

Testimony of Elizabeth Carter

Mr. Chairman, Ranking Member, and Members of the Subcommittee,

Good morning and thank you for the opportunity to prepare a written statement for the record and testify in person. It is my great honor to be here today to share with you the effect Sanctuary

Illegal Immigration and Sanctuary City politics have carved a path of destruction through my life, the only way an 80,000-pound tractor trailer can, with tremendous damage and destruction, effectively parsing it into BEFORE and AFTER.

LONG BEFORE -- Billy

My son, Willam Micah Carter, thought his given name was a little bougie, so he preferred to be called Billy, if you please. As the second oldest of four kids born in less than 4 years, Billy had no memory of a time before it was all four of them. Like they were the 4 Musketeers against the world. Billy was fiercely protective of his siblings, especially his baby sister & best friend, Josie. Billy assumed the role of peacemaker, mediator, and protector, never hesitating to stand up for those he loved. It hurt him to see people he cared about upset & he felt a strong NEED to help and fix what he could for family and friends alike. He loved getting the perfect gift for friends & family. There is nothing like the feeling you get from putting a giant smile on the face of someone you love.

Billy's faith as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints was a priority in his life. He volunteered to serve a mission for the church, saved up for years to help pay for it and was called to the Nashville Tennessee Mission in November 2019. While serving his mission so far from his home and support system, family COVID hit hard. The social anxiety Billy had been desperately trying to conceal or at least manage was making him miserable, so Billy made the courageous decision to come home early from his mission, share his struggles with his family, and let THEM support HIM for once. Billy's greatest fear was that his social anxiety would keep him from ever having a wife and family of his own.

LONG BEFORE – Jenny

Jennifer Lynn Lower preferred to be called Jenny. She was #5 of 6 close kids (1 boy, 5 girls). Her baby sister, Emmy, was born to be her best friend. Jenny was a natural caregiver in no small part due to the fact that she had health challenges early in life. Food Allergies at a very young age,

debilitating migraines, & social anxiety taught Jenny compassion, empathy, & gave her a strong desire to serve & care for her fellow man.

Jenny loved music from a young age, she went to her aunt's band concerts at USU before she even could walk. At her baptism in 2009 her aunt let her "play" her flute and there was no turning back, she knew what instrument she wanted to play. While she waited to be old enough to join the band, she began piano lessons and played the viola for a few years. In 6th grade her dreams came true when she joined the band and she started playing the flute. From there she learned to play the piccolo, tenor and soprano saxophone, and clarinet. But the flute remained her first love.

Jenny graduated with honors from Preston High School in 2020, her plans to serve an LDS mission were thwarted by migraine headaches so she decided it was time to get on with her life and go to college in 2022. She attended the University of Oregon, where she performed with the marching band. She met some of her best friends in the marching band, people who would become a second family to her, who she loved dearly. She graduated in 2025 with a degree in music and had plans to pursue a career as a piano technician.

Jenny was a devout Christian and a faithful member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Her faith was the guiding force in her life, the source to which she turned for comfort, and the reason she stood out as a place of peace in a chaotic world. Jenny lived her life with the knowledge that she was preparing to return to her Heavenly home. We can so clearly picture the joyous reunion between Jenny and the grandparents she adored. We are sure she beamed with pride as she introduced her Billy to them.

1 YEAR BEFORE -- September 2025

My sweet, shy, funny, Spiderman-loving homebody of a son worked hard on himself. He saw a therapist, found the right prescription for his anxiety, worked on his physical health, committed to learning Spanish, and scariest of all pushed himself to make friends at the Young Single Adult Ward he attended with 2 of his siblings.

Those same siblings pushed him to do more with their mutual church friends. One such activity came up on February 28, 2025. It was a blind date Scavenger Hunt, where Billy and Jenny were paired up for the first time. Jenny's original date stood her up, so Billy was the lucky guy who got to spend the whole night talking to Jenny and even more importantly, Billy

listened to Jenny. By the end of the evening Billy was well on his way to seriously smitten, fortunately for him Jenny fell hard and fast for the shy and quiet young man so eager to make her smile every chance he got. After their wedding I learned from Jenny's Mom Becky that the happiest times of Jenny's life were spent with Billy. He would be so very proud to know that he brought her joy during one of the most stressful times in her life, her final semester at the University of Oregon. They were inseparable from that date on. Billy loved listening to her play the flute & hearing about her favorite experiences with the U of O Marching Band.

