



## EMBARGOED FOR RELEASE ON DELIVERY

Douglas Emhoff  
Second Gentleman of the United States  
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Remarks as Prepared for Delivery

Hello to my big, beautiful, blended family up there. I love you all so much. A special shoutout to my “motha,” the only person in the whole world who thinks Kamala is the lucky one for marrying *me*. And to Kamala, who is out on the trail listening to and talking with voters: I can’t wait for you to come back to Chicago! We’re having a great time. I love you and I’m so proud of how you’re stepping up for all of us.

That’s who she is. Whenever she’s needed, however she’s needed, Kamala rises to the occasion. She did it for me and our family. Now that the country needs her, she’s showing you what we already know: She’s ready to lead. She brings both joy and toughness to this task. And she will be a great president who we will all be proud of.

I’m the son of two Brooklynites who’ve been together almost 70 years. My dad worked in the shoe business in Manhattan and moved our family to New Jersey when I was a little kid. In a lot of ways, I had a typical suburban childhood. I biked around the neighborhood, took the bus to Hebrew school, and rode to little league practice in the way-back of my coach’s wood-paneled station wagon. And if we did well, we got to have a Slurpee after.

Everyone left their garage door open. Wherever you ended up at dinner time, that’s the family that fed you. Everyone took care of everyone else. The guys I grew up with are still my best friends. The group chat is active every day—and it’s probably blowing up right now.

When my dad had to get a new job, we moved across the country to LA. Money was tight, so I worked at McDonald’s in high school for some extra cash. Not only was I employee of the month, but I still have the framed picture and the ring—golden arches and all. Then I waited tables and parked cars, working full-time so I could afford to go to college part-time.

Thanks to partial scholarships, student loans, and a little help from my dad, I got myself through law school and got my first job as a lawyer—which is also where I met the guys in my fantasy football league. A lot has changed in our lives since the early ’90s, but my team name is still Nirvana—yes, after the band. I worked hard. I love being a lawyer and I still get to be a part of the profession by teaching students at Georgetown Law School. I got married, became a dad to Cole and Ella, unfortunately went through a divorce, and eventually started worrying about how I’d make it all work. That’s when something unexpected happened.

In 2013, I walked into a contentious client meeting. We worked through the issue and, by the end of the meeting, the now-happy client offered to set me up on a blind date—which is how I ended up with Kamala Harris’s phone number.

Now, for generations, people have debated when to call the person you’re being set up with. Never in history has anyone suggested 8:30 a.m. And yet, that’s when I dialed, got Kamala’s voicemail, and just started rambling.

“Hey, it’s Doug. I’m on my way to an early meeting. Again, this is Doug...”

I remember trying to grab the words out of the air and put them back in my mouth. After what seemed like far too many minutes, I hung up. By the way, Kamala saved that voicemail and she makes me listen to it every anniversary. That message wasn’t the only unusual thing about that day. Kamala, who normally would have been working hard at the office, just happened to be waiting at her apartment for a contractor to do some work on her kitchen. I was eating at my desk, which was not a regular occurrence for a busy lawyer like me who appreciates a good business lunch.

That’s when she called me back. We talked for an hour. We laughed. You know that laugh. I love that laugh. Maybe that counted as our first date. Or maybe it was that Saturday, when I picked her up and told her, “Buckle up—I’m a really bad driver.” You can’t hide anything from Kamala Harris, so you might as well own it.

As I got to know her better—and fell in love fast—I learned what drives Kamala. It’s what you’ve seen over these past four years and especially these past four weeks. She finds joy in pursuing justice. She stands up to bullies—just like my parents taught me to. She likes to see people do well—and hates when they’re treated unfairly. She believes this work requires a basic curiosity in how people are doing. Her empathy is her strength.

Over the last decade, Kamala has connected me more deeply to my faith—even though it’s not the same as hers. She comes to synagogue with me for High Holiday services and I go to church with her for Easter. I get to enjoy her mom’s chile relleno recipe every Christmas, and she makes a mean brisket for Passover that brings me right back to my grandmother’s apartment in Brooklyn—you know, the one with the plastic-covered couches. Kamala has fought against antisemitism and all forms of hate her whole career. And she encouraged me, as Second Gentleman, to take up that fight—which is so personal to me.

Those of you who belong to blended families know that they can be complicated. But as soon as our kids started calling her “Momala,” I knew we’d be OK. Ella calls us a three-headed parenting machine. Kamala and Kerstin: thank you both for always putting the kids first.

Cole and Ella’s friends knew that when they’d come over for Sunday dinner with Momala, it was going to be real talk. In between taking cooking instructions, they’d have to answer questions about what problem they wanted to solve in the world. They learned that you’ve always got to be prepared, because Kamala is going to prosecute the case.

In the same breath that Cole and Greenley told us they were engaged, they asked Kamala to officiate their wedding. In the same way she always steps up when it matters, Kamala put so much time into her remarks, bound them in a book that matched her dark red dress, and turned it into a gift for the happy couple.

A few days ago, there was a brief window when Kamala was back at home. I saw her sitting on her favorite chair and—in the middle of a wild month—I hoped that she was finally having a quiet moment to herself. Then I realized she was on the phone. My mind went to all the potential crises the vice president could be dealing with. Was it domestic? Foreign? The campaign? She was focused, and all I knew was that it must be about something important. Turns out it was. Ella had called. That’s

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Kamala. Those kids are her priorities. And that scene was a perfect map of her heart. She's always been there for our children, and I know she'll always be there for yours too.

Kamala is a joyful warrior. It's doing for her country what she has always done for the people she loves. Her passion will benefit all of us when she's our president. Here's the thing about joyful warriors: they're still warriors. And Kamala is as tough as it comes. Just ask the criminals, the global gangsters, and the witnesses before the Senate Judiciary Committee. She never runs from a fight.

She knows the best way to deal with a coward is to take him head on—because we all know cowards are weak. And Kamala Harris can smell weakness. Kamala doesn't tolerate any B.S. You've all seen the look. You know what I'm talking about. It's not just a meme. It reflects her true belief in honest and direct leadership. It's also why she won't be distracted by the nonsense. Kamala knows that in order to win, we cannot lose focus. America, in this election, you have to decide who to trust with your family's future. I trusted Kamala with our family's future. It was the best decision I ever made.

This Thursday will be our tenth wedding anniversary, which means I'm about to hear the most embarrassing voicemail of my life once again. But that's not all I'll be hearing. That same night, I'll be hearing my wife, Kamala Harris, accept your nomination for president of the United States.

With your help, she'll lead with joy and toughness. With that laugh and that look, with compassion and conviction. She'll lead from the belief that wherever we come from, whatever we look like, we're strongest when we fight for what we believe in—not just against what we fear. Kamala was exactly the right person for me at an important moment in my life. And at this moment in our nation's history, she is exactly the right president.

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