francisco address as my mailing address since I never knew how long I would be in Canada. My sister FedExed me the court's decision. I was surprised to see that Justice Lufty had dismissed my Request for Leave and for Judicial Review because the law only provides for granting or denying a request. I had in my hands more evidence of the Canadian government's intention to get rid of me regardless of Canadian or international law. I wrote a letter to the court stating that I did not accept Justice Lufty's decision as a legal decision. I faxed a copy of the letter to the Prime Minister and to the Minister of Immigration.

I enjoyed my stay at the Edgecliffe Motel and felt at home in Niagara Falls. When the summer tourist season was about to arrive, the owner of the Edgecliffe told me that room rates would go up on May first. I decided to return to Sudbury and hoped that a room at the Ledo was available.

I left Niagara Falls at 7 p.m. on April 30 and caught the 1 a.m. Greyhound to Sudbury from Toronto. I loved traveling on Greyhound at night. Trips seemed more mysterious at night, and I took pleasure in the cloak and dagger aspects of my Canadian adventure.

I had spent time in Sudbury in 1994, 1995, 1997, and in early 1998. When we reached Sudbury, I took the bus to the Ledo Hotel and found Tommy in his office. "Hi," I said. "I'm back."

"Do you need a room?" Tommy asked.

"Yes. And I want you to see the decision from the Federal Court. The judge dismissed my case which he has no authority to do. He can only grant or deny refugee applications."

I showed Tommy the court's decision. He gave me a room at the end of the hall. It had a window in the private bathroom and one in the bedroom so that there was a nice cross breeze. The trains on the tracks across the street still rattled the walls, but I liked the Ledo and its prices. I was soon back at the Catholic Charities soup kitchen, the Sudbury library, the city park, Ramsey Lake, the Salvation Army stores and the religious grotto.

I decided to inform the citizens of Sudbury about my refugee case. I put information on various bulletin boards around town. I looked in the yellow pages for a Kinko's or a similar place. There was a "Duplicators" around the corner from the Ledo that had rental computers, fax and copy machines. I returned to pursuing Justice in Canada. I faxed the Immigration Minister (the fourth Immigration Minister since I had entered Canada in June, 1993) and the Prime Minister (the second since 1993), and let them know that I considered the Court's decision in Case IMM-2531-97 to be illegal. I also

faxed the UN about my continuing activities and waited for someone from that organization to respond. My sister FedExed my alimony check along with other mail.

On August first I was on my way to Larch Street when Jerry, a fellow I had met at the Mission, stopped me. Jerry was a tall, heavy man in his fifties. He introduced me to a friend of his that I didn't know. His friend was short with a balding head and a potbelly. Our conversation ended and as I turned to Larch Street, guess who I saw standing at the corner next to a parked black van? Hank. Jerry and his burly friend were now behind me and Hank and the van were ahead of me. What was going on here? As I tried to figure a way out of the trap, a brown sedan came speeding around the Larch Street corner on two wheels. The sedan pulled up next to me and a white-haired woman leaned out of the window and asked me the way to the Farmer's Market.

"Go to the light and turn left," I said, "then make an immediate right."

At this point Jerry approached the car and I saw the black van drive past. I took the opportunity to leave, walking toward Larch Street. As I passed the end of the park, Hank was lying on the ground, trying to make himself invisible. I wanted to give him a good, swift kick, but I decided that I'd had enough intrigue for one day.

I had been placing information on Christ the King's bulletin boards, the library's bulletin boards, and the Sudbury Star's front door. On August 14, Rob O'Flanagan, a writer for the Star, phoned the Ledo and left a message for me to call him. I did, and we set up an interview time for Friday night at 7 p.m..

I took him to my room for the interview. "Well, what did you do wrong?" he asked.

"I trusted the US government," I replied.

The interview was published on August 17, the date of Clinton's infamous television appearance. The story ran only in Sudbury and was not put on the AP wire, so it remained a local story. I was very grateful to the *Star* for having the courage to print the story and to Rob O'Flanagan for writing a fair article. I sent copies of the article to all the news outlets that refused to report the government fraud. The story wasn't about me, really, it was about US government fraud and the lengths to which Canada would go to protect the US government. It was at this point that I realized that I would have to be the person to tell my story. If I wanted to get the information to the people, I would have to be the one to do it. From 1989 to 1994, forty-five US citizens had filed a Convention Refugee claim in Canada. None were granted Refugee

status. What happened to these people?