Jenny had her own struggles with anxiety, but together they blossomed into something greater, braver, stronger and more capable, and full of life and joy than had ever known separately. Billy fell hard and fast for her. Of course he fell for her! Jenny was an amazing cook, far better than I; she could sew beautifully, had a heart for service, a real gift with children and compassion to spare. The first time Billy brought Jenny home for dinner, she made piping hot dinner rolls, from scratch, that melted in your mouth. I was falling in love with her after that meal & heartily approved! It did not take long for it to feel like Jenny had always been a member of our family. It was my great pleasure to have been welcomed and embraced by Jenny in return. She had a heart as big as the great outdoors & a "there is always room for more" attitude. Jenny had just graduated (June 2025) with a degree in music from the U of O. Her's dream job tuning and repairing pianos was here in Oregon where they planned to build a life together

BEFORE (Wedding Planning) September to November 2025

Billy and Jenny had something exquisitely rare and beautiful — the kind of love people say is not real, does not last, or you only see in books or movies. They had that one-in-a-million, lightning in a bottle kind of fairytale magic. It was truly amazing to see in person. Billy was still most definitely a homebody who would prefer to watch a movie on a comfy couch over pretty much anything else, save for playing video games, of course. Putting the work in on yourself does not change who you are fundamentally. He just chose to do it with Jenny at his side.

Anytime Billy & Jenny both had the day off, we three would spend it in my Livingroom. I would offer to make lunch and clear out to give them the space & privacy for a date only for one or both of them to insist I stay. Jenny always bent over backwards trying to make sure I felt welcome, included, & comfortable in her presence — never just slave labor for her party. Jenny's mom

They encouraged each other to manage their anxiety, face their fears, grow, try, and do new things together. It was magical watching them blossom together, seeing my son evolving into the man he was going to be, a man who wanted to love, protect, and care for Jenny above all else. Come what may! Just as I know she did for him. They had plans to travel and see the world together — starting with a honeymoon at Disneyland. It was Billy's Wedding Gift to his beautiful bride. Then Billy was keen to introduce Jenny to the joyous adventure of a cruise on the open Ocean while she was looking forward to showing him the art & architecture she fell in love with while living in Italy.

Billy wanted more than anything in the world to build a family with her. They were both eager to be parents one day, but first they were looking forward to getting to know each other as husband and wife. Billy was especially excited about learning how to live with a member of the opposite sex for the first time. I suppose his sister, Josie, and I just don't count.

Billy and Jenny were married on Saturday November 8, 2025, in the Portland, Oregon Temple. The following Monday I turned 50. It was an amazing weekend. It had been a tremendous amount of work, but it was worth it. To end one of the happiest weekends of my life we had a little Breakfast Birthday Party on Billy's insistence, before they went on their Honeymoon to Disneyland.

There was a second Wedding Reception two weeks later in Jenny's hometown Preston, Idaho. A joyous and exhausting experience. As the evening came to an end Billy told me, "I am so tired, Mom. I need to rest." They both hugged me goodbye and Billy promised to "See you soon!" Unfortunately, that was not meant to be. We left Idaho two days ahead of them. Billy & Jenny packed everything she owned into her Subaru Outback and hit the road ready to start their lives together on Monday November 24th, 2025.

Billy & Jenny called throughout the day to handle a minor crisis waiting for them in Oregon. The new apartment they planned to move into fell through, so Dennis & I were preparing for them to live with us for a while. An insanely busy 17 hour day was all it took. The last time we talked was about 8:30pm. Billy was taking his turn behind the wheel. We checked the weather, road conditions and how the kids were feeling. Both felt rested, wide awake and eager to get home. So joint decision was made to not stop for a hotel but continue driving. I will regret that decision for rest of my life. We were finally ready for them around 9pm.

