

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

TRIBUTE TO DANNIE STEPHENS

HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize and congratulate Dannie Stephens of Creston, Iowa, for his induction into the Creston High School Hall of Fame.

Dannie attended Creston High School in the late 1960s and was a varsity letterman, qualifying for the state wrestling tournament in 1968. Dannie began his teaching career in 1974, and in 1980 he returned to Creston to teach and coach wrestling. Dannie has had a lasting impact on his students both in the classroom and in the gym, challenging and encouraging students to do their best and dream big. He is recognized throughout the community as a teacher who was, and continues to be, committed to making a difference in each of his students' lives.

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to represent Dannie in the United States Congress and to have the opportunity to recognize him today. I ask that all of my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives join me in congratulating Dannie for his achievements and in wishing him nothing but continued success.

RECOGNIZING THE FAIRFAX COUNTY REDEVELOPMENT AND HOUSING AUTHORITY ON ITS 50TH ANNIVERSARY

HON. GERALD E. CONNOLLY

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CONNOLLY. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the Fairfax County Redevelopment and Housing Authority (FCRHA) on the occasion of its 50th anniversary.

Since 1966 the FCRHA has served the residents of Fairfax County by working to ensure that affordable housing is available to all who qualify. While this is admittedly a tall order and has only become more difficult over time, the FCRHA and the County's Department of Housing and Community Development have worked tirelessly to accomplish this laudable goal. In addition to their efforts to preserve and increase availability of affordable and workforce housing, the FCRHA and the HCD also oversee the community revitalization plans adopted by Fairfax County.

As a former member and Chairman of the Fairfax County Board of Supervisors, I can attest firsthand to the importance of the work carried out by both of these organizations. During my time as Chairman of the Board, I was proud to work with the FCRHA to preserve over 1,000 affordable housing units in Fairfax County. Despite the economic prosperity we have experienced in Fairfax, we cannot

allow this to obscure the very real fact that there are thousands in our community who still struggle to put a roof over their heads. Fortunately, that same prosperity has enabled the County to help ensure that all of its residents have access to safe and affordable housing.

Since its founding, the FCRHA has grown from owning less than 250 affordable housing units in 1972 to over 3,000 units in 2016. In addition, FCRHA administers more than 3,500 Housing Choice Vouchers, serving nearly 20,000 Fairfax County residents and has provided in excess of \$500 million in bonds for both for-profit and non-profit housing developers.

Its efforts have not gone unnoticed. In 2012, the Department of Housing and Urban Development designated the FCRHA as a "Moving-to-Work" agency in recognition of its efforts in the field of affordable housing. This is due in no small part to the leadership of its Chairman, Robert "Bob" Schwaninger. I commend him for that leadership and congratulate him on the success of FCRHA.

Mr. Speaker, Fairfax County remains one of the best places in the country in which to live, work and raise a family. It has retained that distinction due in large part to the high quality of life enjoyed by all of its residents. What has always struck me about this community, and what I have always considered a key metric of civic health, is the degree to which this community gives back to those who are less fortunate. The commitment and effort to end homelessness and provide affordable and workforce housing options is just one examples of the generous spirit of Fairfax County, its employees, volunteers, and residents.

I ask my colleagues to join me in thanking the FCRHA for its important work, in congratulating it on its 50th anniversary, and in wishing the organization great success in all future endeavors.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AFFECTED BY THE NATIONAL OPIOID EPIDEMIC

HON. ANN M. KUSTER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal stories of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire I have learned so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehen-

sive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington and I am proud to preserve their stories.

JAMES R. MASCIAANTONIO, JR.—INDIAN SHORES, FLORIDA

James R. Masciantonio, Jr. (Jim) was born November 27, 1984. He was beautiful inside and out and a true gentleman. Jim was kind, loving, intelligent, and could always make me laugh with his witty sense of humor and contagious laughter.

Jim was first put in ice skates at the age of three, and he went on to play ice hockey all through high school. Jim excelled at everything he tried. He had an unbelievable ability to totally recall life events, movie quotes, and sport statistics—he was a walking encyclopedia. Jim also had a true gift of writing narratives and an imagination to write creatively. He was later given the opportunity to conduct interviews for the cagejunkies.com, which reports on MMA and UFC News; this job was a true highlight in Jim's life.

Unfortunately, Jim had the dreadful disease of addiction, coupled with bipolar disorder. Jim first started using marijuana at the age of 11 and graduated to heroin by 17. He finally found recovery in 2009, at the age of 26, and was dedicated to the program. Soon after, Jim fell in love and fathered a child in May of 2010. He was a proud, dedicated, wonderful, and loving father—filled with goals and dreams for his son.

In February 2011, Jim needed to have surgery. In the following months, Jim's recovery slowly became no longer a priority, due to dealing with stresses caused by pain from his surgery, demands of work, and family life. By December 2011, his girlfriend requested for him to leave their home—separating Jim from his son. From that day Jim was heartbroken, defeated, and lost, as he struggled to get back on the path to recovery. There were countless hurdles and obstacles he had to overcome and, like the warrior he was, he tried his hardest.

The system failed Jim repeatedly. From the time he was 18, Jim was in over 35 treatment centers. The Florida County Drug Court, created to give my son an opportunity for recovery, ended up making his life worse. On February 24, 2015, Jim suffered his first overdose on heroin. The paramedics worked on him for an hour, finally taking him to a Florida hospital that allowed him to leave against medical advice (AMA) after an hour of being there. His family was never contacted or told about this incident. Three days later, on February 27th, Jim was found alone in a motel after injecting heroin but this time the heroin was laced with fentanyl. Jim was clean and sober for six months prior to these incidents.

MILES ANTHONY MCENTEE—AUSTIN, TEXAS

Miles was everything a parent could ask for in a son. He was sensitive and caring. He loved animals and they loved him. He enjoyed music and fishing; particularly ice fishing with his dad and stepmom. He was a passionate skateboarder and was very good at it. Miles was close to his cousins and younger sister, Taylor.

• This "bullet" symbol identifies statements or insertions which are not spoken by a Member of the Senate on the floor.

Matter set in this typeface indicates words inserted or appended, rather than spoken, by a Member of the House on the floor.

While in high school, Miles experienced serious pain, which stemmed from breaking the scaphoid bone in his wrist. He celebrated his 21st birthday in a hospital bed, recovering from surgery. Even after three surgical procedures, Miles still had considerable pain and very limited range of motion in his wrist. Miles started a "Go Fund Me" campaign to raise money for physical therapy and to hopefully see another doctor but it never happened; he was all out of money.

Miles then discovered a cheap alternative for his pain relief, black tar heroin, and soon the pain didn't matter anymore. Things got out of hand very quickly. Miles lost jobs, wrecked his car and moved into the dining room of his mother's one bedroom apartment. His mother knew that as long as he was under her roof, she knew he was safe. His mother spent countless sleepless nights worrying about him riding his bike or skateboarding home from work in the middle of the night.

As she looks back over the year or so he lived with her, things were mostly wonderful. We were very close. We had a similar sense of humor and shared many laughs. He was my best friend and always did his best to make sure his mama was okay. He made sure I had food everyday. Many nights, Miles would bring home pizza on the bus after his shift working at a pizza parlor: We would talk, eat and laugh. We loved watching storms together—Miles dreamed of being a meteorologist, something he was never able to become due to his addiction.

In a very short time Miles became addicted. He told his mother he wanted to stop using because of the challenges that came with it and many of his friends were dying. They did not have the money to get him into treatment.

After a while, things seemed to be getting better for Miles. He moved into an apartment with his sister. She was not aware he was using heroin. On the morning of June 2, 2015, Miles' sister woke up and found Miles in his room. He was already gone. Just 18 days before his 25th birthday.

LAWRENCE (LARRY) MCNEILL—NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Larry McNeill was amazing, charming, funny, popular and a extremely talented drummer. Larry was very close with his twin sister. They planned out their lives together. When they were very little and said their prayers at night, they used to ask God if they could "go to heaven at the same time" because they couldn't stand the thought of either one of them having to live without the other.

Larry's sister received a phone call the night Larry overdosed and was told that he wasn't going to make it. When Larry died, a big part of her died with him. All of their hopes, their dreams; she had lost her best friend. Larry struggled with drugs for many years but it was their family secret. They had nowhere to go to for help and didn't know what to do. They lived in fear—knowing that Larry was going to die and there wasn't anything they could do about it.

Larry had a son, (he was one year old when Larry died) who was then adopted and raised by his sister. At the age of fourteen, his son started smoking weed and couldn't stop. Larry's sister wasn't going to let this happen again. She was able to get help and he went into a residential treatment program. Today he is clean and sober and Larry's sister is proud of him.

Because of everything that the Popper family had been through, Larry's sister shares his story with as many families as possible—they need to know that they are not alone in this. Families need to know that they can get help for their loved ones

who are struggling with this disease. Larry's sister works in advertising and has created anti-drug commercials for ONDCP and The Partnership for Drug Free Kids. She has also been a Parent Coach for the Partnership, helping families that call their hotline. She wants to do whatever she can to ensure that no family goes through what her family did.

BRIAN MENDELL—NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Brian was a loving child, full of smiles and light. Like so many children, as he entered his teenage years, Brian tried marijuana. And like far too many, this led to experimentation with drugs to which he became addicted. For almost ten years, Brian battled the disease of addiction and struggled through its cycle of shame, isolation and failure. During that same time, Brian's father and family were also fighting to navigate the complex and confusing web of treatment programs and therapies. If you know someone who has struggled with addiction, you know all too well the pain and anguish of watching a loved one in the clutches of this disease.

Through it all, Brian remained loving and compassionate, and expressed that no one should have to suffer through this devastating disease. During a visit home in the summer of 2011, Brian and his father were sitting on the back porch one night when Brian spoke about the stigma of addiction and the shame he felt:

Dad, 300 years ago they burned women on stakes in Salem, Massachusetts because they thought they were witches. Later they learned they weren't and stopped. Someday, people will realize that I have a disease and that I am trying my hardest.

This turned out to be Brian's last visit home. Four months later, in the middle of the night on October 20, 2011, Brian's father got the call that is every parent's worst nightmare. Brian was dead.

Brian's passing was, and continues to be, excruciatingly painful for his father. Perhaps just as tragic is the fact that it was not just the physical addiction that claimed Brian's life, but also the shame that Brian felt every morning when he opened his eyes and felt the weight of this disease. That same shame led Brian to wake up that morning in October, research suicide notes online, light a candle and take his own life. He died alone.

Brian died of a disease that afflicts more than 22 million Americans every day, as well as tens of millions of family members that love them. That's one quarter of American families. Over 370 people die every day from addiction related causes, shattering countless lives. Like Brian, the majority of those with substance abuse disorder (nearly 8 out of 10) develop this disease before they turn 18 while their brains are still developing. We, as a society, are not protecting our children when they are most vulnerable to becoming addicted and unable to protect themselves. Evidence-based methodologies exist that could have saved Brian and countless others like him, but they are not being implemented in our communities and schools.

Addiction should be treated like the chronic disease it is. Communities should be offering evidence-based and tangible resources for prevention, treatment and recovery. As a society, we need to foster tolerance and compassion, and dismantle the discrimination and judgment associated with this devastating disease.

ZACHARY (ZACH) MORGAN—PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Zachary (Zach) Morgan struggled with drug addiction, went through rehabilitation, relapsed after a period of sobriety, continued to battle his addiction, and ultimately lost his life in a drug-related shooting in 2009. He is more than just one of the 129 people who are losing their lives to this epidemic.

Zach was the oldest of three siblings. He always seemed to be saving or hugging just about everyone. Zach took his "cool older brother" persona into high school too. He was a member of the National Honor Society, active in youth group, a community volunteer, and a lifeguard. He swam and played football, basketball and golf. Zach was someone people felt they could talk to because he was understanding and compassionate. He always had a big grin, an open mind and the best hugs.

In high school, Zach became friends with a group of kids who he thought would relieve him of the "good kid" labels. At 15, this group of friends introduced Zach to marijuana. Despite our open household and the ease of conversation within our family, Zach began to use marijuana more frequently, which led him to become closed off and secretive. After Zach was arrested for drug possession at the age of 16, his parents decided to place him into rehabilitation at 17 and moved him to a different high school. This transition was difficult for the entire family. At home, Zach found himself in a new family dynamic and at school, he had new friends, new classes, and new dress codes.

As Zach's addiction hung over his family, they decided it would be best to move to Arizona for a fresh start. Around the time of the big move, Zach began to spend time with the same group of friends that had gotten him into trouble in the first place. He started using drugs again, and his drug use followed to Arizona.

After a combination of several police visits, calls from the high school and strange visitors—my brother left our home and dropped out of high school before graduation. He moved to Flagstaff, which is well-known in Arizona for its drug scene. On December 23, 2009, Zach was shot and killed by a fellow heroin user. His entire family was shattered and in the midst of their grief, they had to go through the grueling process of a trial against Zach's murderer. Zach was only 21 years old.

ADAM J. NOLAN—CHARDON, OHIO

Adam J. Nolan, whom was raised by his grandmother, Carole, passed away on November 17, 2012, from a heroin overdose. Adam would have been 20 years old the following month. Adam was a very talented musician and artist. He could make friends with anyone and was very well liked among his peers. Adam was an absolute joy to be around when he was not using heroin.

Adam had been in treatment many times and participated in various Intensive Outpatient Programs (IOPs); he received just about every kind of treatment that was available at the time. After being out of jail for almost three weeks, Adam tried hard not to respond to the calling of the drug but, in the end, it was too much for him to resist.

On November 17th, Carole received a call from the local hospital saying that Adam had been taken there. When she arrived at the hospital, Carole found out that Adam was already dead; he died in another heroin user's house after falling asleep in a chair.

The day Adam died he had come home for a shower and Carole took him back to the house he was staying at. Before she dropped him off, Adam told her he wished he could go around to schools and tell kids: "Do not take heroin, not even one time; as it is the worst thing in the world. It hooks you in even the first time." When Carole dropped him off, she told Adam that she loved him; two hours later Adam was gone. He never got the opportunity to tell his story, but maybe his death can be used to stop someone who is thinking of trying heroin for the first time.

Adam was very much loved and is greatly missed.

CORA MARIE O'LEARY—PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND

Cora Marie O'Leary was born on October 5, 1994. She was her parents second child and first daughter. Growing up, Cora was so fun. She was spunky and never wanted to be like the "in" crowd; she danced to her own beat. We knew early on she would be special. Cora learned the love of reading, along with her brother, as I read to them every night before bed. Her love of reading became something very special between her and I. One of my favorite memories is when we went to one of Jodi Picoult's readings, met her, and got her autograph. Cora would barely study or do homework, yet still aced tests and classes.

Cora was 16 the first time she tried heroin. Cora started to seclude herself from everyone and everything, well before she even dropped out of school. She then attempted suicide in her high school's gym locker room with her best friend. From that point on, the bullying started. People made fun of her for trying to take her life and as a result she started to self harm, and cut herself. This led to more bullying. When she was younger, Cora was a cheerleader and a dancer. Cora quit dance when she was young because she wanted to spend more time with friends. Cora eventually went to an all star gym for maybe a week, only to quit when she felt secluded because she "wore too much eyeliner" and was "too goth".

Cora left Rhode Island to enter a treatment center in Florida and moving in with her grandparents afterward. Cora later moved back to Rhode Island and moved in with a new boyfriend; one who tried everything he could to help keep her sober and off of heroin.

Cora found a way out to get the drugs while her boyfriend was at work, causing fights with her boyfriend, who was trying to help her. Cora then moved in with her aunt and got a job—only to use when she got her first paycheck. She had been back Rhode Island for only 52 days. On the night of Friday, August 5, 2016, Cora was to go out with her friend. As the friend sat in the driveway waiting for Cora, she called me in a panic because Cora wouldn't answer the door or her phone and everything was locked to the house. Everyone was afraid to call 911, because if Cora wasn't using again she would be mad that we didn't trust her.

Cora was found by her cousin in the upstairs bathroom of her aunt's house. The safest place she could possibly be. He called 911. Even Narcan didn't work this time as it had eight times before. She became one of the 129 on August 5, 2016. Our lives are forever changed.

KENT EDWARDS—PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Kent Edwards, 18 years old, died of an accidental prescription drug overdose in 2003. One night during his sophomore year of high school, Kent called his mother to say that he was out with some friends and wasn't coming home that night. He was calling because he didn't want to worry his mother, but when they hung up she knew something was wrong. Kent's mother waited for him when he came home at 6:00 a.m.

Life changed for the Kent's family that morning. Kent went to the doctor and tested positive for substances. His family restricted and monitored Kent's activities. They made a lot of changes that next year and Kent adjusted fairly well. He transferred schools and graduated with ease. Kent got a job he loved and spent time with his friends and family. His family thought they had dodged the bullet—Kent didn't want to be addicted to drugs so they mistakenly thought they were in the clear. It seemed that all was well, but Kent's family didn't know any better.

Before Kent turned 18, he was scheduled to have his wisdom teeth removed. His mother

filled the prescription before his surgery. As she was looking at the bottles, she noticed that one of them had fewer pills in it than the other. When she confronted Kent about it he admitted to having taken some.

She asked Kent why and his answer was chilling. He asked his mother to think about a time in her life when she had felt "Great"—"The Best." When she nodded Kent said, "The first time you get high, it's better than that. It feels so good that you want to feel that way again—only it's physically, chemically impossible." He explained how the drugs alter your brain chemistry and why people take more and increase their frequency of use in an attempt to get back to the feeling of that first high.

On a Monday in September, 2003, there was a knock on the Kent's family's door and soon they heard the words: "Your son has died."

Kent and two other kids crushed some Oxycontin and washed them down with beer. Kent got sleepy and the other two left. As Kent slept, the drug slowed his respiratory system down until it stopped completely. His roommate found him the next day—already gone.

DYLAN BRADLEY PEARSON—SAINT FRANCIS, MINNESOTA

On March 11, 2013, Dylan's mother found out that her only child was using heroin at the age of 18. By the time she found out, heroin had already gotten ahold of him. Over the next year, Dylan was charged with two felonies related to his addiction. He was admitted to three different treatment centers. In May of 2014, while Dylan was staying in a treatment center that he had been furloughed to, Dylan's mother received a phone call from one of his friends saying that Dylan had overdosed and was in the ER. Not knowing whether Dylan was alive or dead made the drive to the ER one of the worst drives in her life. Luckily Dylan survived, but 36 hours after being admitted to the hospital, he was sent to jail for 30 days.

When Dylan was released from jail, he began the same routine of using. Dylan's family tried to help him and keep him at home but there was nothing they could do. They were so desperate that at one point they took turns sitting in front of his room, but when his mother got up for a second, Dylan sprinted out the back door. They were helpless. His parents never gave Dylan money but they let him live at home. Dylan's mother talked to him every single day about his addiction and told him much she loved him. Dylan didn't want to live the life he was leading but he didn't know how to stop.

