

life stories



of women
with immigration
experience



solidaridad
internacional
País Valenciano

CITIZENS ACT FOR
SUSTAINABLE AND
INTERCULTURAL
DEVELOPMENT



Credits

A Project of:
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Coordination and content management:
Irene Segura Soler

Graphic design, editing and layout:
Bervely Hihard Lemus A.

Authors: Women with immigration experience.
Bervely, Souad, Nora, Hayat, Maimouna and
Ángela.

Translators / s:
Marc Nolasco Miñana, Dmitry Marenich, Souad.



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Have you ever felt that this story was so unfair that it couldn't be happening to you? Have you ever been able to feel lonely? Have you ever had to leave your country leaving behind, your friends, your family, your land, your origin? Have you ever thought that migrating is the hardest thing you've ever done? Have you ever needed a shared story? If you have never felt any of these things, would you like to know what the story of someone who has been able to feel is like?

Do you need a reference of women with migratory experiences that have overcome all barriers?

We are all part of a life story, of a memory. Bodies, lives, moving energies, stories of overcoming, stories of resilience.

We invite you to be part of this collective history, a history where women and people with migratory experience converge. A story that talks about defending against machism and against racism. A story full of anger, sadness that became a force for improvement. A story that wants to make you feel part of something bigger, a story that we hope will serve to recharge you. A story that we want, can become your reference.

They , are history, are life, are resilience, are struggle, are strength, are sisterhood.
Thanks for sharing your story!

And thanks to you that today you have it in your hands ...

Before delving into each story, although it is individual, it is part of a whole...

We want you to read a group message written by women with migratory experiences who are part of this project. Start reading carefully, we invite you to start browsing this story:



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idences

"We have come here to tell our story, so that no more woman happens, so that no more girl happens, so that no person feels hated; for being a woman, for not having been born in Spain ... We have come here to tell you that THE HISTORY OF WOMEN DOES MATTER. We have come here to tell you that migrating is not easy but that although sometimes you may believe that yes, you are not alone "you just have to learn to find who you look like." This is ours story, but it could be yours, a story with a common message: MACHISM AND RACISM ARE STOPPED by all people together, a story where borders or origins don't matter. A story where only people matter, where women matter, a COLLECTIVE story"





Women with immigration experience

Life Stories

English Version



Bervely Hidard

Venezuela

What would lead you to leave your country?

I believe that those who leave their home, the place where they were born, their friends, their parents, their work, their customs, their food, their day to day, their climate, their streets and landscapes ... I believe that those who leave their country do so. They do for very big reasons that not everyone understands.

I am one of those people who, due to very strong circumstances, has had to leave the country where I was born, from which I would not have wanted to leave. Before I start to tell my story, I would like to tell you that speaking, wanting to make public what is happening in Venezuela, putting my photo, saying my name, has been more than a challenge for me, but do you know what? I don't want to hide anymore, I didn't do anything wrong, I just survived and that's why I've come to tell my story.

My name is Bervely Hidard, and yes, I am a Venezuelan migrant in Spain.

Before leaving my country I documented myself and was able to read many opinions on the internet about migration. Those opinions were divided, one part thought that people who came to other countries needed support and guidance to help them get ahead, but another part of the opinions was very clear: migrants take away the work of the national and create problems.



... but when your life or yours are in danger, you have to run away, you have no other option.

Since my only option was to leave Venezuela to end the danger I was exposed to, I didn't want anyone to see me as a problem. I was afraid of the rejection of the Spanish men and women and that is why I invested all the money that I can collect from the sale of my house and my assets in Spain.

I will tell you my story
Imagine a woman, I, a mother of two very young girls, with an entrepreneurial husband in business, graduated from university

with honors, a fact that made me get one of the best jobs you can have in a country: being a Public Official, working in one of the biggest oil companies in the world, earning an excellent salary, having a fully paid house as well as a car, being able to have vacations in Miami, in short, a stable and good standard of living.

