

Martin Daniel Rascon's Statement for February 3, 2026, Spotlight Forum

Hello, good afternoon, and thank you for allowing our story to be heard.

I am Daniel Rascon, a 23-year-old US citizen from Southern California. I'm the eldest of three brothers and father to an almost 3-week-old baby girl. I operate a forklift for work and currently have my CDL A license and Dental Assisting Certification. I'm no celebrity, but I am loved by many, and there are many that I love and am thankful for.

The morning of August 16th, 2025, would quickly become unforgettable, especially because my future father-in-law wanted me to run an errand with him and his son, when all I really wanted to do was just sleep in. We took my future brother-in-law's truck, with him sitting in the passenger seat, my future father-in-law driving, and me sitting behind my future father-in-law. When we were just two minutes away from home, at 8:49 am, two unmarked trucks suddenly boxed in our car.

I had been looking down at my phone, but when our car abruptly stopped, I looked up thinking we must be at a red light or in a traffic jam, but to my surprise, I was instead met with four men in face masks, sunglasses, and baseball caps, and guns drawn pointing straight at us, walking towards our car.

These four men then tried forcing their way into our car by pulling on the handles, pounding on the windows, and yelling at us to roll down the windows, all while failing to answer our repeated requests for their identification and what they wanted. I did not know who these men were, they were refusing to identify themselves, and the only thing I felt I could control was capturing this event by recording it on my cell phone. There were two men on either side of the car, and they were not wearing any uniform. I could not tell who these men surrounding our car with guns were. We again asked them to show identification and why they were approaching us with so much aggression. Seconds later, one of the men broke the driver's side window, punched my future father-in-law in the face, and began reaching into the car. At the same time, a man on the other side of the car broke the front passenger window where my future brother-in-law was sitting and began reaching into the vehicle. They shattered the windows and, in that moment, the whole world felt like it was the size of the inside of our pickup and we were sitting in harm's way with nothing to do but record the horrifying experience.

Terrified for our lives, my future father-in-law bravely drove through the only open pathway down the street. Hoping to be driving towards safety, we were instead met with gunfire. One of the four men attempted to murder us as he fired and made contact with our car multiple times. I will never forget the fear and having to quickly duck my head as the shots were fired at the passenger side of the car. Any one of those bullets could have killed me or two people that I love. We narrowly escaped as pieces of glass fell on our heads as we drove down the bumpy road.

Three minutes changed our lives forever. The incident began at 8:49 am, and we were home by 8:52 am. We left home that morning with a truck in good condition, but we returned home with a truck that had two shattered windows and bullet holes. We then called 911 to report that four men who were hiding their identity assaulted and shot at us. By 9:00 am a police helicopter was flying over our property.

Next thing we know, local officers showed up at our home, handcuffed my future father-in-law, put him in an officer's car, and began individually questioning us. The officers then allowed the

same four men who had just attacked us to come to our home. Those four men were asked to identify who they were looking for but they had zero idea as to who they were even targeting, pointing to me as the driver. These masked men had just shot at us, and they were now in our home treating us as the people who had done something wrong. The man who shot at us went to my future brother-in-law, asked him questions about the video we took of their attack, and lied saying “those were not shots.”

When the officers left our home almost three hours later, we were told that the FBI would continue the investigation. However, almost immediately after the officers left our home, two men walked up to our gate and told us to let them in. We could immediately tell this was not the FBI, but instead ICE and HSI agents. The HSI agent then said, “is *he* here,” but they never clarified who “he” was. I said we were told the FBI would be coming and we would be waiting for them to arrive. The HSI agent looked at me and said, “for all intents and purposes, we are the FBI.” As time passed, more and more ICE and HSI agents arrived in unmarked vehicles with no license plates. They had gear on and walked around our home with submachine guns, assault rifles, and holstered pistols making sure to keep their hands on their weapons for fast drawing.

The agents blocked every exit out of our home and shut down the entire block of our neighborhood. More than 20 HSI/ICE agents and more than 30 police officers were brandishing weapons, ranging from paint ball guns to a manned drone flying and mapping out the layout of our home. Our home that used to be our safe place now being used as a weapon against us, to trap us, and to take advantage of our surroundings.

Once the agents finished asking us questions and watching our recordings of the terrifying event, they left. But we no longer felt safe. We didn’t feel like we could leave our home or operate normally in the world. How do you move on from knowing someone tried to kill you and people you love?

Then, just two weeks later, on August 28th, 2025, I was sleeping on the couch when I was woken up at 4 am by horrified family members telling me that men were entering our property through our gate and surrounding our entire home. These men had weapons, were wearing night vision goggles, and utilizing a bright green laser beam from their assault rifles. An armored truck was in front of our house and one of the men used a megaphone to announce we needed to come outside of our home with our hands up. Our hearts were racing and we tried getting everyone in the house awake since it was the middle of the night.

Again, we were placed in a position of pure terror and did not know what to do. We called our lawyers because we did not understand what was happening. But then, the men breached our front doors by breaking the locks and yelling that we needed to come out of the house with our hands up. The agents pointed the bright lasers attached to their assault rifles at each of us inside the home. They even pointed their weapon at my fiancé, who was pregnant at the time. We kept telling them she was pregnant and we would comply. I was surrounded and trapped in a room full of the ones I love and fearing for every single one of our lives. We kept asking for a warrant and eventually they showed one and we listened to their commands.

My future father-in-law was in his sleeping attire and we begged them to allow us to give him a shirt and socks since it was cold outside and we did not know where they were taking him or what they would do to him. We then watched as they took him away, breaking our hearts. Eventually, my future father-in-law went in front of a Federal Judge who validated that the incident was scary to watch from the recording inside our vehicle. Despite the lies and misinformation given by the agents, the Judge believed our truth and eventually the federal

charges were dismissed. However, my future-father-in-law was taken to immigration custody and held for months where he had to endure horrible conditions. Months later my future father-in-law was released on bond and able to witness the birth of his first grandchild, my daughter. Yet our fight for justice is not over. We will carry this incident with us forever.