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Stacey Johnson-Batiste and Doris Johnson
Democratic National Convention
Monday, August 19, 2024
Remarks as Prepared for Delivery

Stacey Johnson-Batiste: Good evening. I'm Stacey Johnson-Batiste and this is my mom, Doris Johnson. We are so excited and honored to be here with you!

Kamala and I have known each other for a long time—since kindergarten at Berkwood Hedge School. We hit it off immediately and became each other's very first best friends. Our moms also became fast friends.

Doris Johnson: On weekends, we'd pile into my 1966 Mustang. Kamala's mom, Shyamala, sat in the front with me. Kamala, Maya, and Stacey hopped in the backseat, and off we'd go! To the movies or some adventure.

Stacey Johnson-Batiste: My mom still has that Mustang! Kamala and I both get our grit from our mothers. Kamala has always been a protector.

One day at school, we made clay art pieces. During story time while they were sitting on tables outside to dry, for whatever reason, a boy in our class took mine and threw it on the ground. It shattered!

Kamala jumped in between him and me and said something that made him so mad he picked up a rock or something and hit her on the head! Blood came streaming down. The school called Shyamala to take her to the hospital. The stitches she got left a scar over one of her eyes. She still has it.

That's the kind of person Kamala has always been, from the very beginning. Someone who doesn't hesitate to stand up for what's right, to take up for the underdog, and stand up to bullies!

I have seen it time and again—whether the bully is an individual, a gang, or a corporation, she fights for all of us. Before we go, I know my mom has one more thing to say.

Doris Johnson: Kamala, your mom would be so proud of you.

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