MINIMUM SUGGESTED DONATION TWO DOLLARS.

STREET SHEET IS SOLD BY HOMELESS AND LOW-INCOME VENDORS WHO KEEP 100% OF THE PROCEEDS. VENDORS RECEIVE UP TO 75 PAPERS PER DAY FOR FREE.

STREET SHEET IS READER SUPPORTED, ADVERTISING FREE, AND AIMS TO LIFT UP THE VOICES OF THOSE LIVING IN POVERTY IN SAN FRANCISCO.
POETRY CORNER

Make the Change
by Alina Catubig, Leenz

Make the change
Give your change
Lend a helping hand
Buy a meal
Feed the soul
Don’t feed me the processed
Feed me the organic truth
The fiber, the greens
The antioxidants to give me life
Make the change
Give your change
Read me a lyric, a story
What’s your story?
Can you smile that it makes me want to dance and sing
To perform art, to express change
Loud & calm waves of expressions, we drown sometimes
I’m swimming trying to catch my breath but I float, sink, repeat I made it to the top
What’s your idea of making a change?

STREET SHEET is currently recruiting vendors to sell the newspaper around San Francisco. Vendors pick up the papers for free at our office in the Tenderloin and sell them for $2 apiece at locations across the City. You get to keep all the money they make from sales. Earn extra income while also helping elevate the voices of the homeless writers who make this paper so unique, and promoting the vision of a San Francisco where every human being has a home.

TO SIGN UP, VISIT OUR OFFICE AT 280 TURK ST FROM 10-4 ON MONDAY-THURSDAY AND 10-NOON ON FRIDAY
I love traveling, that’s a fact! On this day, our school planned an international trip to Paris. I was excited as this would be my first trip on a plane. My classmates and I even formed research groups on places to visit while on the trip. We devised a list of some incredible places, and shared it with the teacher responsible for the trip planning. Later that evening, I went home after school and shared the exciting news with my family. They were all very happy for me. The amount to be paid was a bit high, but there was enough time to plan for it. As we went about preparing for the trip, I started planning for the next visit to Paris for everyone.

We got to JFK airport on time, and could see the planes getting ready. We jokingly made several guesses on which one we’d be getting on, and we bet on it. Soon enough, it was our turn to board. Trust me, they didn’t need to call us twice. Every one of us walked proudly, holding our boarding passes. The airport had a good view as we walked across the jet bridge. In no time, everybody was seated with seat belts fastened, ready for take-off. A brief introduction from the captain and then we were airborne. The take-off was like nothing I had experienced before, and I was terrified. It was a seven to eight hour flight, and I wasn’t planning to waste a minute sleeping. But fatigue finally caught up, and I fell into a deep sleep.

"We are gonna crash!” I woke up to my friend’s voice, oxygen masks dropping on us, and an announcement from the flight attendant asking everyone to stay calm and fasten their safety belts. Honestly, remaining calm was not possible with a class of high school students. There were panicked screams from all over the plane. I saw a flash of light, and then there was total silence and darkness. When I regained consciousness, I noticed that everybody was okay. I walked out and realized we had crashed in the middle of nowhere, just a desert with nothing at all. Then something strange happened: I could see my classmates, but we couldn’t speak. I tried to tap one of them, but there was no contact or response. I came across a mirror and also couldn’t see any reflection. I had heard stories of how people become ghosts after death, and this was it.

“Christina! Christina! Hey! Christina!” I heard someone call my name, and I opened my eyes in shock. It was my mum waking me up for school. This was the most horrific dream ever; I knelt and prayed about it. Over breakfast, I narrated it to my classmates, which wasn’t amusing for any of us. For a moment, all of Will’s friends forgot anything about Will and he became the sounding board for everyone. For now, we go?