In October of 2014, Dylan agreed to go to a treatment center. The moment he arrived, Dylan didn't want to be there anymore. When he walked out of the center, Dylan's mother refused to bring him home. So Dylan partied for a few days in a hotel with some other kids that had been kicked out of the treatment center for using. Dylan then went to a halfway house and waited there while he tried to get into another treatment facility. Dylan received his completion certificate from this treatment center on January 17, 2015, and was 90 days clean.

Dylan tried so hard to stay clean but within a week of being home, he stumbled again. Dylan went to court and was going to be put on probation. Things seemed like they were going to be okay. On the afternoon of January 30th, Dylan's friend called because he needed to get rid of the rest of his dope before he went into treatment. Dylan's mother could tell Dylan was high when she got home from work, but he hung out with her all night and they had fun. Dylan seemed fine when she told him she loved him and went to bed after midnight.

Dylan went to bed and never woke up. He died on January 31st, 2015. In his bed. In his parent's house. His parent's worst nightmare came true—their only child was dead.

Dylan's mother doesn't remember much about that day, but she does know that her life will never be the same. Every day when she walks into her house, she sees Dylan's shoes sitting on the floor where he kicked them off and his jacket draped across the banister where he left it. They will never have another one of our midnight snacks. Dylan will never have the chance to get married, have kids, travel, and do all of the things that a 19 year old should be experiencing.

Dylan was quiet, but when he did talk, he was funny. He was a good athlete, loyal, handsome and genuine. Dylan and his mother always knew what the other was thinking and we talked—good talks—all the time. Near the end of his life, his mother sent him what seemed like thousands of texts just making sure that he was ok.

Dylan's mother keeps thinking that she will wake up and all of this will have been a dream. She cannot put into words the pain that this loss has caused her family. Today, her mission is to help change the system that we currently have. This epidemic has killed too many young men and women. Let's do all we can to help people with substance use disorder access the treatment they need, break the stigma surrounding addiction, and make some real change.

HONORING BATTALION CHIEF
MICHAEL WINK

HON. MIKE THOMPSON

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. THOMPSON of California. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor CalFire Battalion Chief Michael Wink, whom I have named a 2016 Public Safety Hero of the Year for Lake County in California's 5th Congressional District. This award is given to exceptional members of our community who perform beyond their duty as a public servant.

A native of our Napa Valley, Battalion Chief Wink attended the Santa Rosa Junior College Firefighter Academy and served as Academy Class Leader. He then attended the CalFire Academy and began working on assignments across the state. In addition, Battalion Chief Wink is a certified Emergency Medical Technician and has earned numerous technological and incident management certifications. Battalion Chief Wink currently serves as a CalFire Battalion Chief for Lake County.

Our community knows firsthand the value of Battalion Chief Wink's leadership. During the Clayton and Valley Fires, Battalion Chief Wink led a large team and acted quickly to help protect our community. His leadership undoubtedly limited the damage sustained by our Lake County community during those devastating fires.

Mr. Speaker, I thank Battalion Chief Wink for his dedication to our community's safety. For this reason, it is fitting and proper that I honor him here today.

HONORING THE 5TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE NATIONAL ALLIANCE
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF HAI-
TIAN PROFESSIONALS

HON. FREDERICA S. WILSON

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. WILSON of Florida. Mr. Speaker, from the 24th District of the great state of Florida, I rise to mark the fifth anniversary of the National Alliance for the Advancement of Haitian Professionals (NAAHP) and to honor its years of service to the Haitian-American community and our nation.

NAAHP was founded in 2008 as the National Association of Haitian Professionals (NAHP) by a group of ambitious college students to connect Haitian professionals and build ladders of opportunity for the Haitian diaspora domestically and abroad. In 2015, NAHP officially became the National Alliance for the Advancement of Haitian Professionals to reflect the organization's growth and pursuit of new initiatives since its launch in 2011.

In the past five years, NAAHP has become one of the leading associations for Haitian professionals and also an advocate on issues affecting the global Haitian community.

NAAHP has hosted many conferences around the world to engage the Haitian diaspora, recognized influential Haitian leaders, awarded scholarships to students of Haitian descent, launched the Network After Work Social Hour Series, and offered year-round college readiness programs through its College Readiness Access & Retention Institute.

NAAHP has led the Haitian diaspora in confronting a number of issues affecting Haitians abroad. Since 2015, it has been one of the foremost advocates fighting the denaturalization of Dominicans of Haitian descent. In response to Haiti's derailed 2015 presidential elections, NAAHP proposed several solutions which were adopted and helped to mitigate the political crisis.

Every year, the NAAHP conference gathers Haitians from around the world to highlight the Haitian diaspora's success, network, and share solutions to address Haiti's challenges. I am so pleased that the NAAHP decided to convene in Washington, D.C., for its fifth annual conference. As the Member of Congress representing the Congressional District with the largest population of Haitians, it gives me great pleasure to welcome NAAHP and the diaspora to Washington.

This year's honorees include Congresswoman MIA LOVE (UT-4), Washington D.C. Attorney General Karl Racine, National Urban League president Marc Morial, entrepreneur Leanna Archer, and renowned architect Rodney Leon.

I personally thank Robert Raben, Cleve Mesidor, and Donald Gatlin from the Raben Group, Suze Francois, Albert DeCady, Ambassador Paul Altidor, Naomie Pierre-Louis, Ariel Dominique, and everyone at the Embassy of the Republic of Haiti, 1 Click, Off the Ground Solutions, Haiti Renewal Alliance, and Azure College for their unwavering support of NAAHP.

I commend the NAAHP leadership team for their commitment, dedication, and excellence.

The executive management team includes Serge Renaud (president), Marie Myka Texas,

Samuel Charles, Vladimir "Vlad" Gilbert, Regine Albin, Ketsia Saint-Armand, Victoria Winslow, Kathy W. Elisca Clermont, Widline Luctama, Tracy Vertus, Kristia M. Beaubrun, Claslyne Doris Jean Pierre, Verlene Julceus, and Malika Raquel Bernard.

The Board of Directors consists of Dr. Wilkerson Compere (chairman), Samuel Charles, Mackendy Elmera, Serge Renaud, Dr. Cledicianne Dorvil, and Anide Jean.

The Advisory Board is co-chaired by Dr. Marjorie Pierre Brennan and Miche Jean, and includes Nathalie Liautaud, Bruno Surpris, Dr. C. Reynold Verret, Dr. Paul A. Belony, Ambassador Danielle Saint-Lot, Jaques M. Jean, Brigitte Rousseau, Adler C. Eliacin, and Harold Charles.

The Scholarship Committee is led by co-chairs Dr. Marjorie P. Brennan and Jacques Medina Jean, and includes Widline Luctama, Regine Albin, Bruno Surpris, and Miche Jean.

The Advocacy Committee is under the leadership of the Honorable Judge Lionel Jean-Baptiste, Joanne Antoine, and Cassandre Theano.

Mr. Speaker, I urge you, my colleagues in Congress, and all Americans to please join me in honoring the National Alliance for the Advancement of Haitian Professionals on their fifth anniversary and for hosting this year's conference in our nation's capital.

RECOGNIZING THE WORK OF MR.
BUTCH RAMIREZ

HON. HENRY CUELLAR

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CUELLAR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Mr. Butch Ramirez, a professional photographer whose work has been chosen to be displayed as part of the newly commissioned nuclear submarine, the USS *Illinois* (SSN-786).

Growing up in Webb County, Texas, hunting and fishing were regular parts of Mr. Ramirez's life. Mr. Ramirez decided to expand his passion for hunting and fishing by pursuing an interest in photography. He quickly developed a talent and enthusiasm for capturing some of nature's most beautiful and rare wildlife in the South Texas area. Over the course of his career capturing photos of wildlife, Mr. Ramirez's photographs have been selected for the cover of magazines on 25 separate occasions. One of Mr. Ramirez's most notable pieces of photography is his photo of the White-tailed deer that has been chosen to represent the crest of this newest Virginia class submarine through an extensive selecting process.

Mr. Ramirez has also led exclusive photo workshops for people from all over the world at his ranch in Laredo, TX. In addition, his ranch, Rocking R6, is an official stop for the Laredo Birding Festival. Those interested in the history and photography of animals come to his ranch specifically because of the rare species of birds that can be found there including, the Crested Caracara, Green Jay, and the Red-billed Pigeon.

Mr. Speaker, I am pleased to recognize the work of Mr. Butch Ramirez.

IN HONOR OF 100TH ANNIVERSARY
OF ST. ILLUMINATOR ARMENIAN
APOSTOLIC CATHEDRAL

HON. CAROLYN B. MALONEY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mrs. CAROLYN B. MALONEY of New York. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the 100th anniversary of St. Illuminator Armenian Apostolic Cathedral located in the district I represent in Manhattan, New York. It was the first Armenian church established in New York City.

After fleeing to the United States in the late 19th and early 20th century following the Hamidian Massacres and Armenian Genocide in the Ottoman Empire, the Armenians of New York City did not have their own church to worship in together. They held religious services in various churches, most of which were located in the neighborhood of the current cathedral. Purchasing a church was initially proposed in 1913. A successful fundraising effort allowed construction to begin for what was then known as the central cathedral of the Armenian Apostolic Church in 1915. The Cathedral officially opened its doors in 1916, but parishioners celebrated the Cathedral's centennial throughout 2015 at the same time as the centennial of the Armenian Genocide in Ottoman Turkey in 1915.

For over a century, St. Illuminator's Cathedral has played a significant role in advocating for Armenians in the U.S. and around the world. Many Genocide survivors found their refuge in the United States, entering the country through Ellis Island. St. Illuminator came to serve as shelter to many of them once they arrived. Today, there remains a vibrant congregation, inspiring their community through faith and service.

I extend my congratulations to the pastor, Rev. Fr. Mesrob Lakissian who has led the church for 10 years, the Board of Trustees, and all members and friends of St. Illuminator, and wish them many more years of success and service to the Armenian American community.

I ask my colleagues to join me in celebrating the anniversary of St. Illuminator's Cathedral and its contributions to the Armenian American residents of Manhattan, Queens and Brooklyn as well as the larger Armenian American community in the United States.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. BARBARA LEE

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. LEE. Mr. Speaker, If I were present, I would have voted YES on roll call number 601 to H.R. 5015.

If I were present, I would have voted YES on roll call number 602 to H.R. 6427.

If I were present, I would have voted YES on roll call number 603 to House Amendment to S. 1635.

If I were present, I would have voted YES on roll call number 604 to H.R. 6394.

If I were present, I would have voted YES on roll call number 605 to H. Res. 939.

If I were present, I would have voted YES on roll call number 606 to H.R. 6416.

If I were present, I would have voted YES on roll call number 607 to H. Res. 828 motion to table.

If I were present, I would have voted YES on roll call number 607 to H. Res. 828 motion to refer.

If I were present, I would have voted NO on roll call number 609 to H. Res. 944 ordering the previous question.

If I were present, I would have voted NO on roll call number 610 to H. Res. 944.

If I were present, I would have voted NO on roll call number 613 to H.R. 5143.

If I were present, I would have voted YES on roll call number 614 to H.R. 6076.

If I were present, I would have voted YES on roll call number 616 to H.R. 5790.

If I were present, I would have voted YES on roll call number 615 to House Amendment to S. 2971.

If I were present, I would have voted YES on roll call number 611 to H.R. 1219.

If I were present, I would have voted YES on roll call number 612 to S. 3028.

TRIBUTE TO NKUMU ISAAC
KATALY & "THE NEW LIFE
PROJECT"

HON. JOSÉ E. SERRANO

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. SERRANO. Mr. Speaker, it is with great pleasure and admiration that I stand before you today to honor The Kataly Band for its many years of dedication and contribution to the arts in New York City and our country.

Nkumu Isaac Kataly was born in Kinshasa, the capital city of the Democratic Republic of Congo where he spent one half of his life before moving to New York City in 1996. Music became Mr. Kataly's path to navigate the world. Music has become Mr. Kataly's cornerstone, which holds the fragments of his identity together.

Music is Nkumu's passion. The study of musical notes or beats, especially their movements, patterns, and how they are parallel to human cultures, remains his lifelong fascination. So, artistically, he discovered one tool after the other. Nkumu's musical concept was cultivated via the "Mbonda" or "Ngoma" (drum) and movements (dance).

Before his new journey, Mr. Kataly had the opportunity to accomplish tremendous things as a young artist. He got to perform at renowned art venues throughout the United States and has had the privilege to work with the best artists Congo sends out to the world. He performed alongside various artists.

Nkumu has presented at the Apollo Theater, Manhattan Center, Prospect Park, Summer Stage, St. Nick's Pub, and more. Additionally, he has performed at various prestigious universities throughout the United States such as Columbia University, John Jay College, Baruch College, Harvard University, and University of Chicago.

His devotion to humanitarian causes continues through his music. He devotes a significant amount of his spare time to community leadership and development. He is currently the technical director of a musical group in the

Living Church of God's Divine Provision. There he uses African aesthetics, music and thought processes, to exemplify how Congo influences every music style throughout the African Diaspora.

Mr. Speaker, I respectfully ask that you and my other distinguished colleagues join me in honoring Mr. Kataly and The New Life Project for their consistently remarkable contributions to the arts and the African Diaspora.

RETIRING FROM CONGRESS

HON. CORRINE BROWN

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. BROWN of Florida. Mr. Speaker, as I reach the end of my 24-year congressional career, I want to begin by thanking the constituents of Florida's 3rd (later renamed 5th) congressional district, for giving me the opportunity to serve you, and to serve the great State of Florida, and the United States of America. I will always remember and revere this remarkable institution of government, the House of Representatives, the People's House.

As I look back on my years of service, among the many things my loyal and outstanding staff and I accomplished over the years, there are a few special items that stand out. First, I will always remember working day and night across the aisle to obtain a Congressional Gold Medal for the Montford Point Marines; the dedicated, African American patriots, who were often overlooked by the history books.

These marines enlisted to defend our nation during a time when here at home, African Americans faced terrible discrimination and civil rights abuses. Years before Jackie Robinson and decades prior to Rosa Parks and Martin Luther King, they risked their lives and fought overseas to defend democracy against one of the most dangerous regimes ever to rule over much of Europe, that of Nazi Germany. And unlike the Tuskegee Airmen and others who were praised for their valiant efforts, the Montford Point Marines were never given recognition until I worked with my colleagues on Capitol Hill to pass a bill, which became law, to grant the marines who were trained at Montford Point a Congressional Gold Medal. I vividly remember when a handful of these now elderly gentlemen watched the final vote from the House gallery in tears, as the Members of Congress, defying House protocol for a brief moment, turned and gave them a standing ovation for their bravery. A short time thereafter, the Montford Point Marines were received with honors in the Capitol for a ceremony in their honor, granting them a Congressional Gold Medal.

I am also very proud of my 24 years of service on the House Veterans Affairs Committee. In fact, I became the first African American female to serve as Ranking Member of the Committee, as I felt it was my duty after serving on the committee to take charge during an extremely tumultuous time at the Agency for Veterans' Affairs. During my two year term as Ranking Member we worked on a number of issues to improve the efficacy of the VA to better serve our nation's veterans, in particular, in the areas of veteran homeless-

ness, assisting the rapidly expanding category of women veterans, psychological issues and PTSD, and working to decrease the wait times at VA health facilities.

Since first coming to Congress, I have been fighting for the benefits that veterans were promised when they entered the service. When I first came to Washington, to offset the limited space for veterans' burials in Florida and around the country, I introduced legislation to establish new National Cemeteries in South Florida and in Jacksonville. I also introduced legislation to expand and improve the National Veteran's Cemetery system, and championed legislation expanding the health and long-term care benefits that America's veterans' receive, improving veterans' education benefits, and expediting claims processing. Most recently, I secured a new Veterans' Outpatient Clinic for Jacksonville. This facility consolidated most of the veterans' services that had been scattered around the city into one facility. In addition, the Gainesville VA Medical Center was completed with an additional \$51.5 million included at my request, and the Orlando VA Medical Center, with my advocacy over the years, is finally completed and attending patients. And under my watch, Congress passed the largest budget in the history of the VA and also passed assured funding for the VA, which ensures that veterans' healthcare is not subject to the political winds of Washington.

I am proud of my many accomplishments over the years in the arena of Transportation and Infrastructure development, where, in my role as a key member on the House Transportation and Infrastructure Committee, I was able to make numerous positive, tangible contributions to our nation's transportation system. By obtaining hundreds of millions of dollars in federal projects, both for my congressional district (which is one of the most underserved in the State of Florida), and for my state, I was awarded with the slogan, "Corrine Delivers." These projects ranged from bridge construction and reconstruction, to the building of courthouses, roads, ports and buildings. They also consisted of numerous multi modal transportation projects, such as SunRail in Central Florida, Lynx, and Amtrak passenger rail, to give Floridians and Americans across the nation the option to travel and commute without having to use an automobile. And across my district, from Gainesville to Jacksonville to Orlando and even the smaller cities in between, I obtained millions of dollars over the years for their public transportation system, including city buses. In Gainesville in fact, the newly upgraded bus depot was named after me.

Yet perhaps my greatest achievement was in the arena of civil rights. I am proud to have been the first African American to serve the State of Florida as an elected federal Member of Congress. In this capacity, I served as the voice of minorities and the traditionally underserved for more than two decades. I was given the platform and the ability to promote change and fairness in the areas of voting rights, health care parity, educational access and equality, access to fairly priced housing, accessible and moderately priced public transportation, greater gender equality, racial disparities in our criminal justice system, and of course, for full funding of our Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid recipients. Lastly, in the area of higher education, I led the charge, along with my colleagues in the Congressional

Black Caucus, to revise the strict requirements the Department of Education placed on those attempting to obtain or continue to use their Parent Plus Loans to further their college education. The excessive requirements were eventually revised in ways which allowed hundreds of thousands of previously adversely affected students, many at HBCU's in particular, to continue their studies.

Yet I do not intend to abandon the fight for justice and equality that I have fought for all of my life. Even outside the halls of Congress, I will continue to advocate for minorities, for the less fortunate, and for those born on the "other side of the railroad tracks." As I have said from the day I was first elected: "to whom God has given much, much is expected . . . when you are born you get a birth certificate, and when you die you get a death certificate, but it's the dash in between that really matters."

HONORING CAPTAIN MELISSE
LEITZKE

HON. MIKE THOMPSON

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. THOMPSON of California. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Captain Melisse Leitzke, whom I have named a 2016 Public Safety Hero of the Year for Solano County in California's 5th Congressional District. This award is given to exceptional members of our community who perform beyond their duty as a public servant.

Captain Leitzke is known for her leadership, knowledge and mentorship at the Vallejo Fire Department. Her dedication to excellence shows through the results of her hard work and study to achieve the rank of Captain after placing first in her recent Captain examination.

