

TO THE ONES WHO CAME FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE

August 19, 2026 | Blueprint HOPE



A Love Letter to Immigrants

To the ones who came from somewhere else—

carrying a suitcase,
a language,
a recipe,
a prayer,
a photograph,
a memory of home.

To the ones who crossed oceans, borders, deserts, and generations.

To the ones who came with papers.

And the ones who didn't.

To the ones who arrived by plane, by boat, by bus, by foot—

and somehow found the courage
to begin again.

This is for you.

A Personal Note

I write this with a little of the world woven into me, too.

I spent parts of my childhood and adult life living in different countries and cultures, and those experiences shaped the way I understand home, belonging, and the richness we gain from one another.

I've known what it's like to be the person from somewhere else.

To encounter different languages, customs, foods, beliefs, and ways of living—and discover that *different* doesn't mean *less than*.

If anything, those experiences taught me just how much we have to learn from one another.

You Carried More Than Anyone Could See

You carried the place you came from.

 Its music

 Its food

 Its stories

 Its traditions

 Its people

Some of you came seeking opportunity.

Some came seeking safety.

Some followed family.

Some followed love.

Some simply followed the possibility
that somewhere beyond the horizon
there might be room for another life.

And then—

you built one.



Learning to Belong Somewhere New

New streets.

New customs.

New systems.

Maybe a new language.

You learned to pronounce unfamiliar words
while people stumbled over your name.

You learned how to navigate a culture
that sometimes welcomed you—

and sometimes reminded you
that you were different.

And still, you showed up.

You worked.

You built.

You taught.

You healed.

You created.

You served.

You raised families.

You brought pieces of somewhere else
and quietly wove them into here.

And over time—

here changed because you came.

America Has Never Been One Story

It has never been one culture.

One language.

One faith.

One ancestry.

It is millions of stories crossing paths.

Some beautiful.

Some painful.

Some freely chosen.

Some shaped by forces beyond our control.

And woven throughout those stories
are people who came from somewhere else—

bringing courage, labor, imagination, tradition, and hope.

You Don't Have to Forget to Belong

Keep the recipes.

Keep the music.

Keep the stories.

Keep the language.

Tell your children where you came from.

Tell them what was carried.
Tell them what was lost.
Tell them what survived.

Belonging doesn't require forgetting.

Maybe that's part of what makes us richer.

We carry pieces of many worlds with us.

 There Is Room at the Table

Blueprint HOPE isn't asking us
to have the same story.

Or the same beliefs.

Or the same way of seeing the world.

It's asking us to remember the human being underneath all of it.

Someone who wants safety.

Someone who wants dignity.

Someone who wants meaningful work.

Someone who wants their children to thrive.

Someone who wants a place where they can finally exhale and say:

I am home.

So to the immigrants—

the newcomers and the ones who have been here for generations,

the documented and undocumented,

the ones who chose to leave
and the ones who had little choice,

the ones who still ache for home
and the ones who have finally found it—

I see you.

I honor what you carried.

I honor what you left behind.

I honor what you've built.

And wherever this journey has taken you,

I hope you find a place where someone pulls out a chair and says:

Come sit with us.

There is room at this table.

 **Soundtrack for the Soul:**

[There is Room at the Table](#) | *Carrie Newcomer*

With love and welcome,

Brenda

Brenda Jean Bullis

Founder, Blueprint HOPE

Continue the journey:

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 **[Beautiful World](#) by Michael Bolton**