I became stressed and was always anxious, wondering how the next day would go. I twisted long distances trying to look for a job, but it was impossible to find work with the economy so bad due to COVID. I survived mostly by borrowing money from friends and family, but eventually that became a nuisance and you have to stop. I couldn’t pay rent. My landlord tolerated me for a while, but after a few months they got tired and said I had to move out. I had no choice but to leave everything and look for a place to stay.

I have not recovered. I still cannot believe that I’m homeless. Homelessness brings about discomfort, such that even if a friend offers you a place to stay it never feels the same. Having your own space is amazing—it gives one a feeling of independence and freedom. Right now I don’t have that; I wake up every day wishing that I could have my own place. A place I can go back to relax after daily activities. Recovering from homelessness is not easy nowadays with the high inflation rate. The economy has become so bad that there is no affordable housing anymore. Not sleeping hungry is the priority right now.

I was lucky to find someone who offered me a place to stay after I became homeless. Not everybody is usually so lucky. Every country in the world should try and come up with effective measures for dealing with homelessness. Governments should come up with proper measures that help deliver affordable housing to individuals. Also, most people work on minimal wages. Employers should pay their employees better salaries or give them housing allowances, as that will ensure every employee is provided for. Unemployment is one of the major issues affecting people, and the state needs to create better opportunities for everyone. Anyone, no matter their level of education, should be able to get a job that allows them to pay their bills.

Waking up every day with a roof over your head is a blessing. Individuals should learn to help out homeless individuals in any way, as this gives people hope to carry on. Being homeless is not easy but when you have supportive people around you then you can get back on your feet more easily.

### A SWEEPY LITTLE TOWN

A Street Sheet work of fiction...

Will was entranced in his thoughts, mesmerized by the rattling, clanging, window vibrating noises coming from the metal behemoth that was the backbone of the local public transportation system, servicing the 49-square mile area of the iconic City of San Francisco. It had been a long day. He awoke at 5 a.m., met with the authorities and asked for their cooperation in the housing search…was there?

Every single encampment was gone, as if vanished into thin air. Will felt his heart sink to a new depth. For a moment, all of Will’s friends forgot anything good about Will and he became the sounding board for everyone’s anguish, frustration and anger.

Will turned inward and tried to channel his rage to the ground by taking long, slow breaths for at least 10 to 15 minutes before uttering a single word. This proved very effective and helped to clear his thoughts so he could focus. In this moment he knew that one wrong action—one led by emotions—could prove to be devastating, even fatal.

The crew was now in survival mode, and quick decisions had to be made. It was already getting dark and still tents had to be procured, as well as blankets, water, food, etc. So many people, so many decisions to be made, not the least of which was: where the hell do we go?

Once the crowd’s rage had tempered, Will called everyone that was interested in sticking together, and they had an informal meeting. The topic quickly became...WHERE DO WE GO?

The three most fundamental concerns for any human being when you find yourself on the streets in the dark will always be food, shelter and security. Suggestions were abounded as the discussion went on. For now, sweep tight.

Stay tuned for the next issue to see what new adventures Will and his friends will come up against in the concrete jungle...
The morning sun is shining through the windows of my mother’s small Brooklyn apartment. It feels like it’ll be a scorching August day, and I’ve been up for hours. I live in upstate New York, but I love coming back to Brooklyn to visit my mother, and to spend a few days in the city. The landline she refuses to get rid of rings and I quickly answer it. I recognize the voice on the other end right away: It’s Bettina, or Betty, as everyone calls her. My mother had mentioned to her that I’d be in Brooklyn, and she’s calling to invite me over to her home for coffee and cake. I tell her that I’ll be there by noon.

Betty lives in a tiny, one story house in Sheepshead Bay, but probably not for long. She’d shared the place with her 96-year-old aunt until about 6 months ago, when her aunt passed away. Most likely, Betty will be made to move to a group home. She suffers from speech and learning disabilities, and she has issues with her motor skills, plus a seizure disorder. Living alone wasn’t be easy for her, even though she has an attendant that comes to help and check on her daily. At 66 years old, Betty is a survivor, having lived for many years at the notorious Willowbrook State School.