In addition to her work as an emergency responder, Captain Leitzke is an active member of our community. She serves as a mentor in the Department's Robin Mackbee Youth Academy providing life guidance and career exploration for youth who are at-risk socially, academically and economically. Captain Leitzke's presence in the academy provides a positive role model for the young men and women.

Mr. Speaker, I thank Captain Leitzke for her dedication to our community's safety. For this reason, it is fitting and proper that I honor her here today.

IN RECOGNITION OF THE 80TH AN-
NIVERSARY OF STANFORD SET-
TLEMENT NEIGHBORHOOD CEN-
TER

HON. DORIS O. MATSUI

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. MATSUI. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in recognition of the 80th anniversary of the Stanford Settlement Neighborhood Center and the Sisters of Social Service in Sacramento. As Stanford Settlement Neighborhood Center's friends and supporters gather to celebrate this milestone, I ask all my colleagues to join me in honoring their leadership in the Sacramento region.

It is a great pleasure to recognize the center's dedication to providing services that benefit the health and well-being of the residents and neighborhood. As Sacramento's oldest social-service agency, Stanford Settlement Neighborhood Center has provided services to thousands of people, young and old. Their wide range of programs includes Neighborhood Outreach, Emergency Assistance, Children's, and Senior Services programs. On top of this, the Stanford Settlement Neighborhood Center actively works to foster stronger connections within the community by hosting meetings with city officials and other local organizations.

80 years ago, the former residence of Governor Leland Stanford was taken over by The Sisters of Social Service. The Sisters began several programs to serve their neighbors immediately and in 1963 they moved their programs to the Gardenland Northgate area of Northern Sacramento. Their work was instrumental in obtaining City water, parks, street lights, sidewalks and gutters for the area. In 1975, the Stanford Settlement Neighborhood Center became a non-profit and moved to the abandoned Gardenland Elementary School. At this location, the facility grew to include both the Sister Jeanne Felion Senior Center and the Carl R. Hansen Teen Center.

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to pay tribute to Stanford Settlement Neighborhood Center, and their continuous commitment to providing social services to all people, young and old. The past 80 years have been tremendously successful and I am sure they will continue to enjoy success in the future. While Stanford Settlement Neighborhood Center's staff, supporters, and friends gather together to celebrate the organization's 80th anniversary, I ask all my colleagues to join me in honoring their outstanding work in providing the community with much needed social services.

TRIBUTE TO BAKARY CAMARA

HON. JOSÉ E. SERRANO

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. SERRANO. Mr. Speaker, it is with great pleasure and admiration that I stand before you today to honor Mr. Bakary Camara for his many years of selfless and compassionate service to the African community, and all of our community's residents.

Mr. Bakary Camara was born in Gambia, West Africa, in 1961. He and his family managed an independent business and he traveled throughout Africa and Europe before settling in the Bronx in 1988.

Bakary joined the majority of the West African immigrants that were settling in the Highbridge, Mount Eden, Concourse, and Morrisania sections of the Bronx. At that time, there was no Masjid in the Bronx and the Muslim community would gather in each other's apartments to pray. Bakary and other community leaders founded one of the first Mosques for the African community at 1472 Jesup Avenue, Masjid Deyau of Islam.

In the 1990s, Bakary joined other Gambian leaders in helping strengthen the Gambian Society, the first African organization to provide adult education services and worked with the CDC to educate the African community in the Bronx about their health and specifically about the growing problem of AIDS and HIV.

Bakary helped open other Mosques throughout the Bronx, serves as Secretary for Makky Masjid and is the Public Relations Representative for Makky Masjid and for the Islamic Cultural Center, the central mosque for the Bronx which opened in 1999.

Bakary has volunteered and served as a representative for numerous nonprofits throughout the Bronx, including the Northwest Bronx Community and Clergy Coalition, the United Parents of Highbridge and the Parent Action Committee of New Settlement Apartments. Bakary served on the steering committee for the citywide Muslim Holiday Campaign, a coalition which worked for nearly a decade to have the two Muslim holidays, the Eids, recognized by the New York Public School System. This was achieved in 2015 under Mayor Bill DeBlasio.

Bakary also has volunteered as a community translator for Lincoln, Harlem, and New York Presbyterian Hospitals. He speaks Sonike, Manidiko, Fulani, and Walof. Bakary continues to reside with his family on Plimpton Avenue in the Highbridge neighborhood of the Bronx.

Mr. Speaker, I respectfully ask that you and my other distinguished colleagues join me in honoring Mr. Bakary Camara for his consistently remarkable dedication to public service.

COMMEMORATING THE LIFE OF
MR. JOHN MCKEOWN

HON. HENRY CUELLAR

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CUELLAR. Mr. Speaker, I rise to commemorate the life of one of Laredo's most caring and dedicated citizens, Mr. John McKeown.

Mr. McKeown was born on February 4th, 1929, in Tulsa, Oklahoma to John Mayo McKeown and Mary Grace McVey McKeown. He attended Cascia Hall Preparatory School in Tulsa and eventually went to the U.S. Naval Academy where he graduated with a degree in Chemical Engineering. At the age of 24, Mr. McKeown entered the Korean War where he served on a transport ship and a destroyer. For his service he received the National Defense Medal, Korean Service Medal, United Nations Service Medal, and the China Service Medal. After the war, he moved to Texas to work for a maquiladora that manufactured electronics. It was during this time that he met his beloved wife Jeanette. They soon got married and eventually had two children. Mr. McKeown also went on to start a successful business called McKeown Customs Brokers Inc. which saw over forty years of success.

Mr. McKeown was very involved in his local community. He not only helped start one of Laredo's first youth soccer teams but helped referee Saturdays and Sundays. He was also an active member of the Laredo Licensed U.S. Customs Brokers Association, Laredo Noon Rotary Club, St. Patrick Men's Club, and was past president of the Laredo Animal Protective Society. Mr. McKeown, however, was most noted for his work with helping local veterans. As an active member of the Laredo Korean War Veterans Association and chaplain of the Laredo 1959 chapter, Mr. McKeown was considered one of the first people veterans could

turn to in their time of need. He was also involved with helping to designate segments of state highways 359, 16, and 285 as the Veterans of the Korean War Memorial Highway. He even went so far as to use his own money to help pay for the highway signs.

Mr. McKeown is survived by his wife, Jeanette Moser McKeown; daughter, Carolyn J. McKeown; grandchildren, Carolyn Lauren Hinojosa Walker, Ann Michelle Hinojosa (Ari) Hoffman, and Eduardo Javier Hinojosa Jr.; great grandchildren, William Christopher Walker, Rheyra Ashley Walker; siblings, Patricia (Herbert) Stanley, and Thomas (Ruth) McKeown.

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to have the opportunity to remember the legacy of Mr. John McKeown.

TRIBUTE TO SUGAR GROVE SUNSHINE 4-H CLUB

HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize and congratulate the Sugar Grove Sunshine 4-H Club on celebrating its 100th anniversary on September 24, 2016.

Heart, Head, Hands and Health are the tenants of 4-H, and 4-H is one of the hallmark organizations that so many young Iowans have passed through during their formative years. Ever since the Sugar Grove Sunshine 4-H Club was founded during World War I, it has benefited the youth of central Iowa in countless ways. Originally called the 4-H Sewing Club, the Sugar Grove Sunshine 4-H Club has guided Dallas County area youth through innumerable fair projects, animal shows, and 4-H meetings, where they were able to build upon their own interests, create with their hands, learn about animal care, develop important social skills, master public speaking, and be involved in their communities. The skills developed and honed in 4-H stay with students throughout their lifetime, and the result is that our communities are filled with leaders who strive to do what's best for all.

Mr. Speaker, I am proud to represent the Sugar Grove Sunshine 4-H Club and its members in the United States Congress. It is with great pride that I recognize them today. I ask that my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives join me in congratulating them all on this momentous anniversary and in wishing them nothing but continued success.

REMEMBERING THE LIFE OF JUDGE SCOTT POLODNA

HON. ALAN GRAYSON

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. GRAYSON. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the life and legacy of the Honorable Scott D. Polodna, who passed away on Tuesday, December 6, 2016, after losing his battle with cancer. He was 51.

Judge Polodna was a respected leader in Central Florida and will be remembered as a

dedicated colleague, and a dignified, compassionate person and jurist. He helped many people improve their lives.

Judge Polodna began his service as a judge in 2006. Judge Polodna has served the Ninth Judicial Circuit Court for over 10 years as a circuit judge in Osceola County in the criminal division, and in the civil division specializing in probate, guardianship, and mental health issues.

Born in Chicago, IL, Judge Polodna moved to Florida 40 years ago. He received a bachelor's degree in psychology and a law degree from the University of Florida. Judge Polodna taught criminal evidence at Valencia College, and served as an assistant public defender for ten years in the Orange-Osceola Public Defender's Office and as an assistant county attorney in Osceola. Judge Polodna's commitments to the community included board service with Community Vision and the Osceola Education Foundation. He was a 2002 graduate of Leadership Osceola, leading a project aimed at protecting and preserving environmentally sensitive lands.

Judge Polodna's integrity, wisdom, and passionate outlook on life touched the lives of many and made Central Florida a better place. I am humbled to honor the memory, life, and outstanding achievements of Judge Scott D. Polodna.

RECOGNIZING DR. LOUIS J. AGNESE, JR.

HON. HENRY CUELLAR

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CUELLAR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the career of Dr. Louis J. Agnese, Jr. who served as president of the University of the Incarnate Word (UIW) in San Antonio, Texas for thirty-one years.

Dr. Louis J. Agnese grew up in Brooklyn, New York, as the youngest of five children. He received his Bachelor of Arts in History and Psychology from St. Mary of the Plains College; his Master of Education in Counseling and an Education Specialist Degree in Supervision of Counseling Services from Gannon University; and a Ph.D. in Counselor Education from The University of Pittsburgh. He went on to work at Briar Cliff University before interviewing for the presidency of Incarnate Word in 1985.

UIW eventually hired Dr. Agnese to become the university's eighth president. Dr. Agnese was only 33 at the time, making him one of the youngest college presidents in the nation. Immediately upon being hired, he sought ways to help improve the university. He spent much of his time researching the university's history, meeting with staff and faculty, as well as looking for innovative ways to help improve student enrollment, which had been declining for several years.

During Dr. Agnese's presidency, student global enrollment rose from 1,296 students in 1985 to 11,422 in 2016. This growth turned UIW from the 19th largest private university in Texas to the 3rd largest private university in the state. The number of living alumni has increased from 8,000 in 1985 to nearly 40,000 today.

Not only did the student enrollment grow, but the number of academic programs dou-

bled. The university created its first Ph.D. program and added professional doctoral programs in pharmacy, optometry, physical therapy, nursing practice, business administration, and beginning in 2017, osteopathic medicine. The university's endowment also increased from \$3 million in 1985 to \$130 million today, while the school's budget grew from \$2 million to \$217 million.

UIW has received numerous recognitions throughout Dr. Agnese's tenure. The university has been noted for eight consecutive years as one of the Great Colleges to Work For in the U.S. by the Chronicle of Higher Education, chosen as one of the Top Workplaces in San Antonio by The San Antonio Express-News, included in The Chronicle's national Top 10 Honor Roll category for medium-sized universities for the seventh straight year, and today, with more than 1,100 employees, UIW has an estimated \$100 million impact on the San Antonio economy. UIW is also currently ranked No. 1 nationally among private, not-for-profit universities in conferring the most bachelor's degrees to Hispanics, a group that continues to be underrepresented nationally in higher education.

Dr. Agnese's long and successful career has brought with it numerous awards. His many honors include: the Humanitarian Award from the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the Outstanding leader in Catholic education by the Archdiocese of San Antonio, the Ford Salute to Education Lifetime Achievement Award for his contributions to higher education, the Sister Cecilia Bush Award from the Dear Neighbor Ministries for his commitment to Minority Education, and multiple honorary doctorates along with several distinguished alumni awards.

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to have the opportunity to remember the legacy of UIW's eighth president, Dr. Louis J. Agnese, Jr.

TRIBUTE TO DR. SCOTT SHUEY

HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize and congratulate Scott Shuey, D.V.M. of Corning, Iowa, for being honored as the 2016 Veterinarian of the Year by the Iowa Veterinary Medical Association. Dr. Shuey was nominated by 19 area farmers and producers in southwestern Iowa, in recognition of his dedication to the profession and his leadership in the community.

Dr. Shuey has been practicing veterinary medicine in southwest Iowa for 25 years. He received his Bachelor of Science degree in animal science from Kansas State University in 1989, a Master of Science degree in beef cattle nutrition from South Dakota State University, and his Doctorate of Veterinary Medicine from Kansas State University. He practices veterinary medicine and serves as the managing and senior partner at the Southern Hills Veterinary Clinic in Corning.

Mr. Speaker, I applaud and congratulate Dr. Shuey for this recognition by the Iowa Veterinary Medical Association. I am proud to represent him in the United States Congress. I ask that my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives join me in congratulating Dr. Shuey and in wishing him nothing but continued success.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AF-
FECTED BY THE NATIONAL
OPIOID EPIDEMIC

HON. ANN M. KUSTER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal stories of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire I have learned so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehensive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington and I am proud to preserve their stories.

ANTONIO LUCONI—POMPTON PLAINS, NEW JERSEY

On Sunday, March 20, 2016, Antonio “Ant” Luconi, lost the biggest fight of his life at the age of 28—to the disease of opioid addiction. Drug addiction does not discriminate—it ruins the lives of good people. When Ant died, the world lost a son, brother, Godfather, cousin, grandson, nephew and friend. Their loyal, handsome, funny, loving, Ant added so much to the lives he touched: He had a “tough guy” exterior and had the world’s biggest heart. Ant never failed to say, “I love you.”

Ant died nineteen days after being discharged from treatment. He was excited to start his life over, make his family proud and pursue his new life goals. He did not want to die. He had plans. Big plans. “28 is my year,” he said.

At the age of 21, Ant began recreationally using Percocet, which progressed to Roxicet. He ingested both by crushing the pills and snorting them. As his addiction progressed, so too did his tolerance and the cost of supporting his addiction. As a result, Ant turned to snorting heroin, which was less expensive. While attending an intensive outpatient program, another patient taught him how to use a needle to inject heroin.

Over the course of seven years, Ant made numerous attempts to get clean. He detoxed on his own and under medical supervision. He attended intensive outpatient programs and worked with therapists. Ant’s belief that he could conquer this disease on his own led to a disastrous end.

Ant was open and honest throughout his addiction. He spent numerous hours with his sister discussing his disease. She believed in Ant and named him the Godfather to her daughter. There were many nights when Ant’s mother held him in her arms as he cried, apologized, and pleaded for help to end the nightmare of addiction—to become whole again. Ant’s family encouraged him time after time to get help, but in retrospect, they did not fully understand the severity of the situation.

After accepting that his addiction had completely taken over his life and that death

was a real possibility, Ant decided to go to an inpatient treatment program. Can you imagine the relief Ant’s family felt at hearing this news? While attending the recovery center in Florida, Ant became a favorite patient. During weekly conference calls with Ant and his treatment team, the connectors reported on his progress with sincere optimism, “Finally, someone who gets it and works the program. What a great guy. We know Ant will be a success story.” He was chosen as group leader, which meant he was in charge of morning check-in meetings. Some of the most challenged men in the program sought Ant’s advice and friendship. Ever a “man’s man,” he made everyone feel important and was loyal to a fault.

When Ant arrived home after completing the program, he was proud of his progress and confident in his new life, but the fear of relapse was constant: “I cannot wait to just live in the moment again.” Ant shared with his family a letter that he wrote to heroin. The first sentence read, “I am saying goodbye because you have made me someone I am not, my life is now unmanageable, you destroy all good things in my life. I hate you.”

Ant’s counselors in Florida set up an intensive outpatient program for him to help him transition upon arriving home. But when Ant attended the scheduled assessment, he was declined admittance because a family member was already enrolled in the program. Given that Ant was in such a vulnerable time in his recovery, they should have made sure that he was enrolled in another intensive outpatient program before he left the building. Lack of continuity of care turned out to be a life or death situation.

Ant needed to stay in a program and continue to receive support but they turned him away. Ant was unable to get an assessment at another intensive outpatient program for a week and a half. Here was a man who was begging for help, had made the decision to change his life and was failed horribly by our system. This was not unfamiliar—if you only knew how many times Ant’s family drove him from detox to detox only to be turned down by each one due to insurance issues and a lack of available beds.

Ant’s mother and sister want things to change. They want more resources to be available for people who have that moment of clarity and decide to get help. They want someone to pick up the phone on a Sunday night when a person struggling with addiction decides to seek information about how to get into detox. The horrible alternative means a person wanting help has to wait until morning and continue to use in order to combat the withdrawal symptoms. That “one more time” hit could take their life.

Ant’s family is left with massive holes in their hearts that will never be healed. Their souls are devastated. Ant put up one hell of a fight. He was supposed to start a new job the day after he died. His family was rooting for him then and remain proud of him today. They were never ashamed or embarrassed about Ant’s struggle. They believe that it was the system that failed him.

Ant’s family wants to help bring awareness to the fact that this disease has reached epidemic levels and needs to be stopped. Too many young lives have been taken. Too many people that they know personally. If anything can be done to remove the stigma associated with a disease that does not discriminate between class, color, race, or religion, then Ant will not have died in vain. Ant’s family always felt that he was destined to do big things. Perhaps this is Ant’s legacy.

MICHAEL MARCELL—WITTMAN, MARYLAND

The mother of two wonderful, loving boys, Louis and Michael Marcell, never dreamed that addiction would devastate her family as

it has. This was not the life that she imagined when she became a mother. The grief and devastation of losing a child is unbearable and if her family’s story can prevent just one family from dealing with this disease alone, she feels she will have made a difference.

Michael was always quiet and shy. He struggled in classes and was bullied during his formative years in school. When Michael was 16 years old, he became depressed and more withdrawn. His parents tried several times to get him help through the school system but to no avail. By the time Michael was a junior in high school and had failing grades, his parents made the difficult decision to withdraw him from school. Michael was determined to graduate high school, so he decided to take GED classes and he passed.

Michael enjoyed working with his hands and found his calling in carpentry work. He also loved skateboarding, snowboarding, and spending time with his friends and brother. He was drawn to nature and had an old soul. Around the age of 17, Michael began experimenting with alcohol and marijuana. His mother was concerned but thought Michael was just going through a phase. A few days before Michael’s death, he told a friend that he needed help. Michael’s mother didn’t know the extent of his addiction until it was too late; never able to get him the help he so desperately needed.

Michael died on December 7, 2008, within days of celebrating his 18th birthday. He went to a party the night before and because of an argument going on at home, Michael decided to stay at the party overnight. That was the last time Michael’s mother saw her son. On December 7th, the police came to Michael’s home to tell his mother that Michael was gone and died of an accidental overdose of alcohol and oxycodone. Michael’s mother remembers that moment as if it was yesterday.