But imagine also that same woman living with a super high level of stress due to the fear caused by the situation in her country, a country that was experiencing an absolute shortage of food, medicine and basic necessities such as milk and diapers for her baby, which she could not obtain in a normal way, only if she bought it contraband and paying big amounts of money.

Because what you think as a mother is that you can eat rice or lentils every day but a baby lacks food ... you can't imagine the despair, I got to make rice water bottles for my daughter, needlessly. It's horrible to feel like you have money but can't afford the basics to feed your daughter.



Imagine, a country that lives in the most extreme insecurity, where anyone can be armed. Imagine that same woman witnessing three robberies, the last one with blood injuries to her own father and with a gunshot to her husband, an assault that they carried out in my own restaurant, with weapons of war. A restaurant that was born from my husband's illusion for the taste of international cuisine, an illusion that was tainted that day by 4 individuals who took it away, putting many lives at risk.

Imagine receiving a call to your phone where they tell you that if you do not pay € 50,000, they will immediately kidnap your daughters, and in Venezuela kidnapping means the possibility of never seeing your loved one again.

I can count many episodes of panic like this. I can also tell you how one day when I arrived at my place of work I found out that my mobile phone was tapped by the Department of Security of my country, to listen to my conversations, since they believed that I was bringing information to opposition parties in the United States, All this they imagined from a last trip I made for my birthday to Miami. Nothing is further from reality.

Everyone in Venezuela, living sick and ill to know who was against the government and who was in favor.

I remember that every time there were electoral elections, my boss would hold a meeting and ask us to vote in favor of Chavismo and that otherwise we would lose our job.

I remember how they forced me to enroll in the Chavez party in order to stay in my job and how I made up a thousand and one excuses for my name not to appear on the list of the Chavistas.

A country where if you denounce you are persecuted or worse ... disappeared.

I can tell very hard episodes, but at the same time I must say that in this story I cannot be so open because I must protect my family, but one thing I can say: I did not want to leave my country, but when your life or yours they are in danger you have to run away, you have no choice.

I did not decide to leave Venezuela to take someone else's job in Spain, I did not decide to be a migrant to create problems in Spain, and I am totally convinced that no migrant creates problems by virtue of being a migrant.

It is true that many people are not blameless and can be part of the scum of a country, but it must be recognized that in all the countries of the world there are good and bad people, in my country Venezuela there are criminals but there are also working people and in Spain it is also the same as in the rest of the world.

So my personal opinion is that being a migrant we are not the problem.

I had the opportunity to invest all the savings of my little family in a business in Spain. My husband was able to obtain the legal documents soon for this business, we were able to start from the minute one arrived here, and despite the fact that I could not get my NIE(card of identificacion) I did not feel less than anyone and I began to prepare professionally as a

graphic designer to be able to get income Additional features. That work helped me to be recognized in the city where I lived and made me get the respect of the community, I honestly did not earn a lot of money because with the new business you paid a lot in taxes, rent and other expenses, the truth is that we lived with it spending money at bay, but I can say that I behaved like a more Spanish citizen paying everything like any Spanish.

I have to regret that we had to close the business because the numbers did not give.

Later, we were able to open the restaurant we had in Venezuela here in Spain, also serving international food, but the pandemic arrived and we had to permanently close, leaving us completely bankrupt.

As you can see, I am not giving up and right now I am with one hand in front and the other behind, that means that financially everything is complicated for me and my little daughters at this moment, but I have so much faith that I will get back up.



I am aware that not all migrant people arrive the way I arrived, many arrive without having any money and only with a suitcase full of fears and dreams, but I must say that these people are no less and that is because they come with too much desire to get ahead, migrants have no choice and what we have left is to work to survive.

So I ask anyone who is reading my story to give us a chance because I am sure that the highest percentage only want to contribute good things to society, build a new life with the possibility of good quality and respect for others.