I first met Betty through my mother. Betty and her aunt were regular customers at the supermarket where my mother worked. They’d come in to do their shopping, and Betty would talk to my mom. They became friends, and I was introduced to Betty. She seemed very lonely, so I gave her my number. She would come to my apartment at least once a week when I lived in Brooklyn. At first, she never mentioned anything about Willowbrook, but as time went on, Betty became more comfortable with me. She started to tell me about the horrors that she’d endured in that “school” that was no school at all, but a dumping ground for the unwanted, the insane, and the disabled. She also talked to me about her eventual return to Willowbrook. Betty nodded. “People forget what happened to us there,” she said.

Betty was born in the early 1950s to a 16-year-old mother and a 17-year-old father in Brooklyn. Her parents had gotten married when her mother became pregnant, which was expected at the time. A year and half after Betty was born, it was clear that she was not hitting milestones at the same pace as other babies her age. She was having issues with her motor skills and was not learning to speak. Betty’s mother abandoned her, and her father didn’t want the responsibility of a child, so Betty was passed around to different family members who would keep her for a while, but would eventually pass her on to others due to her limitations and needs. Betty was three years old when her paternal grandfather decided to place her in Willowbrook. He and Betty’s grandmother took her to the “school,” which was on Staten Island, and that was the last time that Betty ever saw them. No one ever came to visit her. Betty spent her childhood and adolescence locked up in a place that was never their home.

Betty was subjected to beatings and sexual abuse by staff, as well as by some of the older patients. She had almost no medical attention there, unless she was bleeding from an injury. If the staff thought a child was difficult, the child was either put in a straitjacket all the time, or placed in isolation in small cells called “the pit.” Betty was placed in isolation a few times for being “a trouble maker,” as the nurses called her. She was left in a cell 24 hours a day, with only a cloth diaper and nothing else—not even a blanket, and very little food or water. “Everyone was afraid of the pit,” Betty said.

As Betty aged, she was moved to another building that was expected at the time. A year and half after Betty was born, it was clear that she was not hitting milestones at the same pace as other babies her age. She was having issues with her motor skills and was not learning to speak. Betty’s mother abandoned her, and her father didn’t want the responsibility of a child, so Betty was passed around to different family members who would keep her for a while, but would eventually pass her on to others due to her limitations and needs. Betty was three years old when her paternal grandfather decided to place her in Willowbrook. He and Betty’s grandmother took her to the “school,” which was on Staten Island, and that was the last time that Betty ever saw them. No one ever came to visit her. Betty spent her childhood and adolescence locked up in a place that was never their home.

The beatings, sexual abuse, and punishments continued as Betty aged, she was moved to another building that was expected at the time. A year and half after Betty was born, it was clear that she was not hitting milestones at the same pace as other babies her age. She was having issues with her motor skills and was not learning to speak. Betty’s mother abandoned her, and her father didn’t want the responsibility of a child, so Betty was passed around to different family members who would keep her for a while, but would eventually pass her on to others due to her limitations and needs. Betty was three years old when her paternal grandfather decided to place her in Willowbrook. He and Betty’s grandmother took her to the “school,” which was on Staten Island, and that was the last time that Betty ever saw them. No one ever came to visit her. Betty spent her childhood and adolescence locked up in a place that was never their home.

Betty was subjected to beatings and sexual abuse by staff, as well as by some of the older patients. She had almost no medical attention there, unless she was bleeding from an injury. If the staff thought a child was difficult, the child was either put in a straitjacket all the time, or placed in isolation in small cells called “the pit.” Betty was placed in isolation a few times for being “a trouble maker,” as the nurses called her. She was left in a cell 24 hours a day, with only a cloth diaper and nothing else—not even a blanket, and very little food or water. “Everyone was afraid of the pit,” Betty said.