If Michael’s family had the tools and knowledge about addiction that they have today when Michael was struggling, they feel they might have been able to save him.

THEO MARINESCU—EAST HAMPTON, NEW YORK

If there is anything worse than losing a child, it is losing a child to a drug overdose because grief is often accompanied by judgement and blame. For parents, it is a gut-wrenching thing to watch your child suffer at their own hand.

Losing a child to addiction means you didn’t get to say goodbye. It means that (if you are brave enough to be truthful about the cause of death) every day you have to deal with the stigma that surrounds addiction. You question every decision—you look for what you did wrong, what you didn’t say, why you didn’t have the sense that something was wrong. You look back over the years and dissect each part of their life—scanning for clues. You look for places to lay blame but mostly you blame yourself. You find an online group of parents just like you, where there is no judgement and everyone has the same questions and feels the same pain. You force yourself to read the coroner and toxicology report hoping there is an answer there. And you cry—a lot.

Theo was 25 years old when he lost his life to a fatal combination of heroin and fentanyl. Theo was a warm, open, loving, bright, intelligent and handsome man. He had a huge laugh and a fabulous smile. Theo was an outstanding athlete and won many trophies and awards. He played linebacker in football and loved the sport. He was also gifted intellectually and an honor roll student in high school. Theo lived with wild ambition and no regrets.

Theo was a brilliant storyteller and always found a way to make you laugh. He seemed to make friends wherever he went and in

turn, he made everyone feel welcome. Theo loved his little brothers with all his heart. He was a loyal friend to many.

Theo was very close to his family. Even during his years of drug use, Theo and his mother never became distant from each other. At times, it was torturous for his mother, but the one thing that was always apparent was that Theo loved his family and his family loved him—no matter what.

Theo started smoking marijuana during his later years of high school. Theo's mother never imagined that his drug use would progress to pills and then, cocaine. Theo's family believes his addiction started about seven years ago, but it's hard to say for certain because this disease entered their home slowly and quietly. Over the course of those seven years, Theo experimented with a variety of drugs, including his final drug of choice, opiates. He tried hard to stop many times. Theo felt broken and guilty for the hurt he inflicted on his mother and little brothers. He once wrote about the "fairytale life" that he had screwed up so badly, and towards the end of his life Theo's self-esteem was completely eroded. He always took responsibility for what he did.

When his behavior started to hurt the ones he loved the most, Theo decided it was time to do something about it. On September 30, 2014, Theo called Violeta crying and asking for help. It was the first time he admitted to being addicted to drugs. Although his mother was shocked and heartbroken, Violeta didn't criticize him because she knew he was hurting. Theo said he hated living in addiction: "Mom, please help me! I will do anything to get out from this hole . . ."

Theo shared with Violeta about how having a little fun at the age of 17 had escalated into a full-blown drug addiction. Theo felt alone despite the fact that he had so much love from his mother and so many others. Soon after his conversation with his mother, Theo entered a treatment facility.

Violeta reached out to a person at the treatment facility for information on how she could best support Theo during his time there. The man said, "Theo is the most motivated person I have ever worked with." He said that Theo's desire to improve his life and his appreciation for the littlest things made him stand out. He told Violeta, "If every person I tried to help had 10% of his motivation, a lot of families would sleep better at night."

Theo was motivated to get better but the system failed him. Theo's lack of health insurance prevented him from attending any dual diagnostic programs, especially those out-of-state, which limited his options for treatment. The available programs weren't able to address Theo's lack of confidence and ongoing feelings of letting people down. He needed intensive substance abuse treatment and to be properly evaluated for mental health issues. Theo was limited to one thirty-day inpatient program and then bounced around to several sober living homes, one of which he was kicked out of for using Facebook.

Theo was clean for about seven months when he relapsed. As a consequence, the halfway house where he was staying kicked him out in the middle of the night with a heavy bag of his possessions, no money and nowhere to go. Throwing people out of rehab or a sober living house for displaying the very symptom of their disease is nonsensical and dangerous. For Violeta's son, it was the perfect storm.

Theo was in Florida and his family lived in New York. After he spent two days on the streets, his family found help and sent Theo to a treatment center in South Carolina. At the time, Theo's mother didn't know that this facility also admitted drug dealers who

were forced by law to be there as part of their probation. Being forced to go to rehab is a very different thing than going willingly. In the treatment center, one person who was dealing drugs gave Theo and two other patients drugs for free.

The treatment center kicked them out when the drug use was discovered. One week later, Theo was found dead after having used drugs from the same dealer he met at the treatment center. Theo died in a shady motel room. The drug dealer is still on the streets.

The current system in the United States for treating people with substance use disorder is incredibly broken. People are dying from this disease. The numbers are appalling—about 47,000 people die from drug overdose annually. That is more than the number of Americans who are killed in car accidents and gun violence combined. Half of those drug-related deaths are due to opiate drug abuse.

There has been a lot of talk, some media attention, but little action to fight this epidemic which shows no signs of abating. Legislation languishes, insurance companies still do not provide the coverage necessary for adequate treatment, and the shame and stigma of addiction continues.

Watching a child battle with addiction is like a roller coaster. Parents learn to be hyper-vigilant, living always with fear. Parents have hope as well—as long as your child is alive, you have hope that he or she will get better. However, the sound of the phone ringing at night makes your heart sink. Your child's potential death is always in the back of your mind.

That fateful day for Theo finally came on May 17, 2015.

Friends flew across the country to be at Theo's funeral. Incredible sadness about how his death might have been prevented permeated the air. Because of the embarrassment he felt, Theo never asked his friends for help.

All Violeta has of Theo are memories and of course his clothes and a few other personal objects. It's hard to hold a grave marker. What she misses most about her son is his affectionate nature, his great sense of humor, and the little things like hearing his feet bouncing up and down the stairs, the smell of his cologne—everything.

Children are supposed to bury their parents. Parents are not supposed to bury their children.

Not a day goes by that Violeta doesn't think about who her son would have been, what he would look like, his wedding, his children—the bleeding never stops. There will always be an empty chair—empty room—an empty space in every family picture. Time can't fill the space. Gone is still gone.

When you lose a child, nothing is ever the same again. Every facet of your life has a memory of your child. Every room in the house, every trip in the car, a song, a picture, a book, a walk in the park. There is a hole in your heart that will never be filled. You search and search for answers that just aren't there.

To children who hear this story: you are loved and have so much to give to the world. The temptation to abuse any kinds of drugs is very real, but the courage to resist that temptation is also very real. Ask for help.

To parents—the advice is this: get informed and learn as much as you possibly can about addiction early on. Talk honestly about the risk factors of becoming addicted by experimenting with drugs. Talk about family history of alcohol or substance abuse. Show them your love, no matter what.

Death is not a time for blame, it is a time for reflection. We must get loud for the stig-

ma and shame to end. In its wake, it is time to speak. It's time to stop pretending that substance use disorder is a choice and it's time to stop shaming people who struggle with it.

10/7/1989-5/17/2015

JOSEPH (JOEY) MARTIN—YUCCA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Joseph (Joey) Martin was born on October 30, 1990. Growing up, Joey was a happy child. He was very outgoing, he had many friends, and he loved to be around them, his family, and his dog. Whenever Joey walked into a room he always captured the attention of others with his contagious smile and laughter. He loved all outdoor activities and looked forward to the days he and his father would go fishing. He was also passionate about baseball and skateboarding and he was very good at both. Joey was smart, had plans for his future, and had a beautiful heart. Every year he would volunteer at the annual Special Olympics bowling tournaments; he always had a special place in his heart for helping those with special needs. As Joey's parents, we had high hopes for his future and knew he would succeed in life. Unfortunately, his dreams slowly deteriorated as his addiction progressed.

At the age of 14 or 15, Joey was caught smoking marijuana. His parents did what any concerned parent would do in this situation: they kept a close eye on him, his friends, and his activities. They thought they were always one step ahead of his addiction. Joey's grades were good and he started playing baseball again.

In 2007, Joey and four friends were in a car accident. They were hit head on by a drunk driver, who had been racing on the wrong side of the road. Despite the terrible injuries received, and by God's grace, everyone lived. The following six years of Joey's life were spent going from doctor to doctor trying to relieve the source of the pain he had been complaining about.

As the years went by, Joey's need for a more powerful drug grew. His addiction was fueled by doctor prescribed pain medication. When Joey turned 18 years old, he was able to get almost anything he wanted from doctors. If Joey ran out or couldn't get drugs from doctors, he would get them from people he knew. By 19, Joey had a real problem—the need to relieve his pain turned into the need to get high. He spent the next three years in and out of treatment centers and sober living facilities.

In 2012, Joey enrolled into a treatment center in Loma Linda, CA and was living in the suggested sober home not far away. When Joey was six months clean, he decided he was ready to come back home. We were very hopeful that Joey was finally on track to living a sober lifestyle. Unfortunately, like many young individuals today, Joey did great until he met with a supplier and relapsed.

Shortly after his relapse, Joey contacted the previous house manager of the sober living facility in California and asked if he could go back. Three months later, on January 11, 2013, Joey died of an overdose. He was just 22 years old.

ANTHONY MARTINEZ—GAFFNEY, SOUTH CAROLINA

Anthony was set free from his toxic battle with addiction on May 24, 2016. Anthony was his family's Christmas present—born on December 25, 1987.

Anthony yearned for a life of love and peace—a life without pain. Anthony was a lover of music; you could always count on him to know the latest and greatest tracks. He was passionate about cooking and often volunteered to make everyone dinner. When he did, every plate was licked clean. Anthony also loved being outdoors and whenever he had spare time, you could bet he was

fishing, hunting or simply enjoying himself in some beautiful place.

Anthony always said things straight—he wouldn't sugar coat a single thing. He was a loyal friend; if you needed his help he would be there no matter what. He knew how to make the most pessimistic person crack a smile. In some ways, Anthony embodied the saying that the saddest soul is the one trying to make everyone else smile.

The disease of addiction is a merciless, non-discriminatory devil. The loss of Anthony has created a sore on his family's heart that will never heal.

DERRICK MARTTILA—CAPE CORAL, FLORIDA

Derrick grew up in Cape Coral, Florida. From a young age Derrick was very special. He enjoyed playing football, hockey, and excelled at karate. However, his biggest passion, which followed him into adulthood, was music. Derrick would write, play and listen to music every day. His mother, Kathleen, proudly watched her son grow up to be a man any mother would be very proud of. Sadly, she also had to watch him so bravely battle the disease of addiction. Derrick would always say he just wanted to be "normal." On January 16, 2016, Derrick lost his battle to an accidental overdose of heroin laced with Fentanyl. Derrick was 26 years old.

Derrick was an incredible person with a huge heart. He loved his family and friends and would do anything for them when they were in need. Derrick was a hard worker that strived to be the best he could possibly be. Derrick was loyal almost to a fault—he never wanted to let anyone down.

What is missed most about Derrick, is his larger-than-life personality. He loved to laugh and make others do the same. Derrick had a great sense of humor, complete with a trademark smirk and witty comebacks. He could light up a room with his laughter or suck you into a discussion about his obsession with conspiracy theories.

Regardless of the occasion he would always keep his family laughing. Kathleen has always been proud of her son and admired his strength in his battle against this horrible disease.

HONORING JONATHAN B. JARVIS,
THE 18TH DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

HON. DONALD S. BEYER, JR.

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. BEYER. Mr. Speaker, today I stand in recognition of Jonathan B. Jarvis, the 18th Director of the National Park Service.

Director Jarvis, a native of Virginia, began his career with the National Park Service in 1976 as a seasonal interpreter in Washington, D.C. Today, he manages that agency whose mission is to preserve America's most treasured landscapes and cultural icons.

Director Jarvis's 40-year career has taken him from ranger to resource management specialist to park biologist to superintendent of parks such as Craters of the Moon, North Cascades, Wrangell-St. Elias, and Mount Rainier. Before being confirmed as the 18th Director of the National Park Service on September 24, 2009, Mr. Jarvis served as regional director of the bureau's Pacific West Region.

Today, he is responsible for overseeing an agency with more than 22,000 employees, a \$3 billion budget, and 413 national parks that attract more than 320 million visitors every year who generate \$30 billion in economic benefit across the nation.

Director Jarvis has reinvigorated the National Park Service's role as an international

advocate for protected areas and recognized world leader in cultural and natural resource management.

Managing the National Park Service through its centennial in 2016, Director Jarvis has focused on several key areas that are critical for the future: enhancing stewardship of the places entrusted to the Service's care; maximizing the educational potential of parks and programs; engaging new generations and audiences, and ensuring the welfare and fulfillment of National Park Service employees.

Director Jarvis speaks frequently about climate change, sustainability, the outdoors as a source of public health, and the parks as a unifying, inspirational force for the nation. His blueprint for the agency's second century, A Call to Action, calls for innovative, ambitious, yet practical ways to fulfill the National Park Service's promise to America in the 21st century.

From a seasonal interpreter in the year of our nation's bicentennial to the head of an internationally known institution on its 100th birthday, Jarvis has gained a thorough knowledge of these great American treasures, the national parks.

"America's National Park System is a gift from past generations to this and succeeding generations," said Director Jarvis. "And while the challenges we face today—like climate change, shrinking open space, habitat destruction, non-native species, and air and water pollution—could not have been imagined when this agency was established in 1916, our mission remains the same: to preserve this nation's natural and cultural heritage, unimpaired for the enjoyment of this and future generations."

IN RECOGNITION OF THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY OF SIERRA HEALTH FOUNDATION

HON. DORIS O. MATSUI

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. MATSUI. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the 30th anniversary of Sierra Health Foundation. As the staff, local partners, and community members gather to celebrate this momentous occasion and the impactful work that has been done in our community over the past 30 years, I ask all of my colleagues to join me in recognizing this outstanding organization.

I know firsthand the incredible impact Sierra Health Foundation has on our community. I have long been a supporter of Sierra Health Foundation and I will continue to offer my support in any way that I can because I believe in their mission to support and elevate partnerships and programs that improve health and quality of life for underserved communities in Northern California.

Since Sierra Health Foundation began grant funding in 1985, they have awarded more than \$97 million in cash grants to 1,004 nonprofit organizations and public agencies. Today, Sierra Health Foundation's funding region includes 26 counties in Northern California. The programs funded by Sierra Health Foundation in these counties address important issues such as racial and health equity and juvenile justice. Sierra Health Foundation has been a dedicated and forward-thinking leader in changing the landscape of Northern California for the better; from implementing the Afford-

able Care Act to pushing forward efforts to improve outcomes for young men and boys of color in our region.

Mr. Speaker, as Sierra Health Foundation and esteemed members of the community gather to celebrate their 30th anniversary, I ask all my colleagues to join me in honoring 30 years of service to our region.

IN RECOGNITION OF GINA ARGENTO

HON. CAROLYN B. MALONEY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mrs. CAROLYN B. MALONEY of New York. Mr. Speaker, I rise in recognition of Gina Argento, who was honored for her achievements as part of Women's History Month. Ms. Argento is President of Broadway Stages, one of New York's largest film, television, and music production facilities which is located in Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

Ms. Argento and her brother, Tony, opened Broadway Stages in 1983, turning a rundown movie theatre into a sound stage. Over the past 32 years, Broadway Stages has expanded both its physical size and capabilities. Broadway Stages now has over half a million square feet of space with 38 state-of-the-art stages and support facilities. Offering full service film, television, photography and music production facilities, Broadway Stages has served an extensive list of hit movies and television shows including "The Good Wife," "Blue Bloods," "Mr. Robot," "Madam Secretary," "Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt," "Limitless," "Broad City," "Unforgettable," and "Master of None," in addition to commercials, print and music videos. Broadway Stages has facilities in Brooklyn and Queens and is currently in the process of building a 69-acre facility in Staten Island.

Under Ms. Argento's leadership, Broadway Stages has exhibited an unparalleled commitment towards the local community in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. In addition to creating hundreds of local jobs, Broadway Stages helps neighboring residents, small businesses, and community-based organizations. Broadway Stages has donated food, equipment, and additional resources to local soup kitchens, partnered with the McGolrick Park Neighborhood Alliance to clean up the beloved park located in the center of Greenpoint and hosted family-friendly neighborhood block parties during the summer. Most recently, Broadway Stages joined the television show "Blue Bloods" and CBS to give \$25,000 to the families of NYPD officers Rafael Ramos and Wenjian Liu who were brutally murdered in Brooklyn.

Ms. Argento is also committed to supporting young people. Broadway Stages provided new audio equipment to St. Stanislaus Kostka Catholic Academy, sponsored a 5 Boro Basketball team for teens, created a "Green Science Week" at PS110, and partnered with community organizations to hold a local "Schoolfest" fair for students and their families. Broadway Stages also funded the SYSTEM Teen Summer Program, which provides

high school students the opportunity to participate in hands-on activities focused on green technology, engineering, gardening, and community service.

Broadway Stages is an incredible community partner that is committed to building a strong and environmentally sustainable future. Under Ms. Argento's leadership, Broadway Stages has become a model of the way private industry can champion energy sustainability and environmentally-sound community development. By installing 50,000 square feet of solar photovoltaic systems on the roofs of 7 of its sound stages, Broadway Stages created the world's first solar powered sound stage and the largest private solar power installation in New York State. The solar roofs have offset 30 percent of Broadway Stage's annual electricity consumption. Broadway Stages also created an organic vegetable farm called "Eagle Street Rooftop," located on top of a warehouse in Greenpoint. The 6,000 square foot rooftop farm features a variety of educational and volunteer programs and a farmer's market during the growing season. Broadway Stages is also involved in cleaning up a Brownfield site at 359 Kingsland Avenue.

Ms. Argento has worked with YMCA Greenpoint, Boy Scouts of America, Kings County Democratic Club, Greenpoint Chamber of Commerce, Solar One, and EWVIDCO, an advocacy organization for industrial businesses in Greenpoint. Ms. Argento is a loving mother to her three sons, John, Anthony, and Paul. She and her husband, John Ciafone, make an incredible team.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in recognizing the remarkable work of Gina Argento, a successful businesswoman, environmentalist, and fantastic neighbor.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. DONALD M. PAYNE, JR.

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. PAYNE. Mr. Speaker, on December 1, 2016, I inadvertently recorded a vote of "Yea" on H.R. 6392—Systemic Risk Designation Improvement Act of 2016 (Roll Call no. 599). I oppose H.R. 6392, and my vote should be recorded as "Nay".

TRIBUTE TO DR. JANE EDWARD

HON. JOSÉ E. SERRANO

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. SERRANO. Mr. Speaker, it is with great pleasure and admiration that I stand before you today to honor Dr. Jane Edward for her years of compassionate advocacy and tireless work to advocate for the African Diaspora, especially in higher education.

