

*** December 3, 2025 - Final**

Washington D.C. December 9, 2025 - Senator Richard Blumenthal - Spotlight forum

5-Minute Narrative Summary – ICE Assault Incident

Thank you for giving me the space to speak today.

My name is Dayanne Figueroa. I am a proud first-generation Mexican American, a Criminal Justice major, a single mother, and a future law student. What happened to me almost exactly two months ago, on October 10, 2025, was not law enforcement. It was violence, blatant racial profiling, and a shocking abuse of federal authority.

That morning, I kissed my son goodbye and watched him walk into school, never imagining that it would be what felt like days, before I felt safe again. On my regular commute into Chicago, I approached what looked like chaos - cars stopped in the middle of the street, people running, yelling, and recording on their phones.

Moments later, my life changed forever.

A silver SUV with double-tinted windows suddenly swerved into my lane and struck my car. The driver's face was almost entirely concealed - hat, dark tinted glasses, a face mask. He made no gesture. No signal. And he did nothing to identify himself.

Before I could even process what was happening, his passengers - other masked men - jumped out with guns drawn and aimed directly at me. They ripped my door open. One of them screamed in my face, demanding that I get out, yet never identified himself, never asked for my ID, and never told me whether I was being detained or why. They never read me my rights. Instead - I was violated - these tough guys violently dragged me from my car, yanked me by my feet, ripped my phone from my hand.

Beaten, bleeding, and barefoot, I was thrown into a red van. I begged them to tell me who they were and where they were taking me. No one answered. I was shoved onto the edge of a third-row seat - no seatbelt, suffocating heat, no air conditioning. I was wedged between two terrified Latino men who did not speak English. We were all handcuffed. Unsecured. Helpless. I went into a full panic attack.

While I was shaking, crying, gasping for air, and banging my head against the window, screaming for help - hoping someone from the outside could hear me - they raised their phones and began photographing me openly. Two more masked men in full black tactical gear, carrying professional cameras, had been circling me from the beginning - documenting my terror, where those images ended up? Only God knows. I was not treated like a human being, and certainly not like a U.S. citizen, but preyed upon - they were proud to have captured me.

I was first violated at the Broadview Immigration Detention Center and eventually while in FBI custody in Lombard. Everything moved quickly and without explanation. I was fingerprinted,

photographed, swabbed for DNA, and fully processed and identified. All the while, my physical condition was rapidly worsening. I repeatedly told them I was recovering from two recent kidney surgeries. No one took it seriously - until I began to pee blood.

I begged for help. For a phone call, a lawyer, for water, and bandages. For anything to ease the pain. Instead, I was laughed at and thrown into a filthy jail cell. The only toilet available for me was under direct surveillance. With no privacy, no dignity, and unbearable pain, I had no choice but to use it. When visible blood appeared, their soulless demeanor finally vanished - not out of care, but because they did not want me to die in their custody.

While I was being kidnapped, my family and friends were desperately trying to find me. Contacting members of our inner circles, elected officials, civil rights organizations, and legal advocates. They didn't know whether I had been killed, kidnapped, or trafficked.

Hours later, when I was finally allowed access to my phone again by the heroic paramedics, my cut and trembling hands could barely type - but I managed to send a message at 2:07 p.m.: "in an ambulance." Within seconds, my boyfriend replied with something that stunned me - a photo of the very Village of Lombard ambulance I was inside of. Their determination, their love, and their refusal to stop searching are the only reasons I was not lost entirely, like the thousands of people - including children - who have been reported missing from the ICE locator system since these domestic terrorizations began in our country, or worse, killed - like my neighbor and father of two, Silverio Villegas Gonzalez of Franklin Park, Illinois.....A father of two minors.....my neighbor..... **died** in the course of an ICE Operation....

What happened to me that day was not an arrest. It was an assault and the kidnapping of a U.S. citizen.

I was never arrested.

Never charged.

Never given an explanation.

And never given an apology.

But the damage is done and continues.

I suffered severe bruising, nerve damage, a broken tooth, and aggravated injuries to my leg and wrists. My surgically repaired kidney became swollen and inflamed. And emotionally, I developed PTSD, panic attacks, and severe anxiety. I swear - I've been kidnapped in my nightmares every single night since.

Weeks later, a disturbing pattern emerged - reports of nearly identical incidents. This time, a man with schizophrenia was kidnapped and later released in a completely different town by the same masked agents, using the same reckless tactics and the same red van they used to attack me.

It is important for me to say this clearly: the individuals who did this do not represent the honorable men and women who serve in our military, our local police departments, or our federal

agencies with integrity and accountability. Those people protect us. What I encountered operated in the shadows - masked, unnamed, and unaccountable.

Yet even in this darkness, I have witnessed the best of humanity - strangers reaching out from across this country and beyond, reminding me that most Americans still believe in compassion, fairness, and accountability.

I am pursuing justice - not just for myself, but for every person who has been or could be unlawfully targeted. My message is simple: keep recording. Keep documenting. Keep advocating. Transparency and accountability protect us all.

Despite everything, I am here.

I am standing.

I am speaking.

Because I refuse to let ICE rewrite my story.

I refuse to let fear silence me.

And I refuse to let my son grow up in a country where masked federal agents can assault women in broad daylight without consequence.

This was not just an "incident."

It was a violation of my physical being, my rights, my dignity, and my humanity.

And I will not rest until there is accountability, transparency, and change.

Thank you for listening.

And thank you for standing with me.