Terror tactics reappeared in September. People knocked on my door in the middle of the night. Sometimes a flashlight beam would shine under the door. I ignored the noise and put towels along the bottom of the door.

At 10 p.m. on an October evening, Tommy came to my door and told me he had to see me. I went to his office.

“The bartender goes to the same gym as the Senior Immigration Officer,” he said. “The SIO wanted to know today if you were still here.”

This was not good news.

“I have a room at a nearby building if you want to move there tomorrow.”

“I’ll move tonight.”

I packed up all my things and dragged them across the parking lot to the other building. The room had a fridge but no TV. Next to the bathroom was a crawl space with a door that might be a good hiding place.

The next day the owner visited me. “The Immigration Officers came today. I showed them your empty room. The man said that you’ll surface again, but the woman officer said that I could be charged with harboring a fugitive.”

On October 28, I wrote a one-page letter to the Federal Court Trial-Division outlining my arrests and deportations and faxed the letter to the UN and to the media. The letter also stated that I was not a fugitive since I had not been convicted of a crime and that neither the US government nor the State of Wisconsin had tried to extradite me. The letter didn’t allay the owner’s fear, so I found a room to rent a few blocks away in the basement of a brick apartment house. I moved before first light in the morning. I told my landlady, Ms. Sapia, that I was moving because I couldn’t take the noise at the Ledo Hotel anymore. The rent was only \$175 a month and I thought that I should have looked for another room sooner than I did.

I knew that I would be arrested and deported again. The Canadian government, through its officials and employees, had no intention of offering me Justice.

I went out only at night. I caught different buses that took me to different shopping centers. I avoided all of my usual hangouts. When I returned to my room at night, I went through the nearby Howard Johnson’s front entrance. I took the elevator to the lowest level and left the motel by the back door. Since I was involved in psychological warfare, it was up to me to defend myself. I knew that I was being watched and while I know this sounds paranoid, it happens to be the truth. Over the years of my travels, I have learned that Greyhound terminal employees, local bus and taxi drivers, and

assorted others such as soup kitchen, mission and shelter employees all keep a watch for people that the police are looking for. There was no way for me to leave Sudbury without being identified by one of these watchers. John Le Carré calls these people “tame.” The description fits.

I kept myself free as best as I could. I requested stationery from a maid in the Howard Johnson’s and faxed a letter to Hank at the Thunder Bay shelter. I hoped my opponents would think that I was staying there and stop watching me.

I held out until November 13. I grew tired of going out only at night and always being alert to people and events around me. I had committed no crimes. I resented that the Canadian government forced me to act like a criminal. On November 13, I was walking down an alley behind the soup kitchen when I heard someone say, “Hi Judy.” I turned around and there they were—my very own Gestapo masquerading as officers of the law.

I was incarcerated in the same Sudbury jail with some of the same sociopathic women that had been there the previous January. On the second day, I requested an isolation cell for my protection and was moved there. The Sudbury jail is very old and grimy. In 1998, there were two suicides in the jail.

A few days later I was moved from my cell with a TV and a slot opening in the door to a cell with a solid door and no TV. There was no air movement in the cell. This was the only time in my jail experiences that I feared that I might not be able to psychologically survive. I wrote a note to the Director (warden), asking him when my execution would take place. I slipped the note under the door. I was put back in a regular isolation cell later that same day.

I applied for legal aid with a legal aid worker who came to the jail and interviewed me. There was an office outside the cellblock where inmates met with their lawyers and other officials. I never heard from legal aid again. The Senior Immigration Officer came to the jail for my hearing. I usually cooperated with Immigration Officers and the shams they called hearings. I decided that I would not “go quietly” this time. Thanks, Diana.

I sat at a desk across from Robert LeClaire, the Senior Immigration Officer in Sudbury. He filled out a form and then handed it to me to sign. I tore it up, gave it to him, stood up and left the office. “Guard!” shouted LeClaire.

I stood by the door that led to the cellblock. A male guard came out and told me, “Go back into the office.”

