**Remarks for Final WIn**

I am joined here by my loving and truly caring husband Curtis. My daughter, Theresa, I'm so happy you’re here, and I look forward to what the future will bring for both of us. My sister, Lisa, who has been with me through thick and thin. Anita, Lisa, Stephanie, my rocks and good friends, who have always been there for me. Jan and Dwayne, who have never ceased to cover my journey in prayer.

And of course, I want to thank the volunteers and voters who’ve worn down the rubber on their shoes knocking doors and making calls, and the hard-working Georgian’s who’ve dug into their pockets to give what they could—you have all made this possible.

Tonight, I came to give one speech, but I am now forced to make another.

Because just hours ago, we paid for the weapons of war on our streets, with the blood of little children sitting in our schools.

We paid for unfettered gun access, with phone calls to mothers and fathers who have gasped for air when their desperation would not let them breathe, who have sunk to their knees when their agony would not let them stand.

It was the phone call every parent fears.

It is a singular fear, an all consuming fear; a love so deep for our children that we wake up in a cold sweat worrying, “is my child okay? How is he? Where is my son?”

We all have it.

God gave me all the radiance that came with raising my son. Of sitting on the floor with Jordan watching him play and giggle. Of watching him go out the door on his first day of school with a backpack as big as he was. Of watching him grow and think about the world in ways that only Jordan could.

And 40 years after my parents pushed me in the stroller at the March on Washington. 40 years after they had fought against the racism that made them separate but entirely unequal. 40 years after they courageously fought to fully realize our nation as the land of the free and the home of the brave, my son was murdered because of the color of his skin.

And across the country, from Uvalde to Sandy Hook, from Charleston to Buffalo, the violence that took my son is being replayed with casual callousness and despicable frequency. And, the children who survive these shootings will now live the rest of their lives with the trauma that only stepping over a friend covered in blood could ever bring.

We are better than this. We have to be better than this. We cannot be the only nation where our children are torn apart on Tuesday and their deaths are gone from the news cycle by Wednesday.

We cannot be the only nation where one party sits on their hands as children are forced to cover their faces.

We are exhausted, all of us, the American majority. We are exhausted because we cannot continue to be the only country in the world where we let this happen.

And that is why, on the steps of the courthouse after Jordan’s trial, I made a promise to my son; to my family and our community; that I would act.

I promised that I would take all of that devotion a mother has for her child – all the love that poured out of my soul and into my tears – that I would do everything in my power to keep Jordan’s community safe.

That is why we are here. We are here because this isn’t just a policy agenda. This isn’t just numbers in a budget or text on a page.

This is about the challenges we’ve faced, the obstacles we’ve overcome, the experiences that shaped us, and the lives we’ve lived that have made us who we are.

This is about real people with real challenges, and the work we do in Washington is not hypothetical.

It is the daughter off at college who just received the call that will change her life. Who has just learned that her mother has breast cancer, who drives through the night to be with the woman who raised her; frightened that her mom may not be there to watch her raise a family of her own.

It is the brother who lost his sister at Sandy Hook, at Uvalde. It is the father who lost his daughter at Parkland. It is the mother who lost her son at a gas station with his friends.

These are our journeys, walked on paths that God has laid out for us.

God raised me in the heart of the Civil Rights Movement, with parents who fought so that one day we would all be regarded by the fullness of our hearts, not the color of our skin.

And I thank all of you here in this room tonight, because you sent this Mom on a Mission to Congress. And all of us, together, can continue this work, the work we need to do in Washington, in Georgia, and right here in our communities to keep our families together, and the dreams and aspirations of our nation alive.

Because this night isn’t the end of an election, but the beginning of the change we must be. Tonight, we are not at the end of a challenge, but on the face of a mountain. One arm ahead to pull ourselves up; the other stretched back, to embrace those who feel forgotten or left behind.

America has always been defined by the challenges we face, and we face a grave one tonight. But we can be a nation where the many – the many who may not look like us, think like us, or worship like us – are one.

So tonight, I stand in front of you as Lucy McBath. A daughter of the Civil Rights Movement, a woman who survived breast cancer, and a mother who lost her son to gun violence.

I am reminded that the true strength of this nation does not lie in the measure of our riches or the magnitude of our wealth, but in the strength of our character, in the bonds of our brotherhood, and in the shared future we can create, together.

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