And if you are a migrant, I send you all my encouragement and tell you that there are no limits and what if you have left your country is because you are brave, we brave people are able of building our lives over and over again, and if one day you feel sad how once I felt powerless and unwilling to get up, so lean on ONGs (Associaciones) like International Solidarity that helps a lot to see the world in a different way, a world full of hope.

life
stories



Photography: lasexta

I always have the feeling that I have to prove who I am and what I can do. But I don't care, I keep fighting for what I want.



Sowad

Marruecos

My story began in 2005, just arrived in Spain, coming from a country full of inequalities and injustices in search of a better life. I came in order to finish my studies and I settled in Granada. At the time of obtaining my residence permit for studies I had administrative problems and had to return to my country. At that moment I felt helpless, sad, lonely... I didn't know what to do and my parents and my stepbrother decided that I should go live with him. Unfortunately my brother is a macho, controlling man and at all times I had to do whatever he wanted. Shortly after living with him, he told me that I had to get married. Not knowing what to do and having no other alternatives, I finally got married that same year.

My marriage was short lived, 23 months, but it was the longest 2 years of my life. Years where I suffered psychological and physical abuse. Where I felt that I was worthless and that I was useless. I made a tremendous effort to keep up but it was never enough. I blamed myself for how bad my relationship was, I lost my self-esteem and accepted my destiny. Until, due to life circumstances, a social worker from a social center near my house informed me that my situation had a solution, and that I did not worry about being in an illegal situation in Spain, that I was not going to return to my country and that he was going to help me. Shortly after I knew it, and the first time my ex-husband hit me again, I caught and disappeared from his life. After the trial they took me to a shelter for women victims of gender violence, where I lived for a year and with the help of the psychologist, the social worker and the educators of the center, I was able to get ahead.

As a woman with immigration experience, it was very difficult for me to achieve any goal as I suffered double discrimination. I always have the feeling that I have to prove who I am and what I can do. But I don't care, I keep fighting for what I want, resuming my studies to work in the social sphere and be able to offer help to people who need it, as it was offered to me in the difficult moments of my life.

If someone identifies with my story, I want to tell them: Don't lose hope and fight for what you want to the end. I'm sure you will make it one day.

A kiss



Hayat.

Algeria

Hello, My name is Hayat, I am 36 years old, I am from Algeria, I am married and I am the mother of 4 children. I got married in Algeria to a person who lived in Spain, and I preferred to live with his family and not travel with him to Spain because I am the only daughter in my family and I did not want to get away from them. My husband came to see us on holidays and religious festivals.

After having two children, we decided to buy a house of our own and live in it. Then I had two more children. But I always needed my husband to raise our children, especially as my oldest son grew up. Dealing with him became difficult, especially in adolescence. He was angry and disgusted that he was not living in a close family. He began to express his emotions through rebellion and rejection.

At that time, I decided to migrate to Spain with my husband, to be all together, although the idea scared me because I did not know the language, I had no family or friends here and because I was afraid that the radical academic change would take its toll.

It was very difficult to leave my family and my father in particular, but I had no other choice. Now I live in Spain and my children are studying here.

For my part, at the beginning I had a lot of difficulties integrating and learning the language. It was very difficult for me emotionally and psychologically to adapt, it

was not easy to communicate with the teachers, doctors and administrations, but I found a great difference in terms of the level of education, the level of health and the treatment, and I regretted not having come before so that my children could benefit from these rights. Although in my country, I was not one of the people who needed money to live or have a house, but in education, health and even in administrations there are many problems.

Algeria, like other countries in the world, needs important changes on a social, cultural and administrative level ... During all this time I have obtained several certificates in language studies, marketing management. I also studied social theater and I am currently studying at Ecce to get the title of caregiver for the elderly. Migrating involves a lot of effort but I would tell all the people who are so, little by little everything comes and never give up.