“No.”

“We can make you go into the office.”

“I don’t want to attend this hearing. You are making me do something against my will.”

I went back into the office and sat down. The guard stood next to me. Le Claire began asking me questions that I refused to answer. I started singing “O Canada” in a very off-key voice. Le Claire kept asking the questions and answering them himself. Why was I even there I wondered as I went into the second verse. He could hold the hearing by himself.

When he finished answering his questions, he pushed a document at me and said, “Sign this.”

Four male hands held the paper down as I signed, “I.M. Being Railroaded.”

Enraged, Le Claire fled out the door. The guard returned me to my cell.

On November 20 a guard took me to the prison office for a teleconference with the Ajudication Division in Toronto. A Mr. Greckle introduced himself.

“Is that ‘grackle’ like the bird?” I asked.

“No. It’s g-r-e-c-k-l-e,” he replied.

“Well, Mr. Greckle, what section of the Immigration Act provides for teleconferences?” I inquired.

“There is no regulation in the Immigration Act that authorizes teleconferences, but we hold them all the time.”

“Well, then this hearing is being held outside the law, isn’t it?”

“We don’t think so.”

The next fifteen minutes were spent arguing about my case, including the fact that the Federal Court-Trial Division dismissed my request for Leave and for Judicial Review when it has no authority to do so. Their side of the argument, a Mr. Simon was with Mr. Greckle, was on a speakerphone. Two prison employees listened intently to the proceedings. I repeatedly made my points, from how my evidence that proved my Convention Refugee status had been ignored, to how the Federal Court Judge handed down an illegal decision, to all the false arrests and imprisonments I had experienced in Canada. Nothing made an impression on Greckle or Simon. I didn’t care what they thought of my impolite behavior. They were part of the systems that caused all my woe and I dumped all my anger on them. This teleconference was being taped and somewhere in the bowels of the Ministry of Immigration the tape awaits transcription. Mr. Greckle ended the conference with a threat. “If you return to Canada again, you will be charged with a crime.”

Canada had definitely joined the US persecutors. What had I expected in

Canada—Justice?

On Tuesday, November 24, the dinner cart passed my door. “Hey, where’s my food?” I asked.

“You’re leaving. Get dressed,” the guard ordered as he handed me my clothes.

A few minutes later another guard escorted me to the prison office where I picked up my valuables. The guard took me to the garage where a white van was parked. “These Burns Security people will take you to Niagara Falls tonight,” the guard informed me.

Burns Security? The same Burns Security who had dumped me at the US end of the Rainbow Bridge in 1995? I looked at the man and woman and said, “I have to pick up my things at my room.”

“We don’t have time for that,” the man replied.

“My check is there. I have no money,” I argued.

“Too bad.”

“Well, then, I’m not going.”

Both of them approached me, handcuffed my hands, shackled my legs and feet, dragged me to the van, and shoved me in. The garage door opened and the van backed out into the street. Jails are stuffy places where old air is recirculated continuously. Even in chains it felt wonderful to be out in the clear, cold November air. I continued arguing about my check and my clothes. “My room is only two blocks away,” I said as we drove onto Elgin Street.

“If you stay in the van, we’ll pick up your things.”

When we arrived outside my building, I gave the van driver my keys. The woman went to get my landlady, Mrs. Sapia. She came out and handed me my check. “Thanks,” I told her.

Neighbors came out to watch as my suitcases were loaded into the van.

“Hey,” said one of the male onlookers, “what’s going on here?”

“It’s okay,” I shouted back. “It’s just an Immigration problem.”

It made me happy to see that at least someone, even if he was a stranger, showed an interest in my welfare.

As we drove out of Sudbury, I felt discouraged knowing that this would be my last trip under the Canadian stars. As we sped down the empty highway, an occasional house had outside Christmas lights on, and that provided a little cheer for me on this dark trip. We stopped for sandwiches at a roadside restaurant before we reached Toronto. The female Burns Security person and I waited in the car while the male guard bought food and carried it out to us. After that brief stop, we continued the trip and reached Niagara Falls at



11 p.m.. My heart ached as we drove past the Caverly Hotel and St. Patrick's church. I thought of my comfortable room at the Edgecliffe Motel. So many places in Canada had become home to me. Soon they would be only memories.