As Betty aged, she was moved to another building where there were girls and women over the age of 14. The beatings, sexual abuse, and punishments continued in the new building. Betty, like many of the girls and women, was sterilized against her will. She said that they were told that "etards can’t have babies." The ward was overcrowded, and the residents were routinely drugged every morning, night, and throughout the day. Laundry was never done, so many residents were either naked or wore cloth diapers that were infrequently changed. Their days were spent in a large common room that smelled like death. Bathrooms were only allowed once in the morning when they woke up and once before bed. The walls of the common room, and everywhere, were covered in feces, urine and blood from the residents.

The nurses had no patience for any resident, and I often beat them. The residents were always brui and some had cigarette burns. When it was meal t, they received some kind of mushy substance that often drugged with heavy tranquilizers. There were activities scheduled for any of the residents, so I stayed in the dayroom til it was time for them t bed. None of the blankets or sheets were washe changed. Some residents were chained to their bed were left in carts if they were unable to move on t own. The sleeping area was overcrowded and fil bath literally meant being hosed down with cold wi and it was only once or twice a month. The toi overflowed because the plumbing was never fixed. Unsanitary conditions made many residents very and some died. There was once an incident whe boy was scalced in the shower as punishment by a m member.

Betty teared up as she spoke about Willowbrook, I asked her if she wanted to stop. She didn’t, she i saying the same thing over and over again: “People forget what happened to us there.”

She said that it was normal for people to just disap or die. Nobody looked into their deaths because i either had families that never asked about or vis them, or the family had specifically wanted no co from Willowbrook, not even if their family member e had one or more, and many were lobotomized. To say patients were dehumanized would be an understatement Willowbrook was hell itself.

Willbrook was state funded. Parents who were better treatment for their children had to give sig permission for their children to be experimented on or vaccines and hepatitis.

Betty said, “Yeah, some kids were in the experime building. They got better food and had school f couple of hours a day. Do you know what happens to them?”

I shook my head as Betty continued, “Oh, they y got hepatitis, and then they gave them vaccines.”

“They put poop in their cooked milk—hepatitis p from the kids that had it!” Betty said. I shook my he disbelief. Betty continued, “They gave the poop to to see if it will work like a vaccine shot.”

I’d heard about the experiments, but didn’t know extent of them. I changed the subject and asked he tell me about leaving Willowbrook. Betty said that was placed in a group home after Willowbrook. was almost 20 years old when she left, having l most of her life in Willowbrook. In many ways, it the only home that she had known. Unfortunately, group home was only slightly better than Willowbrook. Residents got better food and clothes, but the beat and sexual abuse still went on.

Betty eventually ran away from the group home, no one looked for her. She ended up on the street New York, homeless, vulnerable, alone, having tro understanding what was going on around her. She
They were told that she slept in doorways and sidewalks and begged for change so she could eat. I’ve had my own experience with homelessness, and I couldn’t imagine how hard it was on Betty. She was raped several times while on the street, by men who took advantage of her obvious disabilities. She was also pimped out by a man that she thought was her boyfriend.

Finally, a social worker befriended Betty after she was arrested for prostitution, and gave her some help. The social worker managed to track down some of Betty’s family, and Betty was taken in by her maternal aunt, with whom she lived until her aunt’s death six months earlier. Betty said her aunt was mean and treated her badly when she forgot things, dropped something, or if the house wasn’t cleaned to her specifications. Her aunt took her in because she thought she was getting a free maid, and for the disability money that Betty got every month.

“It was better than the street and Willowbrook!” Betty said.

Willowbrook was opened in 1947, and finally closed its doors in 1987, fifteen years after a stolen key allowed millions to see the cruelties that were taking place. It’s a little hard to believe that it took so long for this horrible place to finally be shut down. Willowbrook now stands abandoned, filled with trash and rats. Some of the residents either ran away or were not placed in group homes. They became homeless on the streets of New York, and many actually came back to inhabit the abandoned buildings that were their homes for most of their lives.

