

**Ez:** Good morning and hello to the fellow administrators, teachers, chair people, and to the delegates of FerMUN 2020. It is an honor to stand in front of you all, on behalf of my fellow delegates, to share the excitement and joy we have today. My name is Ezrealla Laudenorio.

**Jackie:** and my name is Jackeline Hernandez. We are both seniors attending Mission High, located in the beautiful and lively city of San Francisco. But before we jump into the speeches, let us first give you all background knowledge on who we are.

**Ez:** When we first met each other in the 9th grade, we had an instant connection.

**Ez:** One of the many important things we had in common is that we both are passionate about succeeding in life due to both our families being migrants. My family are migrants from the Philippines

**Jackie:** and mine are migrants from El Salvador, and both our families, like many others worked hard to be where they are today.

**Ez:** Not only does Mission encourage us to use our voice, express our beliefs, and fight for justice, it gave us the chance to create a stronger bond like no other. Despite the fact that U.S. has a major role in causing our family's migration, and has impacted us as individuals and our family members, it does not limit us to being the best we can be.

**Jackie:** Before we get into our personal speeches, we would like to thank Ms. Shah for planning and organizing this trip, to Mr.D'aquisto and Jay Pugao for their support in this experience, to the Mission Fondation and to all the donors who contributed and supported us, to all the delegates for working hard, to the families who let us stay in their beloved homes, to FerMUN and its administration for giving us this once in a lifetime opportunity, and to everyone else who is present in this room.

**Ez:** Let's give ourselves a round of applause, and let us proceed to the speeches.

**EZ'S SPEECH:** I am a first generation Filipina. Majority of my life, I have been constantly moving from one home to another, for a long list of reasons. I migrated to Laguna, Philippines at the age of 10, and my heart and soul has always stayed there, along with the rice fields that border the highways, towering mountains that almost touch the sky, and the satisfying sound of water streaming down the rivers. Its physical attractions, is not the only thing that makes it home, but its cultural environment is where I was able to develop personal growth and reveal a side of me that has been hidden all along.

Has anyone heard a fruit called Lanzones or Guyabano? Or has had snail in coconut broth? Well, it was not until the Philippines where I was able to try new foods and discover new fruits and vegetables. To this day, actually at this moment, I can just imagine the taste and smell of my Mama Mel's chicken adobo. There, I was also able to learn the language and practice my culture, things that I didn't really do in America.

I was also able to meet my family members who were so loving and sweet, who took care of me, fed me, took me to school. I got closer to my cousins over time from them visiting and keeping me company every weekend. We had long nights in the patio just laughing and talking, and trying to make dance videos to its perfection. It is amazing to know, no matter how far the distance, that you have people who support and love you no matter what trouble you get into, or mistakes you encounter throughout your life. Those are the memories in my life that I hold on to forever, and will never forget.

From what you heard, my stay in the Philippines may sound all dandy and sweet, but for those who may not know, the Philippines is not a country that is filled with many opportunities. Such as the lack of employment and low wages. For the 3 years I lived there, I came to realize the differences between America and the Philippines.

Unlike America, the Philippines is a developing country. Instead of going to school, some kids make necklaces out of flowers and sell them during the day, in order to eat; they sleep on the streets because their families do not own a home. Some of those families can not even seek proper health care or receive support from their government.

Something that my cousins and I have in common, along with many other families, is our parents migrating from the Philippines to seek higher education and better job opportunities, in order to provide and support themselves, and their family.

Being apart from my parents for 3 years was difficult for me because of having to adapt to a new environment and unlocking a new chapter in my life without them there. The birthdays and holidays, having to make memories without your parents and the separation between families is sadly normalized in my country, but that is the sacrifice and consequence that comes with supporting and providing for the ones you love. That is how we show love and care for each other, putting others before ourselves, and working hard not only for the present, but for the future.

**JACKIE'S SPEECH:** My entire family has always and continues to live in the same hidden community called Los Espinos in San Buenaventura, El Salvador. A community of mud and brick homes on a mountain leading to a riverbank. The people that live here are destined to the same life of extreme poverty. The only way of transportation is their feet, wearing down their only pair of shoes to walk an hour to the nearest bus stop. All they know is the life they were placed in. My grandfather migrated back and forth from El Salvador to the United States to work the jobs in the fields to make enough money to send back to El Salvador. My mother was not raised with her father around. In fact, when he would return, he was a complete stranger to her. Little did she know that the man in front of her was the man that walked for days at a time, battling hunger and heat while risking his life so she was able to buy a new pair of socks. The

man in front of her was the same man that made her breakfast and dinners possible by putting his body between the currents of the river that divided his people from the world.

She grew spiteful of him, especially during the Salvadoran Civil War. He was nowhere to be found. Where was the lazy fat man on the nights when they ran under the mattresses because the shootings and bombs were released while they ate dinner. Where was that man to protect his two other sons, who whimpered desperately and yelled for their mother who was out working late night at the tile factory because it was the only job available. Where was that so called father when his wife had to hide her 7 and 14 year old sons because they were being drafted into the war, creating a dangerous situation for his so called family and having the guns all pointed at them.

If poverty and crime was not enough reason for my mother to leave, her only source of happiness was soon taken from her as well. My mother enjoyed learning but unfortunately she was unable to stay in school for months at a time to help with duties at home. The constant routine and the feeling of never having enough infuriated my mom. She heard life altering stories about "El Norte" a.k.a The United States. She saw movies and tv shows depicting the american dream, a house with a porch, a car and a stable job with an amazing education, she knew she had to make her dream into reality.

It was not until she headed for the journey on her own that she realized how grateful she was for her father. She was now in his shoes, but she took me with her. She often tells me that the reason for my work ethic is because of that journey, I inherited her strength through our connecting veins.

Although she was unable to obtain her american dream, she always makes sure to be hard on her daughter so she can give it to her in the future. My mother traveled miles away from home to work long days and nights cleaning massive homes and properties, but if you ask her, the journey does not compare to the feeling of knowing that her children do not have to worry about choosing between new jeans or bus fare. Like my mothers' story, there are millions more all over the world. We all have a beginning, a root that molded us to expand our wings. My mom's wings took her to San Francisco, California. Every decision she made for my future made it possible for me to stand here today, and that is why migration is beautiful to me because you will never know where it will take you.