

On December 31<sup>st</sup> 1997, My 18 year old brother, 17 year old sister and I (26 at the time) were on our way to church to bring in the New Year.

We were driving a 1988 Powder Blue Lincoln Town Car. The tags were updated, I had license and insurance and all the lights worked. We drove from Portland blvd and Vancouver Avenue to Sumner and Michigan Street to our church. At about 10:30pm we left our church and drove to another church on 76<sup>th</sup> and Glisan. We stayed at that church for about an hour then we decided to go back to our church on Sumner and Michigan. We were right down the street from our church on Sumner and Emerson when we were pulled over by the Portland Police at approximately 11:30pm. We were not speeding, we didn't make any illegal turns, and the music wasn't blasting nor was any of our car lights out so there was no reason for us to be pulled over. The police officer asked us where we were going and where we were coming from. We told him we were coming from church going to church. He asked to see my information and I gave it to him. Within minutes there were 3 other police cars on the scene and they all got out of their cars and approached our vehicle. When I asked why we were stopped in the first place the officer didn't give an explanation but asked to see our hands. My brother who had worked out in the gym earlier that day had very very sore arms so it was difficult for him to lift them quickly. The officer yelled at him and told him to "lift his arms now" - at which time he pulled out his gun and pointed it in our vehicle through my window right by my face directly at my brother. We were horrified! I told my brother to please lift his hands and in utter pain my brother was able to lift his arms half way. The officer withdrew the gun and asked us to all step out of the car. They searched our vehicle and found nothing but a Bible. The all gathered amongst themselves and had a conversation for about 5 minutes. One of the officers then came over to us and told us we were free to go. They never told us why we were stopped, they never cited us, they never apologized to us - they just said go. We were scared, traumatized, shocked and confused. My brother was shaking uncontrollably and tears ran down his face.

Instead of going to church we went home and told our mom. We then all drove down to the NE Precinct and asked to speak to a Supervisor. We were put in a room and had to wait 30 minutes before anyone would talk to us. Once someone finally came into the room they gave us the run around about our rights and about how to file a formal complaint. Once the officers who were at the scene that night came into the room they all lied and covered for each other. And when we asked why we were pulled over in the first place they told us that they had received a call that a car like ours with young people in it was engaged in suspicious activity. We got a very dry apology from the Supervisor and was sent on our way.

That was a clear cut case of Racial Profiling then and it still exists today. There must be a law to address it and hold police officers accountable for their actions.