Angela

Ecuador



I am a woman, migrant, Ecuadorian. I was born in Sangolquí but in reality my origins are further south, in the province of Tungurahua. My nuclear family from the moment it was formed has been on the move, from the south to the capital, from the capital to the valley, within the valley to various houses, and from the valley to a piece of land protected by a mountain range to the other side of the big puddle. The aftermath of colonialism, foreign debts, corrupt governments, extractivism and the dream of escaping from precariousness defragmented my family 3 times, the first in 2001, the second in 2008 and the third in 2012, always on the run. of the crisis.

Yes, it could be said that we are better than before, but is it worth the money or being with the family?

Do we eat onion soup, without higher education but together, or do we eat half balanced, trained, studied, but alone?

There is no right decision, only survival, good intentions, love and dreams that sometimes do not go as planned.

For me fate does not hold anything for us, it does not exist, we only inhabit the earth's crust, feeding the capitalist machinery.

We are bits of coal, blind men, puppets, pawns of the system, particles in the universe, less than ants, less than amoebas. The earth is less than the fluff that glows in the sun when you shake the covers. In this floating in the limbo, what we feel, what we love, what we live, what excites us, what moves us, tells us.

The community counts, empathy for others, the fight for our rights and that of our communities. In this floating I want to shout the injustices experienced and heard, use the resulting from sacrifice and fragmentation to be part of the flow of creation of the migrant culture, tell the girl, adolescent, young woman, lady, woman, that the problem is not being a foreigner, the problem is capitalism. Dear companion, you are not alone.

Jhosett Angela Trujillo Mora.

04



Maimouna

Senegal

My name is Maimouna Mbaye Thiam, I am 57 years old, married with three children and three beautiful grandchildren. I came to Spain for family reunification in 1992.

I am a neighbor of Alicante, fulfilling my duties as any good citizen: Paying my taxes, thus participating in the economic development of my host country (in 2004 I became a national)

For a better integration, I have been able to learn the language and work in various sectors: waitress, consultant, geriatric assistant, and cleaner.

Since two years, I'm the president of the association of Senegalese women born of the "Women of Nder", heroines of yesterday and today.

We have chosen this name as thanks to these valuable women for their experience of freedom and life in a better future for all.

The objective of our entity is to publicize and promote Senegalese culture, encourage concrete actions in favor of multiculturalism for a more open coexistence.

We are trying to fight against racial discrimi-

nation, inequality, xenophobia etc.

We work to sensitize society in general through actions that help prevent possible situations of rejection and discrimination towards migrants.

We have a meeting and reference space where we work on reception, orientation and social counseling, we give workshops and training in Spanish, digital literacy, cultural aspects, etc. With the support of the council's project development department.

We work hard for the empowerment of immigrant women.



The heroic women of Nder, capital of the small kingdom of Walo in Senegal, in 1819 organized the resistance to the assault of their village, and preferred to sacrifice themselves together rather than be taken by the slave owners.



Nora

Marruecos

My name is Nora, I am from Morocco and I was born in 1974. I want to share with you today the story of my life, since I entered Europe.

I still remember the day I left my country, I did it when I was 15 years old, without my family knowing about it. I knew a group of girls who were planning to get into a truck heading to Germany. The day that truck left, a girl was missing and it was then that I decided to go in her place, for the "European dream".

In the truck, we got into the merchandise so they wouldn't see us and we hid there until we got to Germany. You cannot imagine what I felt at that moment: a lot of fear, a lot of sadness, a lot of physical and emotional exhaustion.

As soon as I got to Germany and got out of that truck, the world collapsed for me, I didn't know what to do, or where to go, I had nothing, not even to eat.

At that moment, I saw a driver of another truck and asked him if he could take me with him. It turned out to be a Spaniard who was returning to his house, to Spain. He, to whom I will always be grateful, did not hesitate at any time to help me and the only thing I understood at that moment was the word "Easy, easy, don't cry."

All the way I was crying, the man was so sad that when we got to Spain, he couldn't leave me on the street and he took me to his family's house, who welcomed me like another daughter. They prepared a room for me and I was there with them. until I get married.