Dr. Jane Edward was born and raised in Southern Sudan. She was educated in Sudan, Egypt, and Canada. Her early years of schooling were completed in Sudan where she obtained a BA in Education from the University of Juba in Southern Sudan in 1986. She was the first to attend a college and the first to obtain a Doctoral Degree in her family. Dr. Ed-

ward left Sudan for Egypt in 1992 to pursue her graduate studies at the American University in Cairo after receiving a Ford Foundation Scholarship. She completed her Masters Degree in Sociology/Anthropology at the American in Cairo in 1996. Unable to return to Sudan due to the civil war, she emigrated from Egypt to Canada in 1997; where she joined the University of Toronto, and completed her Ph.D. in Sociology in Education in 2004. She moved from Canada to the United States of America in 2005.

Dr. Jane Edward is married to Prof. Amir Idris of Fordham University, and they have two children: Amanawil and Bawila. She is currently a Clinical Assistant Professor and Director of African Immigration Research, in the Department of African and African American Studies, Fordham University, Rose Hill Campus in the Bronx. She published a book titled, *Sudanese Women Refugees: Transformations and Future Imaginings*, New York: Palgrave Macmillan 2007, and several book chapters, journal and opinion articles, as well as research reports.

Her unwavering interest for learning and pursuit of higher education is inspired by her parents, who recognized the importance of education for all their children regardless of their gender. Additionally, her personal experiences growing up in South Sudan and observing the experiences of other women, gave Dr. Edward the motivation and encouragement to continue with her education, and to recognize the significance of women's education. These experiences of schooling, teaching and researching African and South Sudanese women's issues in the diaspora and in conflict and post conflict situations have further afforded Dr. Edward a realization that Africans in general and women in particular need to write about their experiences and history from their own perspectives.

As an advocate for women's rights, she has been involved with the Non-Governmental Organizations (NGOs) Forum of the United Nations International Conference on Population and Development (ICPD), held in Cairo Egypt in 1994; and the NGOs forum on women in China's Huairou City, a parallel conference of NGOs to the Fourth World Conference on Women held in Beijing China in September 1995. In the summer of 2006, Dr. Edward launched the African Immigration Research as part of the larger Bronx African American History Project (BAAHP), to highlight African immigrants' histories, experiences and contributions to the history of the Bronx County. The main objective of the study is to examine the situation of African immigrants in the Bronx with an aim of capturing their varied experiences.

Mr. Speaker, I respectfully ask that you and my other distinguished colleagues join me in honoring Dr. Jane Edward for her consistently remarkable dedication to higher education and the African Diaspora.

HONORING THE CAREER OF DR. SUSAN WALSH

HON. JIM COSTA

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. COSTA. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the career of Dr. Susan Walsh. Dr.

Walsh is retiring as Acting President of Merced College after a long and distinguished career in higher education. Dr. Walsh's career is one marked by excellence through hard work, and her undertakings have refined the learning and administrative environment of Merced College.

It is no surprise that as an accomplished educator, Dr. Walsh has invested a great deal of time into her own education. Dr. Walsh has earned five separate degrees, with an Associate's degree in Arts from Merced College, a Bachelors of Arts in English, a Certificate of Management, and a Doctorate of Education from the University of California, Davis, and a Masters in Library Science from San Jose State. Dr. Walsh served as a Librarian in Stanislaus and Yolo Counties, and has spent the rest of her tenure at Merced College in a variety of roles. Dr. Walsh served as the Director of the Learning Resources Center for over 31 years, but has intermittently served as the Co-Interim Associate Vice President for Technology and Institutional Research, Interim Vice President of Instruction, Accreditation Liaison Officer, and Acting President during her time at Merced College.

The course of Dr. Walsh's career has earned her reception of a breadth of awards and honors, the full list of which would take more time to read than we have here today. In the last 12 years, however, Dr. Walsh has been recognized as the Woman of the Year by the Greater Merced Chamber of Commerce, Merced County Chamber of Commerce, the Business and Professional Women of Merced, and California State Senator Anthony Canella. It is both fitting and appropriate that someone who exemplifies the positive values and work ethic of an educator has received such a title from so many reputable institutions.

Dr. Walsh's steadfast commitment to listen to, speak for, and preside over the students and administration of Merced College has been essential to developing and maintaining a strong, positive image for the school, and her presence will be deeply missed. We hope that the next chapter of her life can be as fulfilling as the previous ones have been.

Mr. Speaker, I urge my colleagues to join me in recognizing the career and achievements of Dr. Susan Walsh. Her strong voice as an advocate and administrator has been deeply felt for those that have walked the path offered by Merced College, and it is my hope that she can bring such positive change to anything she chooses to involve herself with in the future.

HONORING OFFICER GREG SANCHEZ

HON. MIKE THOMPSON

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. THOMPSON of California. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Officer Greg Sanchez, whom I have named a 2016 Public Safety Hero of the Year for Contra Costa County in California's 5th Congressional District. This award is given to exceptional members of our community who perform beyond their duty as a public servant.

Officer Sanchez joined the Hercules Police Department in 2008 and currently works as a

patrol officer. He previously worked as a School Resource Officer at the Hercules Middle and High Schools where he made sure our students had a safe learning environment and acted as a mentor to countless students. As a leader on school safety, Officer Sanchez trained faculty and staff at all Hercules Schools on how to respond in the event of an active shooter on campus.

His greatest accomplishments have addressed the relations between law enforcement officers and the people of Hercules. Despite budget cuts, Officer Sanchez has helped organize many community engagement programs, including the Back to School Backpack program that provides school supplies for low income students. He also coordinates with Neighbor Watch groups and leads the Citizen Police Academy, where residents can learn about law enforcement and disaster preparedness.

Mr. Speaker, I thank Officer Sanchez for his dedication to our community's safety. For this reason, it is fitting and proper that I honor him here today.

IN RECOGNITION OF THE SERVICE
OF MICHEL MARGOSIS

HON. GERALD E. CONNOLLY

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CONNOLLY. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize my good friend Michel Margosis on the occasion of his retirement from the Fairfax County Human Rights Commission after 13 years of dedicated service. I have had the honor of personally knowing Michel for many years and believe that he is a man of great wit, integrity, dignity, and courage.

Throughout my tenure on the Fairfax County Board of Supervisors, and particularly as Chairman, I worked closely with the Human Rights Commission to fight against discrimination wherever it reared its ugly head in our community. Whether it was discrimination in the workplace, the housing market, the school yard or anywhere else, we as a community have established a zero-tolerance policy for such abhorrent behavior. That is in no small part due to the efforts of Michel and his fellow commissioners.

Michel's commitment to fighting discrimination and promoting justice and human rights is one which is deeply ingrained in every fiber of his being. As the son of Russian Jews living in Belgium at the time of its invasion by the Nazis during World War II, Michel along with his family were forced to flee to Southern France where they were detained as refugees, but managed to escape. This long and difficult odyssey led them to France then through the Pyrenees Mountains into Spain. He remembers the long, perilous journey, during which the family had to avoid capture and survive the constant bombing and strafing happening all around them as war engulfed the European continent. Sadly, the family became separated during the journey and Michel later traveled to the United States—one of more than 1,400 unaccompanied minors that arrived from Europe—where he lived with a foster family. Not until some years later were all family members reunited in America. They were among the few lucky survivors of the Holocaust.

While most individuals would take time to reflect on such a harrowing ordeal, Michel wanted to give back to the country that had provided him and his family safe haven. After earning a college degree in chemistry, he decided to utilize his multi-lingual fluency and joined the U.S. Army in 1952. He was deployed to Europe as an interpreter, though he would also serve as a medical corpsman. He was honorably discharged from the Army in 1954 as a Private First Class. Upon his return to the United States, he earned a master's degree in chemistry in evening school and pursued further studies in Florida. He retired in 1990 from federal government service after serving as a senior chemist with the Food and Drug Administration. Eight years later, Michel moved to the Greenspring community in Springfield where he still lives and has served as the head of the Democratic Club as well as facilitator of the French Conversation Group.

As someone who has borne witness to some of the darkest moments of humanity, Michel knows that we must never forget the honors of the Holocaust or sit idly by while others are persecuted. Since 1993, he has volunteered his time at the U.S. Holocaust Museum, working in the Speakers Bureau and sharing his experiences. In 2003, he was appointed to the Human Rights Commission of Fairfax County where he has continued his efforts to advance the causes of equality for all. During his tenure on the HRC, he led the campaign for the creation of a Holocaust Day of Remembrance in Fairfax County and has advocated for similar remembrances at the state and national level.

It is this aspect of Michel's character that I perhaps admire most: his desire to use history as a tool not only from which to learn the lessons taught by our past failings but also to teach future generations of those failings to ensure that they are not repeated. Our human history is filled with unpleasant and dark chapters and the temptation is all too often to bury those chapters for the pain they cause. That impulse is of course understandable, especially in the case of monstrosities such as the Holocaust. Michel has made it his mission in life to ensure that this particular monstrosity is never forgotten and, most importantly, never repeated. Only by acknowledging that injustices have occurred can we begin the process of healing the wounds they created and guarding against similar tragedies in the future.

Mr. Speaker, our community and our Nation have been made better by the life and presence of Michel Margosis. While he may be officially stepping down from the Human Rights Commission, I have no doubt that he will continue to be engaged in our community and in the cause of human rights that is so dear to him. I ask my colleagues to join me in commending Michel for his many years of service and for enriching the lives of all around him. I wish him many years of health, happiness and continued success.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AF-
FECTED BY THE NATIONAL
OPIOID EPIDEMIC

HON. ANN M. KUSTER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal sto-

ries of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire I have learned so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehensive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington and I am proud to preserve their stories.

JUSTEN HUMMEL—LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Justen Hummel passed away on August 9, 2014. Justen was a very compassionate and loving son. He was dedicated to his family and friends; always making the time to help whenever it was needed.

Justen could strike up a conversation and befriend anyone he met; therefore, he never met a stranger. When Justen was just a little boy, he discovered a passion for fishing. You would always see him carrying around his pole to fish anywhere that there was a body of water. Justen was also very intelligent and had a creative mind—always thinking and eager to create something new.

After having to undergo surgery for a Methicillin-resistant *Staphylococcus aureus* (MRSA) infection, Justen was prescribed liquid morphine to combat the pain. Consequently, Justen's drug use escalated to a new level, and he later transitioned to heroin as an alternative.

His mother could see Justen struggling so much to overcome his battle with addiction. It totally broke her heart. She tried so hard to help him. Justen is so dearly missed.

RYAN WAYNE JACKSON—OWENSVILLE, OHIO

Ryan Wayne Jackson was born on December 6, 1987. Growing up, Ryan was a spirited child—always doing something and always on the go. He enjoyed collecting things and had several collections of anything and everything.

Despite being diagnosed with ADHD, Ryan was a tremendous student in school; receiving A's and B's with perfect attendance until the 6th grade. Ryan also set a couple athletic records in elementary school, which are still held by him today.

Middle school was when things started to change for Ryan. He tried out for the basketball team but didn't make it; this was a major blow for him. In addition, Ryan had a few other issues that began to arise. He was prescribed medication for his ADHD and his classmates started asking to buy his medicine from him. This was also around the time Ryan first tried marijuana.

Ryan later received his degree as a mechanic. Around ten years ago Ryan was in a serious traffic accident, causing him significant pain in his back. Afterwards he was prescribed medication to help with the pain. For some time, Ryan seemed to do fairly well managing the pain without medication.

About seven years ago, Ryan started dating someone he previously went to school with—this was the beginning of the end for him. The couple had two little girls. During this time Ryan lost custody of his stepson to the boy's father, and later lost his own father tragically. Ryan's life was spiraling out of control. He lost his jobs, his cars, his

house—essentially everything he owned. In the end, Ryan was homeless and in trouble with the law.

Ryan tried to get back into his daughters' lives and was 30 days clean. He was working full time and was in the process of going to see a counselor.

The night Ryan overdosed it was his payday; the temptation was too great for him to suppress. On May 6, 2016, Ryan's grandmother found him unresponsive at 8 a.m.

Ryan had a gigantic heart. He loved hard and fully. Ryan had a beautiful smile, a contagious laugh, and was a hard worker. Ryan always loved his family. His family miss him deeply.

KEVIN ALAN JOHNSON—BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

Kevin entered this world on March 20, 1983. Growing up, Kevin was always on the go. He was a great student. School was easy for him, yet Kevin never seemed to find what it was he was meant to do with his life. Kevin was the kind of person who never saw a stranger—he could make anyone feel comfortable in any circumstance. He was caring, compassionate and had the biggest heart. Kevin would have done anything for anyone. He was intelligent, much too intelligent to have died this way.

Kevin was a fun-loving big guy, with a wonderful smile, and who loved his family and friends. It didn't matter who you were, when Kevin would leave he would give you a big hug. He loved music, reading, playing video games, and cooking; he could make the most delicious meals. Kevin loved the outdoors, especially camping and spending time around campfires with his family and friends.

His mother knew that Kevin experimented with drugs in high school, maybe as early as middle school. She thought it was behavior that he would outgrow of; never realizing how far it had gone and what a hold it had on him. Kevin suffered terrible back pain from two failed surgeries and was due for a third—all at the young age of 25. It was after Kevin's first surgery that brought the beginning of his drug abuse; which spiraled from there with each attempt to find something that would relieve the pain, but Kevin could not find any peace. When speaking with Kevin once about his addiction, he told his mother that he did not feel normal without the drugs; he could not function.

What Kevin loved the most in life was his son. He was in awe that he had created such a beautiful little person. He was Kevin's world, his reason to get up every day and try again. This sweet little boy who will never know how much his daddy loved him, how hard he tried for him. For if Kevin only knew he would never have left him.

Kevin died October 9, 2008, of an accidental overdose. Earlier that evening he had attended a Narcotics Anonymous meeting. His family's lives were forever changed. They think of Kevin and miss him every day.

PHILLIP KEENE—CEDAR BLUFF, VIRGINIA

Samantha Keene lost her husband, Phillip, on August 22, 2015 to an accidental Fentanyl overdose; eight days after his 42nd birthday, two weeks after their daughter's third birthday, and a month after their last wedding anniversary. Their nine year old son found Phillip in his office, face down. When he came and told Samantha, "Mom, Dad is sleeping in the floor," she knew exactly what had happened. He thought Phillip was sleeping because of that sounds he was making—it sounds like snoring.

Phillip left Samantha with three kids ages nine, six, and three, with another on the way. She was 12 weeks pregnant at the time but had a miscarriage two weeks later. Samantha's world has been turned inside out. It's like I'm fighting to get out of a

water filled balloon but there is no way out. Phillip was a news reporter and had worked for the paper for ten years. No one knew Phillip had relapsed—not his mom, his boss, the county supervisors that he talked to regularly, the many people at the courthouse that he saw on a daily basis. No one knew but his wife.

"I deal with the guilt of not doing enough before it was too late. Even in his last moments, did I do enough? Yes I did. I couldn't save him. I could not save the man I loved. My husband. My Protector."

ZAFER KIESA—ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

Zafer Kiesa died on April 13, 2016, from an accidental heroin overdose. He was 19 years old—just months away from his 20th birthday. Zafer, affectionately known as "Z," was a beloved son, brother to three siblings, and friend to many.

Z was a sophomore at the University of Colorado, where he was known as an adventurer, traveler and explorer, who sought out thrills whenever possible. He was an avid tennis player and loved to skateboard, hike, kayak, and follow his favorite sports teams. He liked to begin where the chair lift ended—he'd carry his skis higher up the mountain in search of an untouched backcountry run. Many of his finest selfies come from his treasured mountain explorations in Colorado.

Z was the "connector" in his family; he always made sure to reach out after going too long without checking in. It was second nature to him to send a text, email, or even a handwritten note just to remind people that he cared. We used to joke that Z paid more attention grooming his emails to Grandma than he did on his papers for school. On the night of April 13th, Z tried heroin. He bought it for \$7.00 a hit. Z went to sleep and never woke up. His family's pain, shock and grief upon losing Z is one story among many that evidence the public health crisis facing this country. Heroin use has more than doubled among young adults in the past decade.

Even though the lives of his family have been forever changed by Zafer's death, his spirit and energy will live on within each of them and through the good they contribute to this world. Their hope is that by sharing Zafer's story, and telling the truth about his death, they may be able to save another life.

JEFF KLIK—UTICA, MICHIGAN

Jeff Klik was a beautiful boy: sweet, kind, loving, smart, artistic, talented. He loved making music, snowboarding and developing his own photographs. Jeff was a smart child and learned quickly. At the same time, he was sensitive and had a way with others. He always seemed to befriend the kids in school that no one else would talk to.

Like many of us, Jeff made some bad choices. When he chose heroin, his love for life disappeared. Jeff's mother found marijuana in his room when he was mid-high school. At the time she had no idea that this would start their family down the ugly road that was to come.

Jeff was enrolled in an accelerated program for high-achievers in high school. When his grades started dropping he told his mother, it was "just too hard" for him. Therefore, he dropped out of the program, graduated and headed off to college.

As Jeff's first year away from home went by, his grades dropped and the things he said weren't adding up. Something was wrong. One day, his mother got a call at the hospital where she work, saying that Jeff was downstairs. Panicking, she ran down to the ER. Car accident? Appendicitis? No—a drug overdose.

As Jeff came out of his drugged stupor, he said "I want to kill myself." He was then admitted to a local mental hospital. The two

weeks he spent there were a nightmare—he worked the system expertly. At a counseling session he threw a chair against a wall. He didn't cooperate. They put him on antipsychotic medication. He didn't follow the rules when he came home either, and eventually his mother kicked him out because the situation became dangerous for everyone under that roof.

Jeff overdosed again but his mother didn't know about it until she got the ambulance bills. He came to live with his mother again, and seemed to be doing better. He was going to outpatient counseling daily and his mother thought—"Hey, it's finally working!"—before things started to get bad again. Jeff's behavior was erratic, he wasn't doing any of his favorite activities anymore and he always "had to work."

He signed himself into a treatment center but got kicked out the next day for smoking a cigarette. It was New Year's Eve. He missed Easter dinner, a movie date, his Grandma's birthday, etc. His mother went to see him at work once and he was in the bathroom for a long time. When he walked out he looked sick—his face was pale and broken out, his eyes were glassy. After giving Jeff a drug test, that lit up like a Christmas tree, his dad set an ultimatum: "it's either rehab or you're out of this house." Jeff admitted himself to treatment again. It was April 4, 2015.

After getting through detox Jeff was doing well. On April 21st, he was discharged—clean and happy—to a sober living house close to home. On April 29th, Jeff didn't show up for work and when his Dad went to the house looking for him, he found his son—dead. All of Jeff's beloved cameras were found in a local pawn shop. My Jeff died of an overdose of Heroin/Fentanyl.

TODD LESCARBEAU—SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

Todd Lescarbeau is and always will be his sister's big brother, best friend for 40 years, protector, confidant, and so much more.

On January 3, 1970, the sun rose, and Todd graced the world with his presence. Todd always lived his life to the fullest, with no fears and few regrets, until the sun set for him and all who loved him on March 6, 2012.

