

Union of Saints, We Move Through the Fog: A Testimony of Violence and a Call for Peace

What We Witnessed

Since the pandemic, violence has multiplied in forms both visible and hidden. We have seen horrors that cannot be excused or forgotten.

We witnessed **pregnant women lured** under false pretenses, their children stolen, their bodies violated, their lives reduced to the price of organs and the profit of slavery.

We witnessed **women milled for their eggs**, children stolen, young girls groomed and trafficked. We read of a woman raped **over 43,000 times**. We saw mass rape excused, victims vilified, and perpetrators shielded.

We witnessed a **teenager shot**, crying for help, dragged away by men in a van.

We witnessed the rise of **voyeurism as entitlement**, where strangers claim the right to film women in public, stripping them of dignity, autonomy, and safety.

We witnessed **misogyny at mass scale**, with nearly one in four women living under the constant threat of being filmed, exploited, or coerced.

We witnessed **migrants milled for labor**—and with them, volatile irregular forces, guerilla packs, and foreign hostilities sowing violence on American soil.

We witnessed **psychological warfare**, permeating homes, breaking families, training our girls for pornography, attacking the soul and heart of our nation.

We witnessed **Palestine and Israel**, men with guns in the air, humiliation, sexual violence, blood in the streets. We mourned Palestine, watching destruction unfold. And we felt the chilling echo: that the **portal to hell had been opened**, that Americans themselves were becoming victims of foreign-spawned warfare, espionage, subversion, and direct attack.

We witnessed **missing children, missing people, missing futures**—a genocide in the making, a holocaust of spirit and body alike.

The Contradictions We Live With

And still, we pacify ourselves.

We walk our doggies. We smile at our neighbors.

We hear the birds sing and say, *it cannot be so bad, the sun still shines*.

But beneath it all the air smells of gunpowder.

The question is no longer *if* the next shot will come, or even *when*.

The realization is here: **there are few safe spaces in a world where violence thrives untested.**

The Duty Before Us

To live in such a time is to inherit a sacred duty.

A duty to strengthen.

A duty to resist.

A duty to will peace into existence.

We are called not only to survive the fog, but to **end the reign of brutality** that consumes our homes, our families, our women, our children, and our communities.

We must call it what it is:

- A genocide of the vulnerable.
- A slavery of the spirit.
- A sabotage of humanity.

And we must also claim what is still possible:

- The will for peace.
 - The courage to break silence.
 - The strength to end conflict.
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Conclusion

We walk through smoke and blood, but we are not blind. We have witnessed, and we will not forget. Our voices rise because silence only feeds violence. Our spirits hold because to give in is to lose all that makes us human.

Through the fog, we go—not toward despair, but toward peace.

Toward the end of conflict.

Toward the restoration of dignity and **light**.