

TESTIMONY OF WANDREA ARSHAYE (“SHAYE”) MOSS
SELECT COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE
THE JANUARY 6TH ATTACK ON THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL
U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

JUNE 21, 2022

Thank you for inviting me to testify before the Select Committee to Investigate the January 6th Attack on the United States Capitol.

My name is Wandrea ArShaye Moss, but people call me Shaye. And I used to be an election worker. Almost everything else that people have heard about me is a lie.

There is a lot that I could never have imagined about the last two years. I certainly never imagined that I would be testifying before a Congressional Committee because people spread lies about me and my family.

I was born in Georgia, and I have lived there my whole life. My family has a long history of serving our community. I am the third generation in my family to sign up for public service. When I was growing up, my mom worked for Fulton County. My grandmother retired from DeKalb County. For as long as I can remember, I wanted to follow in their footsteps.

My Work For Fulton County

My first and only job was working for Fulton County Voter Registration and Elections. I worked there for more than 10 years. I loved my job. And I was really good at it. I didn't just clock in every day – I gave it my all. I worked hard to ensure that every lawful vote counted. I even created new procedures to make our process faster and more accurate.

I made sure Georgia residents were properly registered to vote. When I was young, my grandmother made sure I knew how important it was to vote, because it is an opportunity that a lot of members of my family before me did not have. I wanted to make sure that everyone had that opportunity.

I especially loved helping older voters. Younger voters could usually figure out how to register and vote on their own. But older people sometimes needed help. I remember driving to the hospital once to help an elderly woman who wanted to request an absentee ballot.

Registration forms and ballots aren't just pieces of paper to me. They represent real people: voters with disabilities, single parents, college students, and members of our military. I gave everyone my card so they would have an actual person to contact instead of an office.

I wanted them to know I valued their votes as much as they did.

My mom, Ruby, taught me that when you commit to a job, you do it well and you do it right. My job was not easy. It was work that required patience. It required commitment. It required checking, double checking, and focusing on the details—all on tight deadlines.

I was used to doing my job quietly, but well, even if that meant waking up way too early and coming home late. I missed so many of my son's activities because I had to work. Whenever I missed something, I knew how lucky I was that my grandmother could fill in for me. I wanted to show my son that hard work pays off.

The Lies

Ever since December 2020, I have been under attack for just doing my job. My mom too.

My mother signed up to work as a temporary election worker in my office in the 2020 presidential election. In the two weeks before Election Day, we worked from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m., seven days a week. During election week, we worked even longer shifts. After the election, we were proud of a job well done. And my mom was proud of me.

But in early December, former President Trump, Rudy Giuliani, and their allies started spreading terrible lies about my mother and me.

They said we snuck ballots into the State Farm Arena in a suitcase. That is a lie.

They said we lied about a water main break to kick observers out. That is a lie.

They said we counted ballots multiple times to try to steal the election. That is a lie.

And they said we passed around flash drives to try to hack voting machines. That's a lie, too—the thing they got so worked up about my mom passing to me was a ginger mint. Her favorite candy.

All of the accusations made against me and my mom were lies.

As Mr. B. J. Pak testified before the Select Committee on June 13, 2022, the Department of Justice and other state and federal agencies investigated these accusations. Mr. Pak testified that the Attorney General of the United States asked him to “make it a priority” to “try to substantiate the allegation made by Mr. Giuliani” about there being a suitcase full of ballots. As part of that process, investigators interviewed my mom and me, as well as all of us who appeared in a video that Rudy Giuliani and others claimed showed us engaging in this voter fraud. That official investigation confirmed what my mom and I knew to be true: that, as Mr. Pak said, “nothing irregular happened in the counting and the allegations made by Mr. Giuliani were false.”

But it didn’t require a federal investigation to know that these accusations were lies. They do not even make sense. Why do I say that? You cannot just walk suitcases full of fake ballots into a counting facility in Fulton County. There is a system to make sure that every vote counts. Information on envelopes has to match information from real voters. Information from precincts has to match total votes counted. You cannot just invent large numbers of voters or votes. Especially in a system with hand recounts, cameras everywhere, and campaign officials and state election officials monitoring your every move.

We know we are watched. We expect it and welcome it.

For the same reasons, you cannot just count ballots multiple times. The discrepancy would show up in the ultimate count.

And as for the water leak, it was a real thing that happened, with dozens of witnesses. But what can you say to people willing to say that up is down?

I helped count ballots in 2016 when President Trump won and 2018 when Stacey Abrams lost. I was proud of our work in those elections. It did not matter to me who won or lost because I am not a political person. This job was never about politics for me. It was about counting every vote.

But none of that mattered. Former President Trump, Rudy Giuliani, and their allies didn’t like the outcome of the election, so they made up lies about us even though we were simply doing our jobs.

The Harm

As a result, I have been threatened and harassed. One stranger told me: “be glad [it’s] 2020 and not 1920.” Others told me I should hang alongside my mom for committing treason.

My son received some of those threats. They went after a child—my child. He heard horrible things about his mom, just because I did my job.

People showed up at my grandmother's home trying to bust the door down and conduct a citizen's arrest of my mom and me.

The threats followed me to work. People would email the general email address for our office so everyone could see their threats and the hateful messages directed at me.

These were people who did not even know us. They did not care about our dedication to our work, or our lives. They denied our humanity. All because they refused to accept the outcome of the election.

I have to live with these lies every single day. Before December 2020, I was never scared of people knowing my name. But after, I stopped giving out my business cards to voters. Now I worry when I'm at the grocery store. I worry when I go shopping with my mom and she calls my name out across an aisle. I worry when I pick up the phone and a voice I don't recognize says my name.

I feel responsible for what happened to my family. Like somehow it is all my fault because I chose to work as an election worker. I wanted to help. I never imagined it would cause so much hurt.

Can you imagine what it's like to feel responsible for your grandmother, your mother, and your teenage son being threatened and lied about, over and over again? To be singled out as a criminal? To be accused of treason in the only country you've ever called home?

I didn't realize how much I loved my job until it was taken away from me by a few people who decided that their lie was more important than my life.

Why My Story Matters

I am here today for more than myself and my family. I am here to speak for all the election workers out there who were, are, or will be threatened and attacked for just doing their jobs. I am here today because I want the truth to be heard.

Nobody should have to go through what I've been through. Especially not our election workers who do the heavy lifting our democracy depends on. They do not receive the recognition or respect they deserve for the service they provide to this country.

Yet they show up. I showed up. Every single day, every single election. I never missed one in ten years.

I am here because this has to stop. The people responsible for the lies need to be held accountable.

Congress needs to take action. Congress needs to protect our election workers and protect victims of disinformation like my family and me. If it doesn't, I know there will be many more just like me.

Because of the lies, my son had to grow up way too quickly. Because of the lies, there are some days I don't want to get out of bed. There are some days I want to curl up under the covers and disappear. Because of the lies, I've lost who I was. I will never again be able to do the work I felt called to do. My life will never be the same.

I have had to come to terms with the fact that there will always be people who believe these lies about me. There will always be someone who believes I should be in prison or that I should be dead. There is no way to fix what happened to me.

And I'm here to tell my truth to help sure this never happens to anyone else. My loss has got to be for something.

Thank you.