Todd was a fun, loving, protective and gentle father, brother, son, husband, uncle, nephew, cousin and friend to all that were lucky enough to know him. His addiction began like so many others—with prescription drugs. Todd suffered from severe back problems and was prescribed opioids for the extreme pain he endured. His back issues led to various surgeries over the years, and unfortunately none of them were able to cure his back problems or completely remove the pain.

Todd was a hard working man with integrity, loyalty, and a ton of love to give. Todd was well known at a very young age as an outstanding drummer. Although he spent countless hours practicing the drums, it was obvious to everyone that Todd was a natural. Drumming and music were two of his biggest passions in life.

Everyone who loved Todd will never forget the impact he had on them and the world. He fought very hard to overcome his addiction, spending time in quite a few various treatment programs. Unfortunately, most insurance companies only allow up to 30 days of treatment which was an insufficient amount for Todd's case.

Todd's struggle with the disease of addiction is what ultimately claimed his life. Life will never be the same without him here—his family miss him every minute of every day.

JAMESON TANNER LINDEMANN—LARAMIE, WYOMING

Jameson Tanner Lindemann, also known as "J.T.," was born on January 14, 1985.

From the moment he was born, J.T. had a twinkle in his eye that let everyone know: "Look out world, get ready for me!" Growing up, J.T. loved little league baseball and was a pretty good player. He would hit home runs and then casually run all the bases—it seemed much more important to him to have fun than being seriously competitive about the game.

School was much the same way for J.T.. He would use his smile and eyes to talk his way out of doing homework, but somehow managed to remain the teacher's favorite.

J.T. was a talented musician, singer, songwriter. He taught himself how to play the drums and guitar. Composing lyrics came naturally to him and was always writing new verses or ideas down on fast food napkins and scraps of paper.

You could always find J.T. sitting outside singing and playing his guitar, playing his drums in the basement, or jamming at friends' homes and local music stores.

After about a year of struggling with addiction, J.T.'s body could no longer handle the abuse, shame and sadness. He passed on September 13, 2007. As J.T. continues his new adventure, he is greatly missed by family and friends and will be remembered by all who knew him as a free spirit; the spark that lit up a room with his smile and fun loving ways, a loving son and brother, caring father, and a friend and helper to all who were lucky enough to be touched by his life.

RICHARD THOMAS LONG, JR.—CANTON, ILLINOIS

Richard was his mother's firstborn and only son, born on February 22, 1986. He was known to many as "Jr." and "Duney." Jr. was smart and a computer buff. Growing up in Canton, Illinois, he enjoyed listening to metal music, mastering video games, fishing, swimming, and teasing Ms younger sister, Jessica.

Jr. loved spending time with his family; he had two boys, Ethan (age 13) and Sabastian (age 2). They were his pride and joy. He absolutely loved watching Ethan play baseball.

Jr. started using drugs in high school and battled an opiate addiction from that time until his death. Richard Thomas Long Jr. lost his 13-year battle to opiate addiction on February 8, 2015.

APRIL LOUIS—BUMPASS, VIRGINIA

April was a loving soul with a huge heart. She was drawn to and good at helping others but she just didn't know how to help herself. April's smile lit up any room and her bubbly laughter was sweet music to her mother's ears. The happiest day of April's life was when her daughter was born. April had been told that she wouldn't be able to have children and when she found out she was pregnant, her mother hoped April would finally be encouraged to get help for her substance use disorder. Unfortunately, April's daughter was born addicted to drugs and had to be weaned off with medication. To protect her granddaughter, April's mother had to take her granddaughter away from her own daughter. April loved her little girl, but heroin loved April more.

April battled addiction for over seven years. During that time, she was in and out of treatment facilities, drug courts, and jail. Sadly, April spent the last 18 months of her life incarcerated. When she came home, she seemed determined and positive about her life to come.

For the first time in many years April's mother had hope, faith, and trust in her daughter. She also wasn't afraid anymore when her phone rang. But just three weeks after April was released from jail, April's mother got that phone call, the one call parents fear the most—April had died from an overdose of pure fentanyl and was found on the floor of the bedroom at her grandmother's house.

April died on March 12, 2014. She was 30 years old and her daughter she left behind was only four. The hardest thing April's mother ever had to do was to tell a four-year-old that her mommy had died and what that meant. April's mother loves and misses her beautiful daughter every day. Her whole family misses April and they will for the rest of their lives.

KEVIN "KEV" CAROTENUTO—PROSPECT PARK, PENNSYLVANIA

Kevin "Kev" Carotenuto was born on May 3, 1993. By the time Kevin got to middle school, he was a talented athlete and very involved in sports, however, school just didn't click for him. Kev started showing signs of ADHD very early on. His mother tried to get him an Individualized Education Program (IEP) but was denied, so she put him in counseling. Kev turned to drugs to cope with the stress of his struggles.

Kev was arrested shortly after his 18th birthday for robbery of three houses in his family's neighborhood. He didn't commit the crimes alone, but wouldn't snitch on his friends. He received an 18 month sentence in county prison and \$30,000 in restitution. Both Kevin's parents visited him and put money on his books the entire time he was in prison.

Six months after his release, Kev started using heroin. He was in and out of countless treatment facilities until he was sent back to jail in February of 2015. Kev was caught using heroin in a public bathroom and was arrested for violating probation. He was sentenced to seven months in county jail.

Kev was released the Monday before Thanksgiving to a local halfway house. He was put on blackout for seven days and then was allowed to go out for four hours at a time. Kevin worked for the newspaper union as an extra so he would call in daily for work. The Thursday after Thanksgiving Kevin was booked for an 11 pm to 5 am shift.

Kev told the halfway house that he had work but proceeded to contact a cellie from jail who came to pick him up. When Kev arrived back at the halfway house he tested hot for suboxone. He was kicked out immediately and the halfway house never notified his family. Kevin was on the streets for a week before he came clean with his mother.

Kev said it was time for him to be a man and he would get himself to rehab. He was approved for 26 days of treatment. Seven days before his release, Kev's mother requested a family meeting with his counselor. The counselor informed her that on Monday the aftercare specialist was going to have a conference call between Kev, herself and the counselor. Monday came and went and no call, so Kev's mother started leaving messages with the counselor. She called every day and left messages—no response.

January 7, 2016, came around and Kev said, "Ma, come get me, I got my coin." Off she went to pick him up. He came home so happy and ready to stay clean. He went to probation the next day where he asked the probation officer (PO) to see him twice a week to keep him honest, which the PO did for one week. The following week the PO told Kev he didn't have time to see him so often. The PO ordered Kev to complete IOP, so on January 8th he called and was told the first opening was 22 days away. Kevin went 22 days with no treatment except for NA meetings and a bible study group of men in recovery.

On the 29th of January Kev went to IOP for his evaluation and when he came out he said, "All good, my first session is on February 1st." On February 1st Kev's mother woke up and went into Kev's room and found him sitting on the side of the bed with his head in his hands and his hoodie on. She said his name two times and got no response. She

then called 911. When she went to touch Kevin's shoulder, his stiff body fell to the floor. His mother saw the needle 1/2 full of clear liquid. She went to move his hoodie to get to his neck to check his pulse and all she saw was the side of his face—purple and cold. He was dead. A mother's worst fear comes true.

Kev passed away on February 2, 2016, from an overdose of poisoned heroin.

TRIBUTE TO NICK'S RESTAURANT

HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to congratulate Nick's Restaurant of Des Moines, Iowa, for being recognized for serving Iowa's 2016 Best Breaded Pork Tenderloin by the Iowa Pork Producers Association (IPPA). The designation has been bestowed on one lucky Iowa restaurant each year since 2002.

This honor was one owner Nick Iaria has worked for since he opened his doors, he told the Iowa Pork Producers Association. They chose Nick's Restaurant over 384 Iowa businesses because of its unique taste. Nick's tenderloins are prepared in "queen" and "king" size, and are known for their made-to-order quality. The pork tenderloin is freshly seasoned, floured, battered, breaded and then cooked in a fryer designated only for tenderloins. Nick's serves over 1,000 tenderloins every week.

Mr. Speaker, I commend Nick's Restaurant for receiving this distinguished designation. Their dedication to frying the perfect pork patty has put smiles on the faces of Iowans all across the state. I ask that my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives join me in congratulating Nick's Restaurant and in wishing them nothing but continued success.

COMMEMORATING THE LIFE OF DETECTIVE BENJAMIN EDWARD MARCONI

HON. HENRY CUELLAR

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CUELLAR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commemorate the life of Detective Benjamin Edward Marconi of the San Antonio Police Department who was tragically killed in the line of duty on November 20th, 2016.

Detective Marconi was born in the City of San Antonio on January 8th, 1966 to James and Minerva Marconi. In the mid-1970s, Detective Marconi and his family moved to Floresville, Texas, where he lived until he graduated from Floresville High School. After receiving a business degree from Texas A&I—Kingsville, Detective Marconi later joined the San Antonio Police Department, where he served for 20 years.

Throughout his life, Detective Marconi was always held in high regard by his family members, friends and colleagues for his dedication to serving the public as well as his unwavering care and compassion for his family, whom he loved dearly. His friends and family cherished

his ability to put a smile on anyone's face, bringing about joy and laughter wherever he went.

Detective Marconi's commitment to protecting the people of San Antonio led to his distinguished career in law enforcement as a member of the Special Victims Unit for SAPD. A decorated police officer, he had the distinct honor and privilege of assuming the rank of Detective in Major Crimes. His passion for serving the community is an example that each of us should strive to follow.

Detective Marconi is survived by his son, Dane Marconi; grandson Mason Marconi; stepdaughter Jacy Lewis; brother Tom Marconi and wife Diana, their sons, Adam and Andrew Marconi, and their grand-daughter, Anastazia Zamora Marconi; sister Debbie Saldaña and husband Danny and their sons, Ross Gonzales Jr. and Nick Saldaña, their daughter, Danielle Saldaña, and their grand-daughter, Hailey Gonzales; sister Terri Marconi McKnight and her son, Blake Kirkland; and numerous aunts, uncles, and cousins.

The legacy of Detective Marconi lives on through the kindness and compassion that he shared with those who surrounded him. His dedication to the people of San Antonio will be remembered throughout the greater Bexar County community.

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to have the opportunity to remember the legacy of Detective Benjamin Marconi.

RECOGNIZING THE 103RD BIRTHDAY OF MRS. EDNA HALL RILEY WALKER

HON. ALCEE L. HASTINGS

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. HASTINGS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Mrs. Edna Hall Riley Walker of Riviera Beach, Florida, who on December 23rd will turn 103 years young. Mrs. Walker, one of Florida's over four thousand centenarians, is a lifelong resident of Wakulla County.

Mrs. Walker continues to follow an incredible journey through life and has seen drastic changes in the world since she was born in 1913. Mrs. Walker was born the middle child of three in Shadeville, Florida. She started a family with Herbert Riley and had three children: Anthony, Allan, and Ianthia. Working as a Master Seamstress since the 1950s, Mrs. Walker deeply understands the value of hard work.

Mrs. Walker to this day is still an active member of her community, still a faithful servant of God, and still sharp as a tack. She is a deep believer in the golden rule, and often tells people she meets, "I would do you right before I would ever do you wrong. It's so important to do unto others as you want them to do unto you. That's what Jesus said."

These days, Mrs. Walker often travels throughout the United States to see her many children and grandchildren. Her descendants have flown far and wide, from New York to Texas, a testament to her wide-reaching legacy. She most enjoys reading and playing games with her grandchildren and great grandchildren. Clearly, Edna Riley Walker is still leaving her mark.

Mr. Speaker, it is my distinct honor to acknowledge this incredible woman on her many

accomplishments in life and to wish her a very happy 103rd birthday.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AFFECTED BY THE NATIONAL OPIOID EPIDEMIC

HON. ANN M. KUSTER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal stories of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire I have learned so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehensive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington and I am proud to preserve their stories.

ROBERT AND ERIC FRANKLIN—CEDARBURG, WISCONSIN

The Franklin family had two beautiful, talented and very much loved sons, both who died in 2012 from heroin overdoses. They both are so very missed. Life is just not as full as it should be. Their loss has forever changed their family's lives.

The Franklin's youngest child, Robert Franklin, was born November 10, 1987 and died April 22, 2012. At six foot five, he was a gentle giant. Everyone loved Robert; he was funny and a born leader. In high school, Robert had gotten himself into trouble and was arrested for being in possession of two pounds of marijuana at the age of 17. As his parents, they were shocked that he had been messing with that quantity of marijuana. As a result, before Robert turned 18 years old he was labeled a felon. Drugs became Robert's escape; he shouldn't have needed to escape, he had a great childhood and was well liked by everyone. From there, things went quickly downhill. Robert spent much of his young adult life in prison or jail. Robert didn't seem to know how to stop using, and his family didn't fully understand what he was going through. Then he found the drug Oxycontin. Robert died at the age of 24. As Neil Young once said, "Twenty four and there's so much more".

Their middle son, Eric, was born February 22, 1986 and died December 21, 2012. He was a happy, smart, handsome, loved, talented and caring person. Eric had so much to live for, so much left to give to the world. He played the guitar and harmonica; writing much of his own music. Eric also had a great voice. Eric worked for his dad as a rough carpenter. He had just met a girl and were early in their relationship, but somehow he still couldn't get past his addiction. His family knew he wanted to change. Eric even went to a treatment center and did really well for a while. He was only 26 when he died.

Both Robert and Eric loved to play the guitar and were immensely passionate about all

music. Together they started a band called, The Wronged and wrote and recorded several songs.

Robert and Eric left behind not only their parents, Patricia and Mike, but also their older brother, Adam and sister in-law, Robin, and their only niece, Taylor.

JASON FREBURGER—PASADENA, MARYLAND

On December 23, 2015, Jason Freburger died in his family's home of a heroin overdose. He was 29 years old. The several years of battling his addiction caused so much pain for Jason, as well as his family. Jason felt shame, remorse, failure and regret. His family felt lost, horrified, let down, and confused by the lack of available resources and the medical system. Jason was in and out of treatment, jail, IOP, NA meetings and a halfway house.

Jason was an electrician for the Board of Education for eight years, and was preparing to get his Master's license. He was an animal lover, played Xbox, loved fishing, enjoyed music, reading a good book, and building with Mega Legos. Jason would regularly tell his family that he loved them. However, Jason is the product of a family tree that has strong inherited addictive genes and mental illness—many of those struggling with addiction suffer with dual diagnosis, and this resulted in Jason's demise.

Jason was never allowed enough time in any treatment facility for recovery to take hold. Losing his job meant losing his medical insurance. There is no in-patient treatment that covers beyond two weeks with just Medicaid. After two weeks of treatment, Jason came out clean, but not skilled, not yet strong enough, not able to keep the disease at bay. He was then sent into a halfway house that had no accountability for any of its clients.

Jason tried, he tried so hard. He wanted to be drug free; a simple man living a simple life. Jason was a part of the Anne Arundel County Maryland Adult Drug Court Program. Once-a-month hearings with the judge and once-a-week case manager meetings isn't enough for some of those struggling with addiction to be successful.

His family can't stop thinking about Jason; loving him, missing him, and needing him in their lives. Jason was a treasure to them all. He was a beloved child. He was a good person and son. He needed help; he asked for it but was only granted snippets of hope that would never lead to solid recovery. Individuals struggling with addiction are our children, spouses, our family.

MARK C. FUSCIA—VOORHEES, NEW JERSEY

Mark Fuscina passed away to a heroin overdose on February 12, 2010. Mark was a wonderful, kind, respectable, energetic, intelligent and loving person. Our family used to call him the politician because of his outgoing and friendly personality with people.

At the young age of 14, Mark began experimenting with drugs. During this time his family thought he was just going through the teenage phase of life, and were unaware Mark had fallen into a strong addiction. He started out with marijuana, then moved to mushrooms, cocaine, pills then heroin.

Mark was really good at various sports from a very young age, but was most passionate about baseball, which he played since elementary school up until the end of freshman year of high school. Although he did very well in school throughout the years, his family was told by a teacher that Mark was an excellent student but there was concern that he was a follower. Being a follower, Mark decided after finishing baseball in freshman year to quit the team like some of his friends had done. It was just the beginning of Mark becoming disinterested in things he previously really enjoyed.

As his addiction began the summer before sophomore year of high school, Mark faced a set of challenges—including arrests as he sold drugs to support his gradual habit. During his senior year of high school, despite all of the ups and downs, Mark had managed to get two partial academic scholarships to college. His family couldn't have been more proud of him and continued to show support and love, hoping that he would have a bright future ahead of him.

Mark tried so hard to overcome his addiction and to stay on the straight path, but his addiction was so strong and followed him right to college. His family were always supporting him, including trying to help him through these difficult years. They all loved Mark so much and were confident that with their help he would be able to overcome his addiction in time. At the time, Mark's family did not fully understand the grasp the disease of substance use disorder has on individuals.

ANDREW GIBSON—BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Andrew started using drugs in Middle School in his hometown of Billerica, Massachusetts. First it was marijuana, which he used in excess (3-4 times a day starting before he went to school). He sold marijuana for many years until he graduated to opiates. He started with 30mg Percocets until he discovered that heroin was less expensive.

Andrew's learning disabilities made school difficult for him and he never liked it, but he was successful during his last two years of in a charter high school because of the supportive community, teachers and administration. Andrew graduated in 2012 and never went to college.

Andrew loved dirt bikes and did his senior project on the dynamics of dirt bike engines. He also loved cars and was proud of his Acura Integra that he drove to school while blaring the sound system that he had installed himself.

Andrew was always looking "fresh." He took pride in how he presented; he'd clean dirt off of his spotless white sneakers, wipe smudges off mirror sunglasses and sport a crisp haircut. A hat to match the color of his shirt and sneakers. He was well-liked, charismatic, respectful, kind and always willing to help a friend. He had difficulty being kind to himself. He was always focusing on his mistakes and dismissing his successes.

Andrew relapsed many times and struggled to embrace the 12 Step Program. In 2014, he was charged with possession and trafficking of heroin and was sent to jail. It took being arrested to make him realize how serious his addiction had become. From there Andrew went to a sober house in Portland, Maine, where he learned how to live a substance free life.

He got a job as a cook at a local restaurant, he started to work the 12 Steps, got a sponsor, attended and spoke at meetings, started mental health counseling, joined a gym and was feeling good about himself. He looked and felt great—having gained back some of the weight that he lost when he was using.

Andrew passed away in Portland, Maine on April 11, 2015, after a three-year battle with Heroin addiction. He was 21 years young. In his short time on this earth, Andrew helped countless people. Many people have told his family that they wouldn't be sober or even alive if it weren't for him.

JESSICA ELIZABETH GRUBB—CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Jessica Elizabeth Grubb, second oldest of five sisters, died on March 2, 2016 as a result of oxycodone toxicity. After struggling for many years with the demon that is heroin addiction, Jessica's mother had hoped and truly believed that Jessica was finally on the clean and sober path to recovery.