We reached the police station where I had been arrested in 1995. We drove into the inside garage and I handed my valuables and my shoelaces to the guard at the desk. "You will sleep here tonight," said the Burns Security man. "Someone will pick you up in the morning and take you to the Burns Security Office, where Immigration Officers will pick you up."

The jail guard escorted me to a holding cell around the corner from his desk. The cell held a toilet and one bunk with no mattress, pillow, or blanket. I amazed myself by falling asleep.

The next morning the same two Burns Security employees picked me up and took me to their office. I was put in a small room with a locked door. A few minutes later, two young Immigration Officers arrived and put me in a van that held a foreign woman and her three children. "Can you take me to Money Mart so I can cash my alimony check?" I asked.

"Yes, we'll take you there," the male officer said.

We drove to the Money Mart store and one of the Officers and I went in. I said "hi" to the clerk who recognized me from when I had cashed checks there earlier in the year. She looked at me with a question in her eyes. "They're returning me to the US," I explained, "and I don't want to go."

After I received my money, the officer and I returned to the car. We drove to the Peace Bridge border crossing and the female officer escorted me into the US Customs and INS building. The officer left me with a Customs agent who asked me, "Why were you in Canada for so long?"

I thought it was an impertinent question, but told him I had been with a Canadian friend. The Customs and Immigration people cleared me to leave the building and I took my luggage outside to where I could check to see whether all my possessions were packed.

As I started unpacking I couldn't believe that it had been only ten months since I had arrived at the same crossing, only on the other side of the road. While I waited for a Greyhound to give me a ride to the Buffalo terminal, I went through my suitcases. All my Sudbury library books were packed—over \$200 worth of books. I dumped them in the garbage can as I ran to catch the bus pulling up to the curb.

I phoned Mike from the Buffalo Greyhound terminal. He and Debbie planned to host the family Thanksgiving Day dinner, but he could pick me up at Deaton Hospital in Baltimore at 11 a.m..

I purchased a ticket to Baltimore on the bus that left Buffalo at 8:30 p.m.. It was another night bus ride, but the highways were crowded with speeding vehicles. I became homesick for Canada's empty roads. The bus arrived in Baltimore on schedule. I took my luggage to a waiting taxi and asked him to take me to Deaton Hospital. It was a short ride, so I gave him a large tip. Mike was waiting for me outside the hospital.

"Hi, Mike," I said as he hugged me.

"Hi, Mother," he replied. "I went to see Brian, but I could not wake him up."

I wanted to see Brian, but Mike was under pressure to return home to help with the dinner preparations. We went to his truck where he stashed my luggage in the back. "I have some good news," Mike informed me. "Debbie's pregnant."

"That's great, Michael," I said.

As we drove to southern Maryland, I brought Mike up to date on events in Canada. "You realize the whole thing's over, don't you?" asked Mike.

"It's not over until I say it's over," I responded. "This fat lady ain't singing."

We arrived at Mike's house. Debbie greeted me with a hug and introduced me to her parents. Dennis and Megan were there, as was Debbie's brother and his son. Billie had to work, and wherever my ex was celebrating Thanksgiving, it was no concern of mine.

After a scrumptious turkey dinner, Fran, Debbie's mom, drove Samantha, Megan and me to the duck pond to feed the ducks. "You know," Fran said, "you're missing a lot."

I didn't reply. I wanted to insure freedom for my grandchildren and if this meant that others took them to the duck pond, so be it. As we drove back to the house, Fran began to sing, "The wheels of the bus go round and round, round and round, round and round, Oh the wheels of the bus go round and round all over the town." Megan and Samantha jumped in here and they all sang together, "Oh the windows of the bus go up and down, up and down, up and down, Oh the windows of the bus go up and down all over the town."

From jail to *Romper Room* in 24 hours.

Later, as we cleaned the kitchen, Debbie showed me her sonogram picture. "It's a girl," she said.

"Hi, Baby," I said.

Sonogram pictures prove that an abortion destroys someone else's body that is living in the mother's uterus. It is not a matter of a woman controlling her body, but rather a woman killing someone else.