I met a boy, fell in love with him and we decided to get married. Our relationship lasted approximately five years, but I decided to separate because of macho attitudes on his part. I was not willing to have someone control me or tell me how to dress or who to go with. I needed my freedom, although the price is very expensive.

When I separated, I started a new life, but with many difficulties, responsibilities and fears.

I went out to the reality of society, to suffer discrimination for being a woman and being a foreigner.

I had to make a living and work very low-paying jobs, but I didn't complain. Moving from job to job and place to place, I met my second partner, who lasted for more than four years, but in the end, our financial instability caused us to part ways.

Then I went on my way alone, without a partner, without family, without support, but I never threw in the towel.



Soon after I met a Spaniard, I proposed to him to make a business of setting up a stall in a flea market and he accepted. He had a van and I had money saved to buy some merchandise. And so began another new stage of my life.

Within six months of working together, my partner asked for my hand, and today we are partners at work, in love, and in life. We have been together for ten years and he is the most wonderful, loving and good person I have ever seen.

Currently I am living well but after suffering a lot, lack of affection, love, support, lack of understanding and help.

Knowing all that I have lived and all that I

have suffered, if now they asked me if I want to go to Europe, my answer would be a big NO.

We leave our country where there are injustices, machismo, inequality ... and we come to Europe thinking that we are going to go to a place of equality, justice and freedom ...

But the reality is different, we suffer more injustices, we suffer racism, we suffer machismo and a great vulnerability of all our Human Rights.

I wish it were easier, I wish this will not happen to any woman who migrates, ever again.



Estefanía



DV

Estefanía

Ecuador

Hello, my name is Estefanía Nataly Nuñez Ortiz, I was born in Guayaquil - Ecuador, and the life story that I am going to share with you today is to help people who have gone through the same thing as my family and I and feel identified: that know that you are not the only ones who have been able to suffer or go through bad and good experiences. I also do it to sensitize people who have always been against migration, and mainly to free myself and feel that it is a process that I went through, I lived it and my life goes on and despite everything, now I am happy.

When my parents decided to travel to Spain, it was first because of the bad economic situation my country was going through at that time: former presidents entered and left the Government without completing their mandate. In addition to that, there was a problem with banks where there was a freezing of the savings money of my compatriots and my parents, which was first declared that it would be for 24 hours and it was extended to 1 year and no one could take out their savings money or salary. Other banks declared bankruptcy and there were also natural phenomena such as El Niño and the value of oil fell even more. Massive demonstrations took place where people took to the streets



to demand their money and their rights, classes were suspended and our national currency "the sucre" ceased to exist and they exchanged it for the dollar. The money was not enough to cover essential expenses, including eating.

As a result of all this serious economic crisis, there was a massive emigration of Ecuadorians to various countries such as the United States, Italy and Spain. Others lost their savings and there were even those who sadly committed suicide.

There were several years of despair, families broken and separated, elderly people on the street, people lost their jobs.

Despite all this, my father had his job and we managed to get ahead. Of course, every day I saw our neighbors and friends leaving the country.

