

clude mentoring and tutoring and college prep programming. It's the kind of initiative that fits right in with the goals of our "My Brother's Keeper" initiative to keep all of our young people out of trouble and give them the opportunity to stretch as far as their dreams will take them. And it builds on the work that Major League Baseball is already doing to lift up young people in communities like Compton and New Orleans and right here in Washington, DC.

So it's a tremendous commitment from a tremendous team. Congratulations, everybody. Good luck this year. We're proud of you. Ev-

erybody, give a big round of applause. San Francisco Giants. Hey!

NOTE: The President spoke at 2:25 p.m. in the East Room at the White House. In his remarks, he referred to Mayor Edwin M. Lee of San Francisco, CA; Monford M. "Monte" Irvin, former left fielder, New York Giants; and Willie H. Mays, Jr., former center fielder, Gerald D. "Buster" Posey, catcher, Matt Cain, Timothy L. Lincecum, Jeremy Affeldt, Javier Lopez, Sergio Romo, Santiago Casilla, Yusmeiro A. Petit, and Timothy A. Hudson, pitchers, Joseph M. Panik, second baseman, and Hunter A. Pence, outfielder, San Francisco Giants.

## The President's Weekly Address

*June 6, 2015*

Hi, everybody. One of the remarkable things about America is that nearly all of our families originally came from someplace else. We're a nation of immigrants. It's a source of our strength and something we all can take pride in. And this month, Immigrant Heritage Month, is a chance to share our American stories.

I think about my grandparents in Kansas, where they met and where my mom was born. Their family tree reaches back to England and Ireland and elsewhere. They lived and raised me by basic values: working hard, giving back, and treating others the way you want to be treated.

I think of growing up in Hawaii, a place enriched by people of different backgrounds: native Hawaiian, Filipino, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, and just about everything else. Growing up in that vibrant mix helped shape who I am today. And while my father was not an immigrant himself, my own life journey as an African American and the heritage shared by Michelle and our daughters, some of whose ancestors came here in chains, has made our family who we are.

This month, I'm inviting you to share your story too. Just visit [whitehouse.gov/new-americans](http://whitehouse.gov/new-americans). We want to hear how you or your family made it to America, whether you're an immi-

grant yourself or your great-great-grandparents were.

Of course, we can't just celebrate this heritage, we have to defend it by fixing our broken immigration system. Nearly 2 years ago, Democrats and Republicans in the Senate came together to do that. They passed a commonsense bill to secure our border, get rid of backlogs, and give undocumented immigrants who are already living here a pathway to citizenship if they paid a fine, paid their taxes, and went to the back of the line. But for nearly 2 years, Republican leaders in the House have refused to even allow a vote on it.

That's why, in the meantime, I'm going to keep doing everything I can to make our immigration system more just and more fair. Last fall, I took action to provide more resources for border security; focus enforcement on the real threats to our security; modernize the legal immigration system for workers, employers, and students; and bring more undocumented immigrants out of the shadows so they can get right with the law. Some folks are still fighting against these actions. I'm going to keep fighting for them. Because the law is on our side, it's the right thing to do, and it will make America stronger.

I want us to remember people like Ann Dermody from Alexandria, Virginia. She's originally

from Ireland and has lived in America legally for years. She worked hard, played by the rules, and dreamed of becoming a citizen. In March, her dream came true. And before taking the oath, she wrote me a letter. “The papers we receive . . . will not change our different accents [or] skin tones,” Ann said. “But for that day, at least, we’ll feel like we have arrived.”

Well, to Ann and immigrants like her who have come to our shores seeking a better life: Yes, you have arrived. And by sharing our sto-

ries and staying true to our heritage as a nation of immigrants, we can keep that dream alive for generations to come.

Thanks, and have a great weekend.

NOTE: The address was recorded at approximately 11:55 a.m. on June 5 in the Map Room at the White House for broadcast on June 6. The transcript was made available by the Office of the Press Secretary on June 5, but was embargoed for release until 6 a.m. on June 6.

## Eulogy at the Funeral Service for Joseph R. “Beau” Biden III in Wilmington, Delaware

*June 6, 2015*

“A man,” wrote an Irish poet, “is original when he speaks the truth that has always been known to all good men.” Beau Biden was an original. He was a good man, a man of character, a man who loved deeply and was loved in return.

Your Eminences, your Excellencies, General Odierno, distinguished guests; to Hallie, Natalie, and Hunter; to Hunter, Kathleen, Ashley, Howard; the rest of Beau’s beautiful family, friends, colleagues; to Jill and to Joe: We are here to grieve with you, but more importantly, we are here because we love you.

Without love, life can be cold and it can be cruel. Sometimes, cruelty is deliberate: the action of bullies or bigots or the inaction of those indifferent to another’s pain. But often, cruelty is simply born of life, a matter of fate or God’s will, beyond our mortal powers to comprehend. To suffer such faceless, seemingly random cruelty can harden the softest hearts or shrink the sturdiest. It can make one mean or bitter or full of self-pity. Or, to paraphrase an old proverb, it can make you beg for a lighter burden.

But if you’re strong enough, it can also make you ask God for broader shoulders, shoulders broad enough to bear not only your own burdens, but the burdens of others; shoulders broad enough to shield those who need shelter the most.

To know Beau Biden is to know which choice he made in his life. To know Joe and the rest of the Biden family is to understand why Beau lived the life he did. For Beau, a cruel twist of fate came early: the car accident that took his mom and his sister and confined Beau and Hunter, then still toddlers, to hospital beds at Christmastime.

But Beau was a Biden. And he learned early the Biden family rule: If you have to ask for help, it’s too late. It meant you were never alone; you don’t even have to ask, because someone is always there for you when you need them.

And so, after the accident, Aunt Valerie rushed in to care for the boys and remained to help raise them. Joe continued public service, but shunned the parlor games of Washington, choosing instead the daily commute home, maintained for decades, that would let him meet his most cherished duty: to see his kids off to school, to kiss them at night, to let them know that the world was stable and that there was firm ground under their feet.

As Joe himself confessed to me, he did not just do this because the kids needed him, he did it because he needed those kids. And somehow, Beau sensed that: how understandably and deeply hurt his family and his father was. And so rather than use his childhood trauma as justification for a life of self-pity or self-centeredness, that very young boy made a very