There are about 2,300 Willowbrook survivors alive today. Even though it’s been 35 years since Willowbrook had closed its doors permanently, many former Willowbrook residents have reportedly continued to suffer abuse in their new facilities. In 2019, there were 97 reports of physical abuse, 34 allegations of psychological abuse, and many reports of sexual abuse of former Willowbrook residents.

Geraldo Rivera’s report in early 1972 was called “The Last Great Disgrace,” but that title was wrong. Willowbrook State School wasn’t the last disgrace because the disgrace is going on today, 50 years later. It is every person’s right to be safe from harm, yet mental health facilities in operation today are still understaffed, and there’s a lack of training for employees. Today, Willowbrook State School is just several abandoned and decaying buildings on Staten Island. Some say it’s haunted by the tortured spirits of its former residents, and a child killer known as “Cropsey,” but in fact Willowbrook’s many horrors live on in the smaller modern facilities that are supposed to protect the vulnerable and the disabled.

Johanna Elattar is a writer from New York.

---

**THE TRUE HORROR OF SF HOUSING: LAKETHA’S STORY**

Years of displacement, public housing teardowns, had policy favoring property owners, gentrification and structural racism has decimated our African American population in San Francisco. This has resulted in tangibly disastrous impacts on families, and has dimmed San Francisco’s shine. There are many things we can do collectively to turn this around. One way is to restore housing for one family - one beautiful San Francisco mother and three gorgeous children with deep roots in San Francisco.

LaKetha Pierce loves San Francisco and has spent her adult life giving to this city, as a caregiver in health care, as a service provider to unhoused people and today as a leader fighting for housing and human rights for impoverished San Franciscans. In 2010, during a time of personal struggle with postpartum depression, she was illegally evicted from public housing. Eviction proceedings were filed against her for owing $250, and she and her family members attempted to pay several times before the Sheriff got there and were refused by property management.

Since then her family has suffered homelessness, living in cars, in shelters, in hotels, moved out of the city on a temporary housing subsidy twice and became homeless again each time when the subsidy ended. “The whole time she continued working in San Francisco, bringing her children to school in San Francisco while suffering trauma and instability of homelessness. As Laketha said in a letter to the Housing Authority "Having a home for us again is the foundation we need to be able to focus on bettering ourselves and so I can continue to help others who experience the trauma of homelessness”

The coldest part: Laketha’s old home at 1015 Oakdale is sitting vacant.

Please sign this petition calling for the Housing Authority to rescind the eviction and move Laketha and her sons back home in public housing.

https://www.change.org/p/reverse-sfha-illegal-eviction
A Street Sheet work of fiction…

CONTENT WARNING: violence against gay men, body horror

Sunday night, family dinner as usual. It was all fun stories, chatting, and TV—until normal programming was interrupted for some breaking news. Something was definitely happening.

“Reporting live from California, we interrupt normal programming to bring you some terrible news,” the reporter began. “There has been an outbreak of an unknown infectious disease that’s killing people in a matter of hours. The dead bodies have also been waking up within a few minutes with bloodshot eyes and an urge for blood. A bite from these individuals will infect humans with the disease and turn them fast. The Government has said that they have no idea how this came about, and so far there is no cure.”

The home was a bit far from town and a middle-aged man, the one who had assembled together it can make a full human skeleton. He claims nothing can stop him besides death.

The next day, the government came up with a vaccine for the disease. Drastic measures were taken to first pick all the infected people from the streets and dispose of them in undisclosed locations. The next step was to vaccinate everyone who was still uninfected and not showing unhealthy symptoms. This horrific experience was finally over, but not without serious damage.

A Street Sheet work of fiction…

THE HORROR LAWYER

Terry Johnson

The the same.

James was making advances, but Cain didn’t sink his teeth in. After he got into James’ car and they drove to a country house where James lived alone. The home was a bit far from town and in a lonely place, but that did not really matter to Cain. James had a seductive nature that made strangers feel safe around him, even if at some point fear crossed their minds. James offered Cain a drink, and left him sitting on a couch in the living room while he went downstairs.