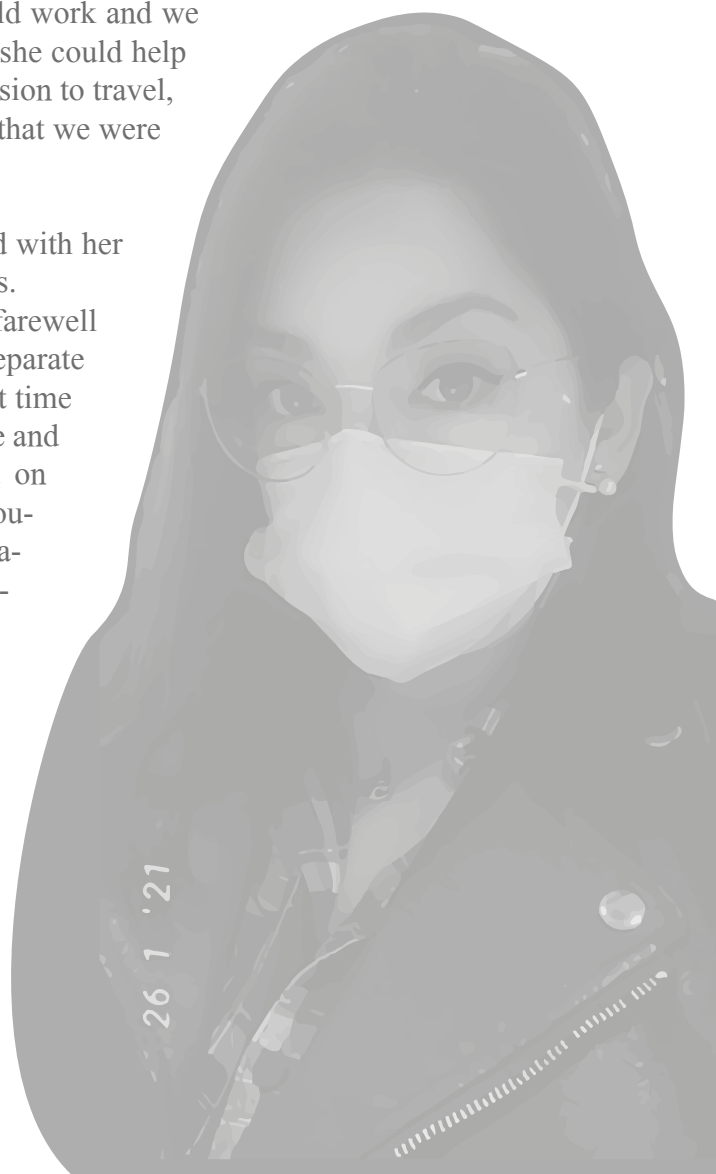
My parents had land and a small house but it was their own and they decided to sell it to buy elsewhere with the salary that my dad earned and the money that we gave to the bank or the real estate agency, they guaranteed my father that we could access to a new house . But we were swindled and we lost the entry money, leaving us without a house, without land and without being able to report. We went from having something of our own to paying rent to be able to live.

At that time a friend of my mother who had come to Spain several years ago returned to Ecuador due to the death of her brother and she was the one who contacted my mother and told her that here they could work and we could study and have a better quality of life and that she could help us. At that moment is when my parents made the decision to travel, but we are 5 people and in my family it was decided that we were traveling all or none.

Once again my mom's friend helped us and I traveled with her so that later my parents would travel with my brothers.

When I came to Spain I was just 14 years old. The farewell was painful, it was the first time that I was going to separate myself from both my parents and my brothers. At that time I was not so aware of everything, but my parents were and they were crying a lot for my departure. I arrived on December 31, 2002. I remember that before going through migration I witnessed how several of my compatriots cried because they were being sent back to Ecuador. Since at that time there were many people who traveled and they no longer believed that it was for tourism.

They asked my mommy's friend what I was to her and she said that she was my godmother and that I came on vacation on New Years Eve and Kings. He also asked her where she lived, and



she said in Ibi, to which he argued that it was the toy city. After this he looked at me and stamped my passport, and welcomed us to Spain.

I was hoping that the best was going to come, but when I got to a strange house I got really sick because I needed mine. Every day that passed got worse, the wait became very long and in order to be together we had to wait 2 months, because my parents needed to gather the money for the flight of the 4 and for passport expenses, in addition to finishing sell the few things that we had left.

They arrived in Spain in February 2003. Fortunately, they managed to pass migration. The only one who was asked questions was my father since, although they traveled on the same plane, the 4 of them decided to go through migration separately, that is, my father with my little brother and my mother on the other hand with my sister. When I came home from high school it was a great joy to see my family finally , we were together again.

