Voices of Sisters
Social Justice



(Unsplash/Carolina Pimenta)



Sr. Nadieska Almeida

View Author Profile

Translated by Sr. Helga Leija

View Author Profile

Join the Conversation

July 21, 2025

Share on BlueskyShare on FacebookShare on TwitterEmail to a friendPrint

I've spent days keeping a silence that has allowed me to recognize the importance of knowing when to keep quiet — and, at the same time, the moment to give voice to what lives deep inside me and cannot be silenced by any kind of imposition.

Many conflicting emotions stir my soul. It has been hard to let them settle without judgment, and yet there are truths we cannot hide. It is like light — its absence makes us feel, with intensity, just how much we need it. That's how I feel today.

A few days ago, at the nursing home where I spend my days alongside my sisters and collaborators, we had a visit from the government. These are mandatory for all nursing homes and hospitals that receive state subsidies.

I am not opposed to this. It is simple: There is nothing to hide and much to express, because the elderly also suffer the hardships this country is going through — made worse by the absence of the warmth of their families, something that no one can replace.

These visits at least allow us to speak the truth to someone without fear, face to face and with respect — even if , as usually happens, nothing is resolved. During that visit, they asked us to pose for a photo, and I agreed.

A few days later, to my surprise, I saw the photo posted on social media without my permission, accompanied by the caption "Together for a revolutionary ideal." It was deeply upsetting, as you can imagine.

> How can I trust them when they want to silence the cries of hunger from our children and our elderly?
>
> Tweet this

I'm giving my life for one person alone: Jesus Christ. His vision captured my heart and gave meaning to my life nearly 33 years ago.

I don't work for something I don't believe in. I don't believe, I don't hope, I don't see anything valuable in the revolution. There are so many lies, so many ways to crush my people, so many deceitful promises.

How can I believe in a project that continues to take the lives of young people who are forced into military service? How can I trust them when they want to silence the cries of hunger from our children and our elderly? How can I believe them when they plunge us again into isolation and disconnection, when they shamelessly lie to us and insult the intelligence of an entire people with prices that are unattainable for most? How can they expect us to work together when they're willing to threaten our subsidies if anyone disagrees? How can we believe at this moment when our young students are being threatened simply for demanding their rights and those of the people?

No, the revolution is not an ideal. It is a failure, a guillotine that kills us year after year. It's a circus where you're a puppet — discarded later in a miserable trunk once every last ounce of energy has been squeezed out of you.

We see so many war veterans walking our streets, saying with pain: "I fought for this and they have abandoned me." They don't even dare to say the name.

What can we expect from a project that drags us deeper into misery? A darkness that is almost permanent, coal, slow death, suffering and despair.

Advertisement

It sounds grim and hopeless. But let me leave you with what sustains me most in my faith: the words of the one who changed history with his life — the great Teacher of Nazareth, who relied solely on his love for the Father and for humanity.

God continues to walk with his people and makes us a promise: "I am with you always, even unto the end of the age" (Matthew 28:20). This is a certainty in my daily life.

That is why I encourage you to seek that companionship. Now is the time to trust, to speak up, to hold tightly to the hand of this faithful and eternal friend, and say to him boldly: I believe that you, and you alone, have words of life and hope.

As for those who still believe in the revolution's project, may the decades over these nearly 66 years lead you to realize that it is time to let others propose a true path toward democracy, justice and rights. Believe me, the night weighs heavily enough on us to have the courage of the *mambises* and say, once and for all, that the night

will not be eternal, as Osvaldo Payá said.

Last month, we celebrated the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I place my trust in that heartbeat — it is our strength to live as a people centered on God, who will do nothing without us. May his blessing be our refuge.

This article was originally published in Spanish on July 2, 2025.