As Cain sat silently sipping the drink, he heard some commotion and sounds that sounded like a puppy coming from the basement. His head started feeling heavy, and he was dizzy. He immediately realized there was something wrong going on, and rushed towards the door. James followed him and struggled to block Cain from leaving the house. The door was locked so Cain broke his way through a window, but by that time he had little strength remaining. The drugs in the drink took full control of his body.

He woke up in pain.

His sight was returning slowly but he was immediately aware of the stench—a rotten smell that quickly made Cain realize that his escape was unsuccessful, and that he was now in big trouble at first. He went into James’ car and they drove to a country house where James lived alone. The home was a bit far from town and in a lonely place, but that did not really matter to Cain. James had a seductive nature that made strangers feel safe around him, even if at some point fear crossed their minds. James offered Cain a drink, and left him sitting on a couch in the living room while he went downstairs.

As Cain sat silently sipping the drink, he heard some commotion and sounds that sounded like a puppy coming from the basement. His head started feeling heavy, and he was dizzy. He immediately realized there was something wrong going on, and rushed towards the door. James followed him and struggled to block Cain from leaving the house. The door was locked so Cain broke his way through a window, but by that time he had little strength remaining. The drugs in the drink took full control of his body.

He woke up in pain.

His sight was returning slowly but he was immediately aware of the
FOR PEOPLE LIVING IN POVERTY, GETTING AN ABORTION WAS ALREADY HARD.
IT'S ABOUT TO GET HARDER

By Kaela Roeder, Street Sense Media, accessed through the INSP News Service, published June 1, 2022

As the US repeals Roe v. Wade and rolls back abortion rights, Washington DC street paper Street Sense covers what effect this will have on those on the margins, highlighting the already significant barriers that poor people have to obtaining healthcare, especially those seeking an abortion.

When Aida Peery decided to get an abortion at 18, she felt scared and confused. It was a few years after the historic Roe v. Wade ruling, the 1973 landmark case protecting a person’s right to an abortion. But Peery was unsure how she could access the procedure.

At the time, the state of Illinois required unmarried people 18 and under to first obtain parental consent to undergo an abortion. Peery, nervous but committed to her decision, enlisted the help of a family friend to pose as her mother at a clinic in Chicago. She felt like she couldn’t be honest with her family about the situation:

"I was scared to talk to my family about it," Peery said. "They instilled a lot of fear in me."

Now, amid a historic rollback of reproductive rights led by Republican lawmakers after the repealing of the precedent set by Roe v. Wade, the same law that allowed Peery to get an abortion all those years ago, instituting a patchwork of contradictory laws state-to-state, Peery feels the past creeping back up.

Peery, a vendor program associate with Street Sense Media, worries about how low-income people and people experiencing homelessness will be affected in the coming months.

"It’s a woman’s right to choose," she said.

Nearly half of people who receive abortions live below the federal poverty level, according to the Guttmacher Institute. Another quarter identifies as being "very close" to poverty. Some studies have shown up to 20 per cent of women seeking abortions in metro areas were experiencing homelessness or housing instability.

With close to 15 per cent of D.C.’s population living in poverty, according to the latest census data, the city’s most vulnerable residents will be affected by future reductions in reproductive care access.

Abortions have always been difficult to access.

Even though abortions had been legal since 1973, low-income people have consistently struggled to find access to steady health care. Obstacles include cost, knowledge of reproductive health and physical access to providers, according to a study published in the academic journal Health and Social Care in the Community.

"Roe v. Wade was never enough," Benny Del Castillo, the interim Board President of the DC Abortion Fund, said. "Roe v Wade provided legality into the mix. However, it never guaranteed true access."

Tracking your period or ovulation just isn’t a priority when you’re dealing with the stress and trauma of homelessness, says Scott. Additionally, pregnancy tests are also costly and not easily accessible to purchase, administer and interpret. People also frequently experience long delays in getting timely appointments or require co-pays which add additional burdens to obtaining care.

