

## Statement of Javier Ramirez for December 9, 2025 Spotlight Forum

Hello

My name is Javier Ramirez. I was born in San Bernardino, California, a proud American citizen who has never known the weight of a criminal record. I am also the father of three beautiful children. But today, I stand before you not just as a father or a citizen, but as a man who has faced a harrowing experience that has forever changed my life.

On June 12, 2025, at precisely 4:32 PM, my world was turned upside down. Agents of border patrol stormed onto my private property at 1537 W Olympic Blvd, Montebello, California, armed with high-powered assault rifles and wearing masks, their only uniform being the bulletproof vests that shielded them from accountability. I had never encountered gunmen in my life, and fear gripped me tightly as they approached.

When they spoke to me in Spanish, asking where I was going, I replied, "Vay para afuera," meaning, "I'm going outside." I wanted nothing to do with this terrifying situation. But then I heard a chilling voice declare, "Get him, he's Mexican." In an instant, I was thrown to the ground, confusion engulfing me as they handcuffed me, a knee pressed harshly against my head. In that moment, my mind raced with disbelief; what had I done to receive such treatment? I am not a criminal. I am not an illegal immigrant. I pleaded with them, "I'm a U.S. citizen. I was born here." But my words fell on deaf ears. "We are not asking for that," they coldly replied. I asked repeatedly what I was being arrested for, only to hear the haunting response, "We don't know."

As a diabetic, I began to feel unwell, desperately requesting medical assistance. But my cries were met with indifference. Even in handcuffs, I was thrown to the ground again, my heart heavy with the weight of injustice. I found myself questioning, "What did I do to deserve this? Why is this happening to me?"

The nightmare continued as I was handed over to HSI, and by 8 PM, I was read my rights, spending five long days in a prison cell. As a citizen of this great country, I should never have to endure such treatment. I should not have to live in fear of being targeted simply for the color of my skin or the language I speak.

Today, I live with a constant shadow of anxiety, fearing that this could happen again-not just to me, but to my children and my loved ones. The streets of my city, once a place of safety and comfort, have become tainted by the actions of those who should protect us. Instead, they instill terror in our community.

I share my story not just for myself, but for everyone who has been unjustly treated, for those whose voices have been silenced. We must stand together against this injustice and demand a change-a change that ensures safety, dignity, and respect for every individual, regardless of their background.

Thank you.