

Good morning, everyone.

My name is Teyana Gibson Brown, and today I stand before you not just to speak but to bear witness. I am here to share a deeply personal and painful experience- how me and my family's 4<sup>th</sup> amendment were violated.

As a nurse, most days when I get off my night shifts, the mornings have a usual routine for me. I know what to expect. And I expected same routine of my morning on January 11, 2026. I got off work at around 7:30 AM, got home, and went to sleep at around 8:30AM.

EXCEPT, on this day, I was woken up by my husband, Garrison William Gibson Brown, at around 9:30 AM telling me that ICE was outside our house, banging at the door. The second I woke up; I could tell how terrified my husband was. This fear intensified when the constant banging at the door woke our nine-year-old daughter, Missanna, up. And from there on the fear only ascended.

Garrison went to the door and asked the officers through the closed door about why they were at our house. Followed with this, he asked them if they had a "WARRANT." The officers at the door told Garrison that they had a warrant signed by a judge and when Garrison asked them to show the warrant through the window, the officers simply ignored his request.

Although my husband and I may not be experts in the legality of some situations, we are aware of the fundamentals and understood how the Fourth Amendment shielded us from arbitrary government searches and seizures. Given this, my husband repeatedly requested to see the warrant. Garrison then asked them to.

The circumstances outside our home only intensified. We knew our rights though; we knew no one could barge in our homes without a warrant because the space was ours.

The officers started surrounding our property. Our neighbors and other protestors started gathering around, demanding that the officers leave. There was patent terror that filled our home, although me and Garrison tried to calm ourselves down, knowing that no matter what, our constitutional rights cannot be breached by authorities that claim to be law enforcing bodies themselves.

In no time, the scene only became more violent. Officers from the trucks started shooting pepper spray at the protestors. Amid all of this, about ten officers approached my front yard. They looked like SWAT agents, holding each other's shoulders like a barricade. One of them grabbed a protestor that was in my front yard from the front

and back of his shirt and slung him into the grass. The officers walked up to my door and started ramming the door. They hit the door three times until the door popped open. My stomach fell the moment I heard the door pop, and I realized we were no longer protected. Far away from ever experiencing something close to this, we have never even known of anything of this sort. I had no idea what would happen to my family.

The officers stood at the door, and they were pointing their guns at us. "TEN OFFICERS, THAT WERE ALL ARMED WERE STANDING IN FRONT OF ME AND MY FAMILY." Words can never be sufficient for me to portray what sorts of horror we felt in this moment. I stood between the officers and Garrison. I asked the officers yet again, to show me their warrant. Despite all of this, they did not us with any warrant.

My daughter and my cousin, both children, were rushed to the room by my sister and were hid inside the closet. And I could sense the depth of their fear and uncertainty in the microseconds of eye-gazing at my little girls. Imagine your kids looking at you with the fear that the next time they see you may not be alive. I hope no other child experiences anything of this kind.

My sister was standing in the hallway, outside of the room my daughter was in. I was standing in front of my husband, holding on to him. One of the officers gave directions to the others telling one of them to go straight, another to the right, and another to the left. That was when they started to come into the house. They were pointing guns and tasers at us. It felt a man hunt. The officers grabbed my husband and grabbed me. I was pushed to the floor, and they cuffed my husband. I stood up and grabbed my husband, yelling at the officers they COULD NOT. Nothing I said mattered, they took him and I was handed a piece of paper. The paper had my husband's name written in ink and a ICE officer's signature. **It was not signed by a judge.**

So, YES January 11, 2026, was not a normal after work morning for me. My husband was arrested from our home with no warrant! I am here to share this egregious breach of me and my family's 4<sup>th</sup> amendment so that what happened to us is not ignored, minimized, or EVER REPEATED.