Jessica's struggles began during her freshman year of college, when she was raped at a party; not telling a soul about the incident for six years. This set the stage for many agonizing years of depression, addiction, anorexia, and bulimia. Jessica said that heroin was the only thing that, "made her not care."

In the six months prior to Jessica's death, she was slowly improving and coming back to herself. She had found a city she loved, a job, a supportive community, and was exercising a lot. Jessica was running many miles a day, which seemed to be helping her with her anxiety.

Unfortunately, due to all of the running, Jessica had a recurrence of a bone infection and had to have surgery in February. Jessica's family panicked. Doctors are too free with prescribing narcotics and many have no idea what these drugs can do to someone who is already struggling with addiction. Therefore, Jessica's family drove six hours to be with Jessica; they wanted to make sure these doctors knew about Jessica's history of struggling with addiction. They made it clear to all nurses and doctors that Jessica was recovering from a heroin addiction and Jessica told them the same thing. But when Jessica's mother mentioned this to one of the doctors, he said, "Shhh!" She asked him, "What are you talking about?" The doctor began to tell her that, "Jessica is such a sweet girl, we don't want people knowing that." Jessica's mother was struck dumb by the doctor's comment.

The weather forecast showed an incoming snow storm, so Jessica's family ended up only staying two days with Jessica, leaving for home after her surgery was complete. They were confident that all would be well; meaning, Jessica would not be prescribed any narcotics.

That afternoon the doctors put Jessica on an IV containing oxycodone, reawakening her addiction. They then sent her home with 50 oxycodone pills and a peripherally inserted central catheter (PICC or PIC line).

The next day Jessica's family tried calling her multiple times, as did her sisters. Jessica was supposed to be the maid of honor in her oldest sister's wedding. They even were sending her pictures of dresses. They received no response from Jessica.

Jessica's family panicked and called the local sheriff's department and they proceeded to conduct a police welfare check on Jessica. Jessica was found dead. Eight of the 50 prescribed oxycodone pills were gone. On March 2nd, Jessica became one of the 129.

SHAWNIA GURULE—DENVER, COLORADO

On May 25, 1990, Shawna's mother was blessed with having the most beautiful daughter. Shawna was the cutest baby—fat and chubby, and hardly ever cried. From an early age, Shawna was full of life. When she was older, she was a cheerleader and loved playing volleyball, singing and dancing. Shawna was passionate about hairstyling and was great at it—she would do all her girlfriend's hair for special occasions.

Shawna's mother dealt with her daughters' struggles with addiction for years; beginning around 13 or 14 years old, when she was introduced to prescription pills. Consequently, Shawna's behavior started to change, affecting their relationship. Shawna was no longer the baby girl that her mother knew, she was someone else.

Over the years, Shawna tried to clean up her act, not only for her own well-being, but for her newborn son. In 2015, she was introduced to heroin by the boyfriend she was living with. Shawna hated how overpowering heroin was; she had little control and felt she could not refrain from using.

On January 9, 2016, Shawna's mother received the dreaded call; Shawna had

overdosed in the boyfriend's home and was in critical condition. A mixture of heroin and methamphetamine was found in her system. On January 11th, just three days later, Shawna was pronounced dead.

"Heroin came into our lives and now my baby girl is gone forever," writes her mother, Rosalie. "This is what a taste of this drug does. My family will be forever broken."

"Have your stories heard. Say them loudly and help other parents, brothers, sisters, and children through this ugly battle with drugs. Don't enable your children but also don't push them away. I send my prayers and tears for all of our children."

MICHAEL DUANE "MIKE" HANNAY—MASON, MICHIGAN

Mike was, and still is, an amazing human being. He had the most contagious smile and the best hair. He was hilarious, sarcastic, and incredibly witty; he had the most amazing sense of humor. Mike had such a big heart and never spoke bad about anyone. He always had a carefree, laid back attitude. Mike was so intelligent—the kind of person who never had to study but still got A's and B's. He could answer any Jeopardy question—things that make most of us say "Huh?!" Mike could fix any computer problems in five minutes or less, make you feel better on your absolute worst days, make you laugh until you cried and your cheeks hurt. Mike loved going to car shows with his father. Together, they restored a '57 Chevy the summer before he passed. Mike and I were best friends since we were young and were always doing things together. His family were all so close, a tight-knit family. Seeing Mike suffer from addiction was heart-breaking for all of them.

Mike hurt his back in a car accident and, like many who succumb to addiction, was prescribed pain medication and Xanax by his doctor. One day, at the end of 2009, Mike crushed his hand at work in a 20-ton brake press, resulting in the amputation of the tips of three of his fingers. He later underwent five surgeries to repair his hand. The severity of his injury, the numerous surgeries, and pain resulted in increased access to prescription medication that enhanced his addiction.

This was when Mike starting trying heroin. He overdosed twice but made it out alive on both occasions. The first time was in March of 2011 and the second in October of the same year.

For the next few years, Mike struggled off and on with addiction. Finally, things were looking up. He had a new job and was doing great. Mike was blessed with his first and only nephew six months prior to his passing. Mike had been clean for a year and four months before he relapsed and lost his life on September 20, 2013.

No one saw this coming, not his friends or his family.

HANNAH DAKOTA VEIT-HARTL—RANCHO PALOS VERDES, CALIFORNIA

Hannah was a smart, witty, caring young woman. She brought the life to any party with her infectious, sometimes twisted, sense of humor. To her parents, she was the daughter we all hope for. She was a self-motivated honors student, cool-as-a-cucumber ice hockey goalie, and a protective big sister to her two siblings. She enjoyed skiing, swimming, traveling and hanging out with her family.

As Hannah went through her teen years, she gravitated towards a partying culture and became somewhat of a music "savant." As she continued on her college education at UCSC, little did Hannah realize that the all-too-easy to get, ubiquitous, and cheap heroin, would savagely alter her brain chemistry and bring with it the disease of addiction. Lacking a true understanding as to how

this drug works, Hannah did not initially recognize the signs of addiction.

Just last year when Hannah realized that she had become dependent on heroin, she went to Urgent Care to get help. The only “help” they could give her was a taxi voucher home. The following day, she returned to the hospital where, again, she was handed a taxi voucher and sent away. In desperation, Hannah called her mom for help. Unfortunately, like most families, Hannah’s family understood very little about addiction and heroin. They were unfamiliar with what steps to take to get Hannah the help she needed and they did what they thought was best. Hannah’s family sent her to a treatment center, a path which they now understand was ineffective and inadequate on many levels.

Given that Hannah didn’t match the heroin addict stereotype her family had in their minds, as she continued on in college they thought everything was essentially under control. Even after the course of treatment, none of Hannah’s family understood the insidiousness of this drug, the relentless grip of addiction, nor the absurd statistical odds against Hannah’s survival. Although Hannah’s active addiction only lasted for several months, she relapsed with someone she had met at the treatment center. Hannah was able to bounce back and when she began her senior year of college, she believed she was well-equipped to manage her addiction and her family did too.

Then on March 9, 2016, she died. Hannah’s tragic and untimely death at the age of 22 has shaken her family to its deepest core.

Like many young students during finals, Hannah stayed up for many nights in a row studying. She did not die from a heroin overdose—smart, witty, Hannah made a calculation error. She did not factor exhaustion into the equation when taking “just a little” heroin to go to sleep. The dose of heroin itself did not kill her; because she was so exhausted the heroin fatally compromised her natural reflexes to re-position herself while she slept. With her head surrounded by an array of pillows, she slowly suffocated. Hannah did not want to die; the morning of her death she had just turned in one of the last term papers she needed to earn her Bachelor’s Degree in Psychology. On the floor next to her bed was a pile of LSAT study books and underneath her pillow was a “To Do” list.

CHRISTOPHER MATTHEW “CHRIS” HONOR—
SALEM, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Chris was an average student and loved history class. He played various sports and could spout out statistics about any team. He wanted to become a sports broadcaster and did work for a few seasons with the New Hampshire Fisher Cats baseball team.

When Chris was 12 years old, his mother first started noticing some troubling signs. Chris became more defiant and his moods would change rapidly, from extreme highs to deep lows. He scratched at scabs on his arms as a means of escaping feeling. Chris’ parents went to court and begged the judge to get Chris evaluated for bipolar disorder. Chris’ mother was accused of wanting to simply medicate her difficult child, but all she wanted was to give him a fair shot at life and help him learn to deal with the overwhelming feelings. Soon after, Chris’ mother found out he had started experimenting with marijuana.

When Chris was 17, he was picked up by the police when he was high on ecstasy. After a big fight, Chris left his father’s house and went to live with some friends and later, his grandmother. Chris decided he would finish his senior year of high school by taking night classes. He graduated in 2011, got a job

and started college. Things were looking up. When Chris turned 18, he moved in with a couple of friends and things quickly began to slip. One of his roommates was selling drugs and the police were watching the apartment. One night, the cops raided the apartment and everyone inside was arrested. After that, Chris was subject to random drug testing.

In 2013, Chris was sent to the county jail for eight months, after threatening his grandmother. When he got out, Chris and his girlfriend, reunited and began abusing drugs together. Chris eventually checked into a treatment center; but once he was stable, the facility needed the bed and Chris was released. Later, when Chris told his probation officer he wouldn’t test clean, he was sent back to jail for the weekend.

The summer after that seemed like a dream for Chris and his girlfriend; they were always laughing and taking endless walks together. On September 25, 2014, Chris’ mother got a call from his girlfriend saying Chris was going back to jail for 20 days. Four days later, Chris called from jail to tell his mother that his girlfriend had died from an overdose. He said if he had been home he could have saved her.

Chris was never the same after that and went back to abusing drugs immediately after being released and he was picked up again by the police on April 15, 2015. When he was released from jail on September 3rd, Chris seemed to be doing well. He applied for a job, and later that day he scheduled a time to get vivitrol shots. The next day Chris called his mother depressed because he missed his girlfriend and said that he never truly dealt with her death. On September 5th, the Jordan family were woken up in the early morning by a policewoman telling them that Chris was found dead.

REMEMBERING THE LIFE AND LEGACY OF JOHN GLENN

HON. TIM RYAN

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. RYAN of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, I am deeply saddened by the passing of John Glenn. My thoughts and prayers are with his wife Annie, his family, and the countless others who are mourning this great loss.

John Glenn was a decorated World War II Marine Corps Fighter Pilot who broke the transcontinental speed record. A pioneer astronaut who was the first American to orbit the earth, and he later became the oldest man in space at the age of 77. He was a distinguished statesman who represented Ohio in the United States Senate. But most importantly, he was a family man who married his childhood sweetheart, Annie, and enjoyed spending time with his family and friends.

I count myself lucky to have had the opportunity to spend some time with Senator Glenn and I will cherish those moments for the rest of my life. Today is a sad day for the State of Ohio and for the United States of America. John Glenn was an American hero and his life and legacy will never be forgotten.

RECOGNIZING THE 2016 MVLE ANNUAL AWARD RECIPIENTS

HON. GERALD E. CONNOLLY

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CONNOLLY. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the 2016 MVLE Annual Award Recipients.

For 45 years, MVLE has provided employment opportunities and support services to individuals with disabilities and thereby created an environment which has allowed its clients to live in dignity and as independently as possible. MVLE has achieved this success by partnering with local businesses as well as with government agencies and other not-for-profit organizations. MVLE, its staff, and dedicated volunteers and supporters can be proud that they are making a positive difference in someone’s life every day.

Each year, MVLE honors individual participants, as well as business and community partners, who support MVLE’s mission. I am pleased to include the names of the following 2016 award recipients:

The President’s Award is being presented to individuals who have shown outstanding progress toward gaining independence and self-sufficiency through participation in employment and community services. The 2016 President’s Award recipients are Ashley Carter, Wei Lung Lin, Jennifer Quinn, and Jose Mananzan.

The Chairman’s Award is being presented to an outstanding business partner who has demonstrated excellence in hiring practices, creating supportive work environments, and supporting the mission of MVLE. The 2016 Chairman’s Award recipients are Chick-fil-A of Dumfries and Chick-fil-A of Chantilly Place.

MVLE also presents four Community Awards for Government, Employment, Social Responsibility, and Integration.

The Government Champion Award is being presented to the Defense Acquisition University in recognition of its commitment to the creation of meaningful employment opportunities across government and business sectors.

The Employment Partner Award is being presented to Sharp Business Systems of Washington, DC in recognition of its efforts to create meaningful community employment opportunities for individuals with disabilities and military veterans.

The Advocacy Champion Award is being presented to state Delegate Patrick Hope, who represents Virginia’s 47th District. MVLE presents this award to an outstanding partner who advocates for community integration by fostering partnerships across sectors to create new opportunities for the disabilities community.

The Social Responsibility Award is being presented to The Paul Mitchell School of Woodbridge, Virginia. MVLE presents this award to an outstanding partner who supports MVLE and our community through contributions and volunteer work.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in commending MVLE for its success in helping individuals with disabilities achieve independence and in congratulating the 2016 MVLE Annual Award recipients. The efforts of MVLE, its supporters, community partners, and clients are an inspiration to all and are worthy of our highest praise.

IN RECOGNITION OF ANA
RODRIGUEZ

HON. CAROLYN B. MALONEY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mrs. CAROLYN B. MALONEY of New York. Mr. Speaker, I rise in recognition of Ana Rodriguez, Director of Community Relations and Volunteer Services at Mount Sinai Queens, who was honored for her achievements as part of Women's History Month. Ms. Rodriguez is a dedicated, compassionate, and beloved representative for the hospital. She attends countless community meetings and is always cheerful and well informed.

In her role at Mount Sinai Queens, Ms. Rodriguez works with community organizations and community leaders to ensure that the hospital best serves its community. In addition, she coordinates educational health programs and events to promote awareness about health issues in the community. Ms. Rodriguez also works with people of all ages and all walks of life who are interested in volunteering, in order to ensure that the hospital's patients are served in the most meaningful way possible.

Ms. Rodriguez has also been an important advocate for children. From 1993 through 1999, she worked with Greater New York Councils, Boy Scouts of America. In her role as Associate Director, Ms. Rodriguez served youth in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx through the Urban Emphasis and Scoutreach Program. She collaborated with school principals, religious institutions, and community organizations to establish new scouting programs.

For six years, Ms. Rodriguez served adolescents, as well as adults, as a senior clinical social worker at the New York Presbyterian Hospital. Here, she provided mental health services, and worked with young men and women to empower them to reach their full potential.

Ms. Rodriguez has been celebrated by the community for her achievements. For example, Centro de Desarrollo de la Mujer (Center for Women Development) has presented her with a Woman of the Year Award for her community service. Her work has also been recognized by the Office of the Borough President of Manhattan, and she has received the Peter Vallone, Jr. Award from the 114th Precinct Civilian Observation Patrol for her dedication to the people of Astoria and Long Island City.

Ms. Rodriguez has a Bachelor of Science from Hunter College and a Master's degree in social work from Columbia University.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in recognizing the wonderful work of Ms. Rodriguez and her tireless service to her community.

TRIBUTE TO DR. RICHARD
HUNTER

HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize and congratulate Dr. Rich-

ard Hunter of Indianola, Iowa, for completing this year's Des Moines Triathlon at age 85.

Dr. Hunter did not begin competing in triathlons until after his retirement from medicine at 67. He remained committed to his training even after he returned to medicine, not retiring again until 82. He participated in the famed Ironman triathlon, which took him on a journey all over the world to compete. After moving to Indianola to be closer to his family, Dr. Hunter wondered how he would continue to train when he did not have an ocean to swim or bike trails to challenge him. He soon discovered that he could continue training at the local YMCA. The hard work paid off. Not only did he complete the 2016 Des Moines Triathlon, but he was also the oldest participant by 11 years in the sprint race.

Mr. Speaker, I commend Dr. Hunter for having the discipline and determination to compete in this rigorous competition. I ask that my colleagues in the United States House of Representative join me in congratulating him and in wishing him nothing but continue success.

JAMES MADISON LEGACY
PROJECT

HON. EARL BLUMENAUER

OF OREGON

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. BLUMENAUER. Mr. Speaker, I would like to recognize the James Madison Legacy Project, a nationwide teacher professional development program, currently being implemented in Oregon by the Classroom Law Project, a civic education non-profit in Portland, Oregon. Led by Executive Director Marilyn Cover, Classroom Law Project brings vital and engaging civics and law-related education programs into the classrooms across Oregon, teaching students of all grade levels the values and skills essential to being a participating citizen in our democracy. Each year, Classroom Law Project's innovative, practical, and fun programs involve and inspire over 800 teachers and 60,000 Oregon students.

The James Madison Legacy Project, made possible by a grant from the U.S. Department of Education's Supporting Effective Educator Development program, is a three year nationwide initiative of the Center for Civic Education that recently entered its second year. The project aims to provide professional development for over 2000 teachers of high-need students, help over 200,000 students meet state standards in civics and government, serve the self-identified professional development needs of more than 500 participating schools with significant concentrations of high-need students throughout the United States. The project will also evaluate the relative effectiveness of the Center's traditional We the People: The Citizen and the Constitution professional development model enhanced with online resources compared with a new blended-learning variation of the traditional model that also uses online resources.

The key goals of the James Madison Legacy Project are providing the best practices in civic education directly to teachers and identifying cost-effective ways to provide accessible professional development programs, particularly for teachers in high-needs schools. With exceptional professional development, teach-

ers are better equipped to help students gain the knowledge and skills necessary in a participatory democracy.

Through the James Madison Legacy Project, Oregon teachers are learning directly from current and past members of the Oregon Supreme Court, constitutional scholars, and master teachers. The project includes follow-up services so that teachers can more readily implement what they learn in their classrooms. Future professional development will include opportunities to examine primary source documents from our country's founding, a private tour of the Oregon Historical Society and exhibit on the Founders, and lectures from First and Fourteenth Amendment scholars. Teachers will also have an exclusive behind the scenes view of the renowned Oregon High School State We the People Competition in January 2017.

The Center for Civic Education and Oregon's Classroom Law Project are at forefront of innovative and equitable civic education in America, and I look forward to their continued success and accomplishment.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AF-
FECTED BY THE NATIONAL
OPIOID EPIDEMIC

HON. ANN M. KUSTER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal stories of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire, I have learned so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehensive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington and I am proud to preserve their stories.

ERIK LEE BLOM—FAIRVIEW, TENNESSEE

Erik's death has devastated his entire family. He was an extremely gifted and creative young man whose keen wit and empathetic heart is missed everyday.

Erik began to abuse substances in 7th grade. His sister remembers the day he made the mistake of wearing bike shorts to school—he was bullied everyday after that. Eventually, Erik made a conscious decision to be tougher than anyone else and his tender heart began to harden with the belief that it was best not to feel—never to cry. Erik was intelligent, frustrated, and bored. The school thought he would benefit from being challenged in a gifted class and it did seem to help some, but he would still disappear to a place that we couldn't seem to reach. Erik's depression and anxiety kept him off-balance and he started self-medicating with marijuana before moving on to

Xanax and Lortab. Pills were easy to get. Kids took them from their parents bedside tables and traded on the bus. Erik was arrested at school during his senior year for public intoxication. He went to jail and then to treatment. He was put on probation for a year. The summer after treatment, Erik and his sister worked at a kids camp together and our family had a summer to remember—we had our son back.