I spent four nights with Dennis, Billie, and Megan. Both Mike and Dennis urged me to stay in southern Maryland. While they meant well, they didn't see the situation as I saw it. I had no car and my alimony was scheduled to end in March 1999. I didn't want to become an emotional or financial drain on my sons and their families. I planned to go to San Francisco where my sister lived, and where I had a good idea of what Social Services were provided in that city.

On Monday, Mike took me to the DC Greyhound terminal. He waited while I bought the ticket.

"Thanks for all the help, Michael," I told him.

"Take care, Mother."

The bus left at 7 p.m. on Monday night and rolled into San Francisco on Thursday morning at 9 a.m.. I spent two weeks at the hostel on Mason Street and two weeks at the Fort Mason hostel. I traveled to Sacramento and spent the New Year's weekend at the 1897 mansion hostel.

On January 3, 1999, I joined the homeless population of San Francisco as I signed in at the Episcopal Sanctuary, an Episcopal Community Services shelter for men and women.

## **EPILOGUE: November 1998 to Present**

Ever since Canada deported me in November 1998, I have lived in San Francisco as a homeless person. I spent the first three weeks of January 1999, at the Episcopal Sanctuary, a homeless shelter for men and women. On January 21, I moved to the Marian Residence for Women, an agency of the St. Anthony Foundation. The Marian Residence has a shelter for 30 women and I remained there until November 2000. I returned to the Episcopal Sanctuary in November 2000, where I am allowed to stay for 90 days, must leave for 30 days, and then return for another 90 days. During the various 30-day periods that I had to be out of the Sanctuary, I traveled around California.

When I first returned to the US, I thought that I might return to Canada and continue my attempt to gain Convention Refugee status. However, the threat of being charged with a criminal charge kept me in the US. I saw no reason to place myself in jeopardy while accomplishing nothing. The time I have spent in the US has given me perspective on what happened to me in Wisconsin and Canada. I now can see that the USDA, the Department of Justice, the Wisconsin Senators and Congressmen, the Wisconsin courts, the federal courts, the other government agencies including the Sheriff and Prosecutors of Waushara County, and the private interests, namely Union State Bank in Wautoma and Erickson Realty, are criminals. The arrogance shown by the Canadian government under Prime Minister Jean Chr tien is also clear to me now. Mr. Chr tien's Ministers of Immigration and Justice

never considered my case honestly and repeatedly violated the Immigration Act of Canada and the 1951 UN Geneva Convention on the Status of Refugees.

When I decided that it was in my own best interest to remain in the US, I also decided to remain un-repatriated. This state is accomplished by not registering to vote, or by not taking part in the Census, by refusing to file IRS forms, and by not having a permanent address. Living in San Francisco, it was easy to remain homeless. The city has somewhere between six and eight thousand homeless people and little low-income housing.

My relatives in Wisconsin, Maryland, and California have shunned me since I returned to the States. Actually, I have not heard from my brother since he took a three-week trip to Europe in 1997. In July 1999, my sister decided to not have a relationship with me anymore. My two sons will speak to me if I call, and I visited them for Thanksgiving in 2001. My youngest son, Brian, died on September 25, 2000. Financially unable to attend his funeral, I had no offers of temporary loans.

The Catholic Church in Canada as well as the Church in San Francisco have not supported my fight for human rights. It appears to me that the Church is a part of the corrupt systems in both countries.

My alimony ended in March 1999. I applied for welfare in May 1999, and received cash of \$297 a month until February 2000. At that point, I filed to get my Social Security retirement and gave up the \$80 additional I would have received had I waited until I turned 65. I do receive Food Stamps, an entitlement, but my ex-husband has not yet retired.

All these negative actions and facts have given me a curious form of freedom. Since I have no place to live, I have none of the problems that go with either renting or owning a home. I pay no taxes, no utilities, no insurance, and have nothing to dust, vacuum, scrub, or mow. My lack of relationships with family means I have no demands to be met nor do I have to listen to any criticisms. Poverty, in a capitalistic society, is liberating.

I have written this book to inform the public about the criminal US government and how it treats its citizens. I have no doubt that there are many other citizens cheated by official US government programs. It is my hope that an educated public will assume responsibility for self-government and become the democracy that the Founding Fathers envisioned.