After that we went through some inconveniences: the 5 of us had to eat, sleep and live in a room with 2 large beds and share the kitchen. My parents had to look for work, since there were debts to pay and support us all here. They helped my daddy get a job on the construction site as a laborer. We know that it is not a degrading job but it does require a lot of effort and my dad did not know anything about that since in Ecuador he worked in a five-star hotel with the position of captain, he dressed every day very elegant in a suit, shirt and tie, and here he had to work in something else because he was undocumented and that is considered a crime in Spain. The first time we all cried together and hugged was when we saw my dad come home from work all tired, with his hands full of wounds, his lips parched and cracked, his skin all destroyed because of the cold. It was a very strong reality check but we knew we were all together.

My mother got a job caring for an old woman. Her bosses helped us a lot since they found us a house so that we could leave the room and live alone, and they also helped with the school list that my brothers needed.

After some time we went through another severe pain as I was having seizures and the doctors thought that I might have epilepsy. Several times I had to go to Alcoy for medical tests and because there was no medication that could control my seizures. In addition to my illness, I wanted to return to my country because I had problems in high school. I suffered racist attacks by some students and even on the street, they told us shitty immigrants, to get out of their country, that we were invaders, they spat on us, threw stones and said that my parents took their jobs away from them and that affected me a lot. I came home crying and I even begged my mother to return to Ecuador.

My mom went to speak several times at the institute but the attacks continued and the solution they gave was to put me with the psychologist, and it was she who after a while advised my mother to change cities and recommended Alicante because being a tourist city people were used to seeing and living with outsiders.

My mother listened to her, looked for a flat and we moved to Alicante. From the beginning everything was much better since here we also found compatriots and everything was more bearable.

After several years there was massive regularization and we were all able to enter it, and thanks to that my parents had the opportunity to get other jobs and above all with a fair remuneration where they don't have to exploit them. But at the same time they closed borders, that is, no one could enter Spain unless they had a visa.

My parents and my brothers have always lived here, it is hard to emigrate because you have to leave your family. My grandparents passed away and my parents couldn't be with them, but they did send money so that they would have a better old age and help my uncles when they had financial problems.

When you leave your country you live with the nostalgia of not living where you want, of knowing that although you have a "better life" here your people are far away, of not feeling quite well because you are no longer from here much less from there, from feeling misunderstood. But there are also beautiful things, where your friends become your family, to see new places, to be more together as a family.

And also to meet people from here who give you the opportunity to be with them, they give you their help, they care about you, by telling your story they empathize they help you to feel better.

They have helped me a lot and especially I have to give thanks to International Solidarity

because it helped me to empower myself, value myself as a woman and leave behind many beliefs that did not allow me to advance. All the classes for me have been super important and the people much more. I have felt their support and understanding, their friendship and treatment have been the utmost and sincere. They should always support these projects because they strengthen, heal, magnify and make us feel that we also matter.

When I said that I wanted to free myself, I didn't mean to leave my country or my people behind ... if not the bad things and now allow myself to speak calmly and allow myself to continue moving forward and continue looking for my happiness.

Every year that has passed I have become fond of this country and its people, I think that we have also opened ourselves to both sides to erase those borders, we have tried to adapt and although I was not born here I want everything to work and go well for everyone.