"Some people may not even be aware that they have missed a period because they are concerned about the other determinants of health, like how they will find and secure safety, shelter, food, work and nurturing human attachments," Scott said. "Those take precedence, so people sometimes are not aware of what’s happening in their body."

For those who cannot afford the full cost of an abortion, the D.C. Abortion Fund is an all-volunteer non-profit that gives grants to pregnant people in the Washington region and to people who travel to the District.

And the variation of state abortion laws adds further challenges, particularly for Washington region residents.

Often when a person is experiencing homelessness or living in deep poverty, they may also have a harder time being in tune with their body and noticing changes, as well, Scott said. In fact, Leite Gergely, a community advocate with My Sister’s Place, a domestic violence housing and services organization in the District, said she comes across clients who have expressed this idea.

While abortion is legal in D.C. at all stages of pregnancy, including late-stage and third-trimester abortions, Medicaid does not cover the cost of an abortion except in cases of life endangerment, rape or incest. In 2017, a Republican-led House voted to prevent the District from using local tax dollars to subsidize abortion services for low-income women, limiting access to abortions for low-income people.

Abortions are illegal in the third trimester unless the patient’s life or health is endangered in Virginia. Medicaid cannot be used to subsidize an abortion.

In Maryland, abortions after viability (meaning the baby can survive if born) are illegal, but Medicaid can be used to cover the cost of the abortion. Lawmakers in Maryland just voted to expand access, allowing health practitioners other than physicians to perform abortions.

Because people living in deep poverty typically do not have access to health care and insurance, it can be hard to detect a pregnancy and receive an abortion early on, according to Dr. Karen A. Scott, a board-certified OB-GYN and founding CEO and owner of Birthing Cultural Rigor, a science consulting firm.

Protestors get ready to march from the Washington Monument to the Supreme Court on May 14 at the Bans Off Our Bodies protest. Credit: Kaela Roeder.

But even an early abortion can be cost-prohibitive: the average price for an abortion during the first trimester ranges from about $400 to $600, depending on the clinic. Late-term abortions can cost upwards of $2,000, according to Planned Parenthood.

People experiencing homelessness — particularly women — also face an outsized threat of sexual assault and trafficking, according to a study by UNANIMA International. Sexual violence and abortions are inextricably linked, Del Castillo explained.

"It’s just another way to really exert power and control over the most marginalized," she said.

Abortion is part of a larger pattern, especially those seeking an abortion. Some people may not even be aware that they have missed a period because they are concerned about the other determinants of health, like how they will find and secure safety, shelter, food, work and nurturing human attachments," Scott said. "Those take precedence, so people sometimes are not aware of what’s happening in their body."

"Taking away even more autonomy is taking away even more power and control over the most marginalized," she said.

Abortionists are common among trafficking survivors, according to a peer-reviewed study by the science journal Annals of Health Law and Life Sciences. More than half of 67 respondents in the study said they had received at least one abortion, and 20 respondents reported receiving multiple abortions.

Society has already taken so many choices from people experiencing violence, poverty and housing instability that limited access to abortion is part of a larger pattern, Gergely said.

"Taking away even more autonomy is bound to wreak even more havoc than they’re already experiencing." ■

Courtesy of Street Sense Media
MISSING PERSON!

Aquiles Candeas Leal has been lost since August 30, 2022.

He is Brazilian and came to visit me after 3 years without seeing each other. Please help me find him.

He is 25 years old and is 6-foot-one. He has black and purple tattooed eyes and has two bands tattooed on his left ankle and a mandala on his left calf. He also has a small cross tattooed on the middle finger of his right hand.

He doesn’t have much facial hair, but he might have a little mustache and a goatee. His hair is short and he often shaves his head.

If anyone can help me find him, please contact me. I am his mother.

Viviane Cândes dos Santos
Phone number: +1 (407) 773-9254 (WhatsApp)
ncandeas@gmail.com