In the fall of 2003, Erik started college as a double major in graphic design and print making. He was being treated for Bipolar II but his anxiety and depression weren't being managed properly and he went back to self-medicating with marijuana. From early childhood coloring contests to his mastery of printmaking, Erik was always driven to share his life through art. This process of creation became an act of rebellion against the demons that plagued him.

Erik used heroin for the first time one week before his 26th birthday. The group of people who helped him shoot up for the first time then had to spend 45 minutes reviving him. He survived. He told his family that when he used that day, he felt no pain for the first time since he could remember. He would go on to chase that feeling for three years. He never found it again. Instead, he found an addiction that brought him to homelessness, got him work as a confidential informant, landed him in jail, lost him friends and at times, his family, caused unthinkable trauma, and ultimately death.

On April 30, 2014, Erik had been clean and sober for 6 months but his mood disorder was out of control. The psychiatrist prescribed him two weeks of Klonopin but he took all of it in two days. His agitation progressed and turned into outright rage. We called the police in hopes that he would be admitted to the hospital to stabilize, but he didn't have health insurance and presented as well enough, so they released him. When he came back home things got even crazier and we called the police again. Erik went to stay with a friend who he pressured to take him to a dealer. Erik shot up in the car and then again in the bathroom. Erik's sister got a call from a detective at 2:22 a.m. He told her that the entire family needed to get to the ER asap. When Erik's family arrived they were told that Erik was dead upon arrival. That was Thursday, May 1, 2014. That was the day our lives changed forever. He was 29 years old.

JOHN BOTKINS, III—CLERMONT, FLORIDA

From the day John was born, he brought so much joy to everyone lives. No matter how hard his family tried to stay mad at him, over the mischief he got into, John always managed to say something funny to make them laugh. John was a very inquisitive child and adult, never believing anything would hurt him and always willing to try anything.

Needless to say, life with John was never dull. He was always independent and strong-willed, but always cheerful and upbeat, even when he was fighting his hardest demons. While in middle school, John was diagnosed with ADD, and placed on medication to help keep him focused. John was in and out of school after that, and barely managed to graduate high school. He attended one year of college and flunked out. He returned home and his step-father and mother paid to send him to train to climb towers, where he excelled and began working for his stepfather's company. He was one of the best climbers in the industry.

Unfortunately, John's alcohol and drug habit exacerbated throughout the years, changing his personality and his lifestyle drastically. His mother never wanted to believe he had a problem and was fearful, if she

made him mad, he would not love her, and she would not see him.

After an almost fatal overdose, it came to light that John had been using drugs for 15 years. He was 30 years old at the time and had two daughters, ages two and four.

John's family tried to encourage him to enter a treatment program, but he declined, stating he had to go back to work to help support his daughters. His family agreed to support John as long as he stayed clean. He did pretty well for a couple of months, but those close to him began to see some familiar signs that he was using again.

On Memorial Day, 2012, John's mother received the phone call that every mother of a child struggling with addiction dreads getting. Her young granddaughters got up that morning and found their father lying dead on the living room floor—their lives traumatized and forever changed.

Not a day goes by that John's mother doesn't think of her sweet little happy baby boy and his sensitive and caring heart. She knows, without a doubt, that he would have never intentionally put his family through this grief and heartache. He had such a sensitive spirit and giving heart for those in trouble or need and he would never have purposefully caused this. These demons called heroin and cocaine consumed him and ultimately took him.

DAYNE BRANDANO—MALDEN, MASSACHUSETTS

Dayne and his sister, Brittany, have struggled with the disease of addiction. Dayne died on July 25, 2015 from a drug overdose; and Brittany is in recovery and very involved in the sober community.

The Brandano family has been dealing with the heroin epidemic first-hand since 2006, when Brittany was hit by a car and needed surgery. When Brittany was released from the hospital, she was given a prescription for liquid OxyContin. Dayne and Brittany's mother had never heard of the drug before. One day, she noticed that most of the liquid was gone and had not been taken as directed. From that point forward the Brandano family tried everything to help Brittany: tough love, endless understanding and support, various detoxes, rehabs, etc. Within six months of abusing her prescription pain medication, Brittany was addicted to heroin.

After battling with insurance companies who refused to cover long-term care for addiction treatment, the Brandano family decided to send Brittany out-of-state to a privately-owned treatment facility. At the time, Brittany was 18 years old and Dayne was only 10. Dayne worried about his sister a lot and witnessed many things that no 10 year old should have to witness. On one occasion, Brittany coaxed him to urinate in her drug testing cup.

Dayne started smoking pot at an early age and was smoking regularly by the time he was 11. Dayne graduated to Percocet when he was 14, after he found a prescription at his grandmother's house. From then on, residential treatment stays became the norm for Dayne. His final stint in treatment was at the age of 16.

Dayne was sober for about four months before his first and final relapse. When he came home from treatment, Dayne looked amazing. His mother could sense peace in his eyes. She knew he really wanted to stay sober and she could finally sleep at night. The night before Dayne died, he came home looking like he had been smoking pot. His mother calmly told him that together they were going to look for treatment options in the morning and that she loved him. That was the last time she saw Dayne alive.

Dayne's mother feels cheated. All of their family's hard work for nothing. As a family, they did everything they could to save

Dayne and his mother still can't accept that he is gone. She tried getting help for Dayne from every corner; fighting for a bed, fighting with insurance companies, etc. The Brandano family were involved, loving parents, who volunteered at school and enrolled their kids in every sport and activity. Dayne was an amazing human being with the most beautiful soul—many who knew him have said the same.

GREGORY LEE CHAPMAN III—PRINCE FREDERICK, MARYLAND

Gregory (Greg) Lee Chapman III died August 27th of 2015, from a fatal mixture of heroin, Alpha PVP (AKA Flakka), and Fentanyl. He was 26 years old. Greg was many things—he was not his addiction. He loved God, his family, his friends, and his fellow Army Veterans.

On Greg's first day of high school he was given drugs by another classmate. This was the start of a journey that would ultimately end in his death. After high school, Greg decided he wanted to get away from his hometown, where he felt so heavily influenced by the drug culture; he joined the Army and went to boot camp. Things seemed to be turning around for him until he got deployed to Iraq at the age of 19. Greg never talked about the things that happened over there, but his family knows he experienced countless traumatizing events.

After deployment, he was stationed back in Seattle. Not long after that, Greg received medication from a doctor to treat his depression and opioids for his back pain. This took him back down the wrong road—but this time his struggles were compounded by PTSD. A few months later, he put himself into a 30-day treatment program in Oregon.

Greg continued to battle with addiction throughout all of his transfers and ended up with a couple of DUI's. After 5 years in the military, he decided that it was time for him to leave the Army at the age of 23. He feared that if he didn't, he may not end up leaving on his own terms.

He ended up back home with his family. He never really found his way and the path that called to him was one that would keep him medicated from his nightmares. As time went by, his fight or flight responses heightened and he had no ability to deal with the trauma he had experienced.

Sometimes when he came to visit me Greg would pass out while we were mid-conversation. His family had no previous experience with heroin or prescription pills and didn't know what to do at first. After a while it became clear that there was a much bigger problem. Greg then entered a treatment facility followed by a stay in sober living.

After his stay in the sober living facility he thought that he could make a go of it on his own. He moved into an apartment that he found online. We later discovered that the owner of the house was a drug dealer and human trafficker and is currently serving 8 years in jail. When Greg said he wanted to move out of that apartment we told him to come home, but he wanted to stay in Florida where his friends were and find a different place.

The police raided his home on August 27th and my son was found dead in his garage apartment. He was not alone when he took that fatal dose, but he was left there to die.

Greg was too good for this world and dealt with great emotional pain. He thought he should be strong enough to recover on his own, even though his last words to one of his friends were, "We can't do this alone." He was always reaching out to others even in the midst of his own battles and there are people today who are sober because of his death.

DAVID COFFEY—BRISTOL, TENNESSEE

David was born on September 1, 1981, in Bristol, Tennessee. He entered this world healthy after a long and somewhat complicated delivery: 10 fingers, 10 toes, a set of lungs that worked perfectly. He arrived as the first-born into a happy home and was joined by his brother, Chris, 22 months later. The boys were so much alike that they were often mistaken for twins.

It was not until his late teenage years that David began experimenting with drugs, which didn't develop into an addiction until much later. He obtained a degree in Audio Engineering in Manhattan, NY and then moved back to Tennessee. He took a bad fall at one point and shattered his ankle. He had to have surgery and was given prescription pills for the pain. From that time on, life became a struggle; it all started with Lortab and progressed to Oxycontin.

After going to his first treatment facility, which lasted for almost 90 days, David relapsed almost immediately.

This cycle continued for nearly 15 years. At times, David would gain long periods of sobriety—a year, maybe two years at a time. He even returned to school to become a Master Barber and opened his own barber shop. Through it all he was a loving and giving young man—always willing to help others. He had a sense of humor that could rival the best and put a smile on your face on the worst of days. Yet in the end, drugs still won the war. On July 26, 2015, while on vacation, David passed away from a heroin overdose.

NICHOLAS (NICK) CONTOPULOS—TEMECULA, CALIFORNIA

On May 29th, 2010, the Contopulos family lost their 26-year-old son, Nick, after a 14-year struggle to find long-term, affordable, clinically informed care and recovery for his addiction and mental illness.

During his shortened life, Nick spent time in more than twenty-five inpatient treatment facilities (some at great expense), as well as numerous sober living homes, in addition to multiple visits to local emergency rooms.

Although Nick struggled courageously to find long-term recovery, he relapsed time and time again. Those who loved Nick came to respect this cunning, powerful and baffling disease and its ability to destroy everything in its path.

Due to the desperation that addiction entails, Nick was incarcerated for a total of more than three years. If a portion of what our society spent on keeping Nick behind bars had been allocated to finding long-term, affordable care, Nick's father believes that he would be alive today. Sadly, this is not so. Instead, we live in a time where hundreds of thousands of "other Nicks" struggle daily to find their own recovery in a society where this medical problem continues to be stigmatized and criminalized. May we who have survived, live to see a better day for these "other Nicks" and for those who love them.

ELIZABETH (LIZZIE) DELSARDO—PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Lizzie was only 23 years old when she lost her battle with addiction. Sadly, she struggled for several years, spent time in a few treatment facilities, and was called home by her Heavenly Father on May 11, 2016.

Lizzie was very interested in musical theatre and enjoyed both watching and performing. She loved to sing and dance constantly singing anywhere she was. Lizzie would write her own songs and poems and was always so excited to share them with us. She was eager to hear our opinions, even though she would sometimes get upset if we didn't LOVE them.

Everyone who knew Lizzie loved her infectious laugh and bright smile. After she

passed away, we found out from her friends that Lizzie was their go-to person for support and encouragement; she was always willing to help and comfort them.

Lizzie touched so many lives in her short time here on earth. She will be forever remembered for her free spirit, compassion for others, and her sense of humor. She will remain in the hearts of those who loved her forever.

KEVIN DOAN—CINCINNATI, OHIO

Kevin Doan grew up in an upper middle class family. They lived on wooded property and as a child Kevin spent most days "building camps," fishing, and hiking around with his sister, brothers and friends from the neighborhood. When he was six he expressed an interest in ice hockey and excelled on the ice, quickly moving up through the teams. Kevin spent his teenage years traveling to play AAA hockey. He was a large, formidable figure on the team. His dad was always the head or assistant coach, so they spent many hours together on and off the ice.

Kevin graduated from high school and got a degree in Construction Technology. He gravitated towards construction because he loved being outside and working with his hands. He spent weekends doing what he loved—camping, fishing and playing hockey.

Kevin's family believes his drug problem began in 2014, at the age of 28, after he injured his back on a job site. The doctor prescribed him pain meds and Kevin quickly developed a substance use disorder—wanting and needing these pills even after the doctor would no longer prescribe them.

Kevin was always able to hold a full-time job, and therefore had enough money to buy the pills illegally. He began to come around less often for family gatherings, and kept missing birthdays and holidays. When his family questioned him, Kevin said he was "sick." His family knew something was wrong but had no idea the extent of his illness.

Kevin came to his family in October 2015, and told them he wanted to get help. On October 15th, Kevin packed his belongings and his parents drove him to a treatment facility in Northern Ohio. They hugged, kissed and told him how proud they were of him!

During Kevin's time in treatment he wrote his family letters about how happy and whole he felt. He honestly thought he could come home and stay clean. Kevin was allowed to come home for a visit over Christmas. When he came home, he was clear-eyed, 25 lbs heavier and enjoyed spending time with his entire family—he kept saying how thankful he was for his family.

Kevin returned to the program after the holiday and was officially released on January 23, 2016. Kevin was advised not to return to Cincinnati, where he would be triggered by his apartment and his friends. He ignored this advice, thinking that he could handle himself. He planned to return to his job and apartment. His family was terrified for him to come back and their fears were realized on January 26, 2016, only 3 days after Kevin came home, when his mother discovered him dead—in their home, in his old bedroom. Kevin was 30 years old.

The detectives found a needle near his body with a small amount of heroin left in it. It was later determined that the heroin was laced with a synthetic fentanyl. The detectives said that because Kevin had just gotten out of treatment and his system was clean, the drugs immediately shut down his heart. His family had no idea that Kevin was using heroin. He had never been arrested and had no police record—not even a ticket.

REESE ENGLE—HENDERSON, NEVADA

Reese was 19 years old at the time of his death on July 21, 2011. He had a dynamic per-

sonality, never without a smile on his face or a kind word on his lips. He was a loving brother, son, uncle and friend to all he came in contact with.

Reese was an accomplished athlete from a very young age. As a nine year old, Reese was selected to join the boys All-Star baseball team.

As the oldest of four boys, Reese tended to take care of his younger brothers' needs and wants before his own; always making sure everyone was included in the activity of the day. As a born leader and protector, Reese made sure that no one felt uncomfortable or unsure of themselves. Graduating high school was a huge accomplishment for Reese and he had plans to join the military.

Reese started using prescription pain medication when he was 15 years old, which turned into a heroin addiction. Heroin became a way of life for him and ultimately too big a foe to overcome.

In his short, yet, vibrant life, Reese touched people in a unique way. Those who had the pleasure of crossing his path have distinct memories of him. Reese is at peace, and his family grieves this loss but not the experiences they had with him.

KATHRINE FOLKER—WARRENTON, VIRGINIA

From the moment she was born, Kathrine and her mother had a powerful bond, and despite what was to come, this connection never faltered.

Kathrine showed some signs of trouble early in her life, but her family didn't think they were anything to worry about. In elementary school she developed attention issues and by the time she was in middle school, she had some problems with anxiety. Doctors said Kathrine was borderline and never formally diagnosing her or prescribed medication.

Socially, Kathrine thrived. She had many friends and always went out of her way to take care of the underdog. She was filled with energy for the people around her and believed that everyone deserved love, no matter what.

During Kathrine's senior year of high school, she got her CNA nursing license and started working in a local senior and rehabilitation home. She was the youngest employee at the facility. She adored her patients and they loved her right back. However, during this time, Kathrine became involved with people who introduced her to illicit substances. This led her down a path that would eventually take her life.

At 18 years old, Kathrine realized that she wasn't just partying hard but drinking to blackout. Bad things happened to her when she was drunk and of which she had no memory. She was scared and did not want that to be her life. Kathrine was mature enough to check herself into a treatment center and then join a sober living community. And it worked, it really did. For a year, Kathrine was clean, sober and self-supporting. She was happy again, she was beautiful, and her family was full of hope.

When Kathrine turned 19, she was excited about the future and felt strong enough to live alone. She moved out of the sober living community and signed a lease for her own apartment. Unfortunately, she wasn't ready. Kathrine told her mother that she wanted to see if she really had a problem or could learn to drink like everyone else. And so she drank. One night about four weeks or so after moving into her apartment, Kathrine was drunk when someone told her, "keep still," and injected heroin into her hand. That moment was the beginning of the end. Twelve weeks later, Kathrine was dead. Her first overdose was her last.

Kathrine, who was nervous that wanting a glass of champagne on her 21st birthday, never made it to twenty.

RECOGNIZING IRMA GARCIA

HON. HENRY CUELLAR

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CUELLAR, Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commemorate the life of one of Laredo's finest citizens, Irma Garcia.

Ms. Garcia was born in Laredo, Texas on the 26th of October in 1951 to Adolfo and Irma Garcia. She was the second child of six children; Adolfo, George, Ileana, Hector and Cordelia Garcia. Throughout her life, Ms. Garcia was always held in high regard by her family members, friends, and colleagues because of her outgoing nature and positive attitude. Her ability to treat everyone she met with kindness and respect made her a role model for the entire community.

Irma brought the best out of everyone who had the privilege of being in her company. Known for her fun-loving side, she was regarded as one of Laredo's best party hosts. Ms. Garcia was also known for her love of politics and enthusiasm for social justice. This devotion led to her taking on work in the county clerk's office in 1976 under Clerk Mike Volpe. She then went on to work in the 49th District Court. In 2007, she started working with Jesus "Chuy" Garza in County Court of Law No. 2. She was revered for her faithful dedication to her work throughout her career.

Ms. Garcia is survived by her father Adolfo Garcia; siblings, Adolfo Garcia, Ileana Garcia Maldonado, and Hector J. Garcia. She is also survived by her nieces and nephews, Kenny, Adrian, David, Vanessa, Ariane, Chanelle, Meriel, Nicole, Cordelia, and Joshua—all of whom she regarded as her own children.

Her legacy will remain strong through dedication and support of those around her. Her kindness will never be forgotten and is something that all should strive to emulate.

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to have the opportunity to remember the legacy of Irma Garcia.

IN RECOGNITION OF THE WYANDOTTE JAYCEES FOR THEIR SERVICE AND ACTIVISM IN THE DOWNRIVER COMMUNITY

HON. DEBBIE DINGELL

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mrs. DINGELL, Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the Wyandotte Jaycees for their efforts to promote positive change in the community. For the past 40 years, the Wyandotte Jaycees have helped to build young leaders while engaging in projects to raise awareness and address issues facing the Wyandotte and Downriver communities.

Founded in 1976, the Wyandotte Jaycees is an organization of young professionals that, in collaboration with local non-profits, works to improve their community while providing leadership opportunities for its members. The group has compiled an impressive record of developing leaders while working to improve the local community through events like Hooray for the Good Guys, which provides food and baked goods to public safety officials. The

Jaycees also host team building events like camping trips and leadership conferences. Collectively, these help build a strong organization with community-minded individuals that are equipped to address issues facing the city.

The Jaycees