

Agnes Gibboney

Thank you for inviting me to be here today, it is an honor.

My name is Agnes Gibboney, I was born in Budapest, Hungary. My family and I left Hungary in January 1957 as refugees, I was 2 years old.

We immigrated to Brazil, where we lived for 13 years, while applying to come to the U.S.

My parents, brother and myself, legally immigrated to the United States. We followed all the rules, the laws. We had to go through a thorough background investigation and thorough medical exams by an American Consulate appointed and approved doctor. We also had character witnesses attesting we were of good moral standing and my father was required to have a job contract.

Today, April 27th marks my son Ronald da Silva's 15th anniversary of his murder. Ronald was my first born and my only son, his father, my first husband is a Brazilian National.

Ronald was a good person, kind, considerate, respectful, loving, funny and sometimes a practical joker. He helped my aging parents. Was a good brother to his two sisters. He was always there for anyone who needed help.

Ronald went to visit his two children Matthew and Marcel and while standing on the driveway he was shot, a bullet that was intended for someone else. The shooter/murderer was an illegal alien with a long criminal record who had been previously deported. Immediately after the shooting, he fled to Mexico. His wife was depositing her welfare check at a credit union and he would withdraw it in Tijuana, Mexico to live on. He eventually returned to the US and was sent to prison. He is due to be released in 2 years and 7 months and I am afraid California won't notify ICE of his pending release.

It took me almost 11 years to find out he has an ICE hold.

If our borders would have been secured, Ronald would still be here, along with thousands of innocent victims killed by illegal aliens. Many criminal illegal aliens that were deported returned through our insecure borders, to continue

victimizing American Citizens. One life lost is one too many. We need a barrier, a wall and more Border Patrol officers to protect us all.

Ronald's murder devastated my family. My only sibling, my brother Laszlo had a massive stroke at 51 years of age, due to the overwhelming stress and despair he felt, he died the following day. You see, my brother was married to my sister in law, who was born in Mexico.

My father gave up living, all he wanted was to die to be with Ronald, his first grandchild. It took him 11 years of suffering. My mother tried so hard to be strong for me and the family. She was our rock. But, I could see an incredible pain in her eyes. She too, is in heaven now. They are now together, my son, brother, father and mother.

I have never seen my husband Mark, a highly educated man, retired Deputy Chief of El Monte PD where my son was murdered, so helpless. Watching the devastation, panic, pain and there was nothing he could do to undo or fix what happened. He was the one to call me at the campground, where I was camping with Girl Scouts with our two daughters, to tell me that Ronald was shot on the shoulder, is in surgery and expected to survive. We immediately drove home, walked in the house. He hugged me and said: "I'm sorry". I told him I was going to the hospital to be with Ronald, so when he comes out of surgery, he's not alone. It was then that he said: "I'm sorry, Ronald didn't make it".

Now, I live with a "life sentence" of pain and suffering, wondering: What would Ronald look like? Would he have gray hair at age 44? Would he be married? What would he be doing?

I miss his beautiful smile, his warm bear hugs, his sense of humor, our talks.

I miss his voice, his scent.

I miss family get togethers with us all present. My family is permanently broken, separated. I can't travel anywhere in the world to see him ever again.

I miss all the tomorrows that were taken from me, all because of open borders.

I miss everything, I simply miss my son.

I miss watching him iron his clothes and spend a long time fixing his hair. But what I miss the most, is Ronald calling me “mommy”.

All I have left are his clothes, old photos, baby shoes, baby bottle, some toys and memories.

I live with this emptiness, a hole in my heart longing for my son. And I live with daily fear of losing another child or family member.

We cannot afford to lose one more life.

Ronald is just one life, his death is not an isolated case. Deputy David March murdered a couple of days after Ronald was killed on the border of the same town. His murderer also fled to Mexico and he was also previously deported. His widow and I became friends, we would compare our pain, hurt and grief, often cry together. Officer Don Johnston, a co-worker of my husband, was shot by someone who overstayed his visa, he ultimately died of his injuries. Hundreds of victims, innocent lives. I wonder how many more are there that we don't know about, because our government does not keep statistics on illegal alien crimes.

What an overall problem is for our Nation that so many US Citizens are killed on a daily basis by illegal aliens, who shouldn't be in our country.

When I became a US Citizen, the first President I voted for President Reagan, who signed an amnesty bill, which was supposed to be followed by securing our borders and enforcing immigration laws within our country, including verifying rights to employment. These things have never been done. The conditions have gotten worse every year.

The Irony is, my family and I legally immigrated to the United States and an illegal alien, who should have never been here murdered my only son Ronald.

I urge you to do what so many politicians promised for years: a secure border, eliminate the incentives for illegal aliens and enforcement of existing immigration laws.

It is too late for my son Ronald and the thousands killed by illegals, but there are so many lives that can be saved, if you would just take action.