My husband, Dennis, had been tracking them on his phone. The little dot stopped moving in the middle of nowhere Central Oregon. We tried calling them over, and over, and over. Nothing. Dennis checked the DOT website, Trip Check. Nothing. We tried the Highway Patrol. Nothing. Hours passed with no information, so he checked everything again only to see an accident where their little dot had been. So, we waited, prayed, and hoped beyond hope that what had obviously happened had not really happened. I was wrapped up in a nice warm blanket of denial that would all too soon give way to soul crushing grief and sorrow. My husband, daughter, and I were huddled together in the living room waiting for any news when it happened just like in the movies.

Two State Troopers knocked on my door. Before they could so much as introduce themselves, Dennis asked, "Are they okay?" A head shake NO was the only response. Two strangers had a staring roll in the worst moment of my life. Two strangers stood in my kitchen and tried to explain what had happened, but how do you explain the impossible.

An 18-wheel tractor trailer was jackknifed across both lanes of traffic; the cab was eastbound and appeared to be oncoming traffic in the proper lane. For reasons I cannot yet explain or understand the driver, Rajinder Kumar, of that 18-wheeler did not follow proper protocol. Mr. Kumar did not call 911. He did not notify Authorities that his trailer was across the entire road, effectively blocking thru traffic in both directions. He did not put out cones, flares, or warning of any kind not even his hazard lights. Any of these actions could have prevented the loss of life. Mr. Kumar had the warning equipment with him but chose not to warn traffic in either direction. I would very much like to know why.

We soon learned that there was a vehicle 10-15 minutes ahead of their Subaru. That other driver did call 911. Police were already on their way when Billy's cellphone contacted 911 to report a collision. We were told Mr. Kumar did not speak English or Spanish and was issued a non-domiciled CDL by California. I cannot help but ask did the Commercial Driving School he attended teach him what to do in an accident and he simply chose not to, or did they not teach him what to do in the first place?

My son and daughter-in-law were not the first American citizens to die because of California and other states like it handing out CDL's in violation of Federal Law. There are not even the most resent anymore. It is my understanding that a CDL is a Federal License with universal standards that include the ability to speak English and report an accident or injury to the appropriate authorities. That is NOT happening.

Individual States are handing out CDL's to drivers that leave their Licensing State forcing other states to clean up the mess – literally at crime scene, after crime scene, after crime scene. When will it stop? How much death and destruction is enough? If California wants to turn their Highways into a Live Action game of Russian Roulette that is their prerogative, I suppose, but they have no right to make that decision for the other 49 States in the Union.

Sanctuary City Laws have turned an awful experience into a wholesale nightmare. Rajinder Kumar entered this country near Lukeville, AZ in 2022. A shining example of Biden era Catch and Release Policy. Mr. Kumar obtained a CDL in California where the test is given in English or Spanish. Seeing as Mr. Kumar cannot speak, read, or write either, I am very confused as to how he took let alone passed the test on his own merit.

Mr. Kumar was arrested the night of the crash, November 24, 2025, on 2 Counts of Criminally Negligent Homicide and 3 counts of Reckless Endangerment for the family of three that was 10-15 minutes ahead of them. A grand jury increased the top charge to Manslaughter I & his bail was subsequently increased as well to \$500,000. No one mentioned that in Oregon \$500,000 does not mean \$500,000 in means \$50,000 flat. They do not require collateral, just 10% of the bail amount is due to be released. So Mr. Kumar was released on bail April 2, 2022.

Thus, the most confusing and frustrating part of our journey began. As you know, Sanctuary States and ICE do not, CANNOT coordinate or communicate in many circumstances. Getting information has a brutal up hill battle. Other than illegal immigrant criminals facing charges, who does this benefit?

How does it serve the American People to deport individuals facing serious Felony charges? The very least we owe our citizenry is the promise that if your life is taken on US soil, your country will pursue the responsible party in a court of law. An all expenses paid trip back to his wife and children in India does not feel like justice to me? Does it to you? Will it feel right when it is your son or daughter next time? At the rate we are going, it is not if it is when it happens again.

I am looking forward to the start of the Criminal trial on January 19, 2027, and would very much like to hear whatever Mr. Kumar has to say for himself. Newspapers have called him a murder. Deporting him without his day in court is not right or what our justice system promises. He deserves a chance to defend himself in a Court of Law.