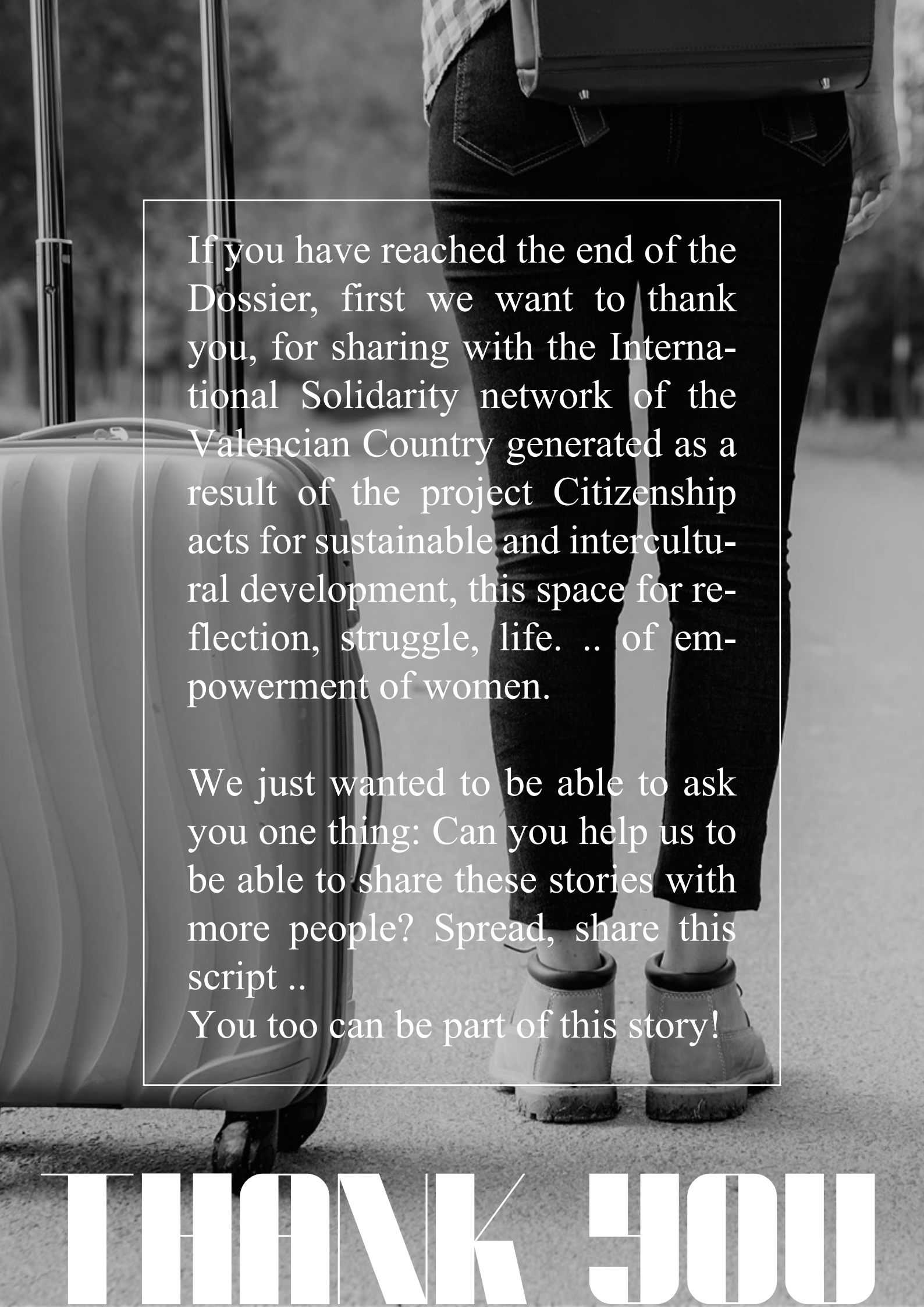
We migrants come for a better life, not to harm anyone. And although there have been people who have done bad things, it is not about nationality, it is about people. Because there are good and bad people in every country in the world, but there are more of us good.

What I ask is that we understand before judging, that we listen before pointing, and that we be silent before doing harm or throwing cruel words.

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to share part of my story, I hope it will be of great help to all of you, but let you know that it has been most helpful for me.

A big hug.
Estefi.





If you have reached the end of the Dossier, first we want to thank you, for sharing with the International Solidarity network of the Valencian Country generated as a result of the project Citizenship acts for sustainable and intercultural development, this space for reflection, struggle, life. .. of empowerment of women.

We just wanted to be able to ask you one thing: Can you help us to be able to share these stories with more people? Spread, share this script ..

You too can be part of this story!

THANK YOU

CITIZENS ACT FOR SUSTAINABLE AND INTERCULTURAL DEVELOPMENT



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