

**Jennifer Bos**  
Mother of Megan Bos

Opening Statement for the Nomination of Todd Blanche to be United States Attorney General

Thank you, Chairman Grassley, and ranking member Durbin.

My name is Jennifer Bos. I live in Antioch, Illinois. I'm the mother of an angel named Megan Bos. I am here because my daughter's tragic and gruesome death exposed catastrophic failures in immigration enforcement and drug trafficking policy. The investigation into her death continues, but one truth is already painfully clear: dangerous gaps in our system allowed an illegal alien to exploit our laws—and my daughter paid the ultimate price.

Before Megan's death, immigration enforcement and Department of Justice policies were just abstract headlines to me. Now, every one of those policies has a face. Every time I read something, it has Megan's face on it. It's unbearable.

Losing Megan—and then being forced to navigate multiple broken systems while drowning in grief—taught me that policies carrying life-or-death consequences cannot remain political talking points. That's why I've tried, with whatever remaining strength I can muster in the midst of the most intense heartache anyone can ever experience, to speak locally and nationally about the four crises that compounded our tragedy: illegal immigration, sanctuary policies, fentanyl, and cashless bail. I wish I wasn't so familiar with these issues.

But these issues cross every state line, destroy tens of thousands of lives, and demand a strong, unified national response.

Megan was my firstborn. She was a mother, a sister, an aunt, and a loyal friend. I never understood how many lives she had touched until more than 200 people came to say goodbye. She was bubbly, funny, extraordinarily creative, and blessed with a spirit that could light up any room.

In February 2025, Megan disappeared. For 51 days, our family lived in unbearable agony. Day after day, I patrolled the streets searching for Megan. I handed out flyers, knocked on doors, retraced her steps, and begged anyone who might know something to please help me bring my daughter home.

But instead of bringing Megan home, our search ended with the most unbearable truth a mother could ever be forced to face. We learned that Megan's life had been cut short and her body

concealed—stuffed upside down into a garbage can filled with bleach—by an illegal alien who had no legal right to be here. Again - stuffed upside down into a garbage can filled with bleach, presumably so her body could decompose faster.

For seven weeks, he walked past that garbage can on his way to a bakery where he worked under a fake name. During those same seven weeks, I couldn't breathe, eat, or sleep, but we searched his neighborhood, knocked on his door, and left flyers with Megan's face on them.

Turns out - She was only a driveway away from us the entire time.

Not only was she killed, but so was her dignity in death. Had Megan not been identified through the tattoos she loved, even the beautiful image of my daughter that I carry in my mind and heart might have been replaced forever by the unbearable image of what was done to her.

Behind every statistic debated in this room stands a real person—and behind that person is a family sentenced to a lifetime of grief. We will never be okay.

Megan's daughter was only five years old. A big part of her life was stolen too. I think about how she doesn't have nearly enough memories of her mom.

My husband and I will not be retiring as we once imagined. Instead, we pray that we live long enough to raise Megan's little girl into adulthood.

Everyone who loved Megan must now live without her laughter, her loyalty, and the love she gave so freely. Megan was robbed and we were robbed. All because our laws weren't enforced.

That's why victims' families don't care about partisan victories. We care whether dangerous criminals, drug traffickers, and cartels are stopped before another child is buried and another family is shattered.

We hear promises of equal protection under the law—what does that mean exactly? Right now, governors and local officials enact sanctuary protections, cashless bail policies, and identification laws that undermine federal enforcement and create dangerous public safety loopholes. A criminal released under a reckless local policy does not remain inside one city or state. He can cross into your community next.

The consequences of these decisions do not recognize political boundaries. This tragedy can happen to literally anyone.

For years, Angel Families have told me how they felt entirely abandoned and ignored by the federal government. Abused, thrown out. We, our children, were considered politically inconvenient.

Today, that is beginning to change. Under the current leadership of Todd Blanche, Angel Families finally feel heard, respected, and taken seriously. I have personally witnessed a renewed focus on prosecuting immigration crimes and transnational criminal organizations.

The work done by ICE and Homeland Security Investigations goes unseen. It's not limited to detaining individuals who escaped detection at the border. It includes dismantling international fentanyl supply chains, disrupting illegal weapons networks, destroying criminal syndicates, and rescuing human-trafficking victims from homes and businesses inside our own neighborhoods. This work is life-saving.

It's not political. It's not racist. It's not immoral. It's law enforcement. It's justice. It's the protection of innocent human life.

From the time I have personally spent with Todd Blanche, I know that he makes victims a priority. Under his direction, the Department of Justice has engaged directly with Angel Families and treated us not as political props, but as partners in preventing future tragedies.

That is all we have ever asked to be—partners. Justice cannot bring our children home. Nothing can. But the justice we seek now is the assurance that their deaths will not be ignored, will not be in vain—and will never be repeated.

Because next time, it could be your child. It could be your family. This can happen to anyone.

Strong, consistent, and unyielding law enforcement can stop the next tragedy before another mother is forced to learn the language of grief, before another family is shattered, and before another child becomes a name spoken in a hearing like this one.

That requires listening to families like Vickie Schermock's, who has fought for 25 years for answers, accountability, and justice, even after her case went cold. It requires remembering Sheridan Gorman, whose recent and clearly preventable death showed us all what can happen when federal law is ignored and dangerous failures are allowed to continue. And it requires leaders who do more than offer sympathy after a family is destroyed. We don't need thoughts and prayers - we need action.

We want leaders willing to act before the next child is lost. Leaders willing to confront failure instead of explaining it away. Leaders like Todd Blanche.

Leadership at the Department of Justice matters profoundly. The Attorney General determines priorities, directs resources, and sends a message to every prosecutor, criminal organization, and grieving family about whose lives matter and which laws will be enforced.

I fully support Todd Blanche's confirmation as Attorney General of the United States. He understands that the Department of Justice's first responsibility is protecting innocent Americans, enforcing our laws fairly, and relentlessly pursuing cartels and criminal organizations wherever they operate.

I could not save my daughter. But Todd Blanche, as Attorney General, might save yours.

Megan is gone, and my family will carry that truth every day for the rest of our lives. She and thousands of others have already paid the price for leaders who turn failed policies into headlines but refuse to confront their deadly consequences.

I am asking this committee not to wait until another mother is standing where I am standing. Confirm Todd Blanche—a leader who will uphold the law, honor victims, confront dangerous criminal organizations, and fight to give other American families the safety and lasting protection that came too late for mine.

Thank you.