

In short, we must do everything in our power to compensate our guardsmen and reservists for their unprecedented sacrifice.

INTRODUCING CASSANDRA TAMEZ'S ESSAY INTO THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

HON. RON PAUL

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, April 22, 2004

Mr. PAUL. Mr. Speaker, I am pleased to enter into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD the following essay by Miss Cassandra Tamez, a high school student who resides in my Congressional district. Miss Tamez's essay, entitled "My Commitment to America's Future," earned her a Voice of Democracy Scholarship award from the Veterans of Foreign Wars. I am very proud of Miss Tamez's efforts and I wish her well in her future endeavors.

"MY COMMITMENT TO AMERICA'S FUTURE"

(By Cassandra Tamez)

When I think of the word "commitment," an image of my school's athletic teams pops into my mind. I think of what the coaches used to say during their pep talks before a game. "There's no question about it, we're going to win tonight. I have seen the effort put in by this team . . . We have determination; we have dedication; and we have commitment." My teammates and I would get really "pumped up." We were ready to go out there and win. Looking back now, though, I do not think that as individuals we were truly committed, because commitment is not merely an effort for one game but for every practice and every game.

I think commitment is doing something, whether you have the ability to or not, and sticking with it. Commitment is following through every single day. Commitment is focusing solely on the one thing that you commit yourself to. Commitment is binding yourself to something. It is a pledge.

So with all this in mind I ask myself, what is my commitment to America's future? Should I recycle or join a beautification committee to preserve America? Should I donate money to foundations that help kids? Or perhaps I could pledge my time to hospitals or nursing homes to help the sick people of America . . .

Most people would probably think that my efforts in any of these would make little difference. After all, I am only one person, a speck of sand on a beach.

Recycling . . . Yes, collecting cans and glass bottles would be a Tremendous help. My mother recycles. I went with her one day to help her put all our old newspapers in the recycling bin. I started thinking. How many people are there in the world, billions? Out of all these people, how many recycle? I laughed to myself, probably not that many. My mom was definitely wasting her time.

Donating money . . . I am not rich. How could the amount of money that I give even help one person with cancer or in need of help? I have seen programs on T.V. that talk about saving the life of a child by just donating 88 cents a day. Then I began thinking about how much it costs for me to eat for just one day. I estimated that my food alone costs eight to fifteen dollars. How could a child survive on 88 cents a day? Is it possible?

Pledging my time . . . I used to do volunteer work in a nursing home. I would go there every day during the summer and try and help out however I could. However, I re-

member this one day that something really horrible happened. I was walking down the hall when all of a sudden this lady started screaming. I looked around, waiting for someone to come running and help her. I waited for about ten seconds, but no one came. I ran towards the nurses' station to see if anyone was on their way. Three of them were just standing there. I knew they could hear the woman screaming . . . I wanted to tell them something, but was it my place? I returned to the woman screaming instead. As soon as I walked in the room she said, "Help me, Honey. Please, it's my leg. I need to move it." I moved forward to help her, but then I hesitated. What if her legs were not supposed to be moved? Could I hurt her if I moved them? By this time I was getting frantic. I told her I would go get someone to help and ran out. I took five steps out the door, and a nurse was standing there, calmly writing on a piece of paper. "Um, I think that lady needs some help", I told her. She looked up in annoyance and shouted to another nurse that she needed something for "The Screamer." I stood there for a moment in shock. They acted as if this woman were just a nuisance. At that moment I felt hatred; clearly that woman was in pain. I did not know what was wrong with her, and I could not help her. There was no point in my being there.

Taking all of my experiences into consideration, I think this is exactly how many other people think; they feel helpless and insignificant. They feel too small to make any real difference in the world. And then I came across this poem by Edward Everette Hale. He said,

I am only one,
But still I am one.
I cannot do everything
But still I can do something.
And because I cannot do everything
I will not refuse to do
The something that I can do.

I have to admit that this poem has inspired me. Because even though I am but one speck of sand on a beach, I know that I am a solid and firm speck, and that there are other specs like me that compose the sand. I am one of many who may carry the optimistic attitude of commitment to America. Once again, I think back to my efforts of recycling, donating money, and pledging my time, and realize that they were not futile efforts at all. When I recycled, I know it was probably only thirty newspapers out of trillions in the world, but what if I recycled once a month? That would be 360 newspapers a year for a lifetime. I might save a beautiful tree or even more. As for donating money, well 88 cents a day from me might not feed a child, but if only nine more people in my state donate 88 cents, then that child has a total of \$8.80, my estimate of money needed for a day. Now, as far as pledging my time goes, I do not think my time spent in the nursing home was a complete waste. I did help one patient who was in pain.

So once again, what is my commitment to America's future? My commitment is to "play to my strengths." My commitment is to do my best. Like the patriotic commercials on television say, "We, the children, are America's future," and every bit we can do helps.

TRIBUTE TO VIOLA PITTS

HON. MARTIN FROST

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, April 22, 2004

Mr. FROST. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commemorate the late Viola Pitts, an African

American leader who made a tremendous impact in the lives of many throughout the North Texas community.

Mrs. Viola Pitts, a native born Texan, spent the vast majority of her life in the heart of Como, a historically black neighborhood in west Fort Worth. Her vigorous efforts to strengthen the voter turn out amongst African Americans, earned her the title of "unofficial mayor of Como." Mrs. Pitts' determination, tenacity and honesty earned her the respect of many top elected public officials in North Texas.

Mrs. Pitts, who was never afraid to confront an issue, worked tirelessly to ensure that the Como community received proper funding for their community center, elementary school, and neighborhood streets. Her selfless contribution to the Como area were recognized and honored in 2000, when Tarrant County officials renamed the new medical clinic to JPS Health Center—Viola M. Pitts/Como.

Mrs. Viola Pitts was truly a civic minded individual who helped make the Fort Worth community a better place to live by simply being active and involved. Hopefully, through her memory we can all continue to draw on these same personal qualities that so many of us have come to respect and admire.

Mr. Speaker, I honor Mrs. Viola Pitts for her lifelong contributions and commitment to the residents of the Fort Worth community.

HONORING SELMA F. BARTLETT

HON. JON C. PORTER

OF NEVADA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, April 22, 2004

Mr. PORTER. Mr. Speaker, it is with great pleasure that I stand here today and honor an individual that has been dedicated to her community for over 50 years. Selma F. Bartlett has been a resident of Henderson Nevada since 1954, when she began working as a banker. In 1958 Selma became one of Nevada's first female bank officers, in which she served in many capacities.

Selma Bartlett has given of her time freely and without reserve to the many business and civic organizations surrounding her in Southern Nevada. She has helped Henderson, Nevada to become what it is today through her service and dedication to the people there. Through continually striving for the progress, success, and growth of Henderson through her support of educational needs within the community, she has been able to win many friends and the respect that only those like her can achieve. Her example will be a lasting one in which all will be able to look to for the future. Children will have the opportunity to attend a school named after Selma in which her example will be a lasting impression upon those that attend the school.

Mr. Speaker, I congratulate Selma Bartlett on her successes and on her dedication to her fellow neighbors and colleagues. I know that she will continue to give to those in her community and I sincerely hope that those around her will see her as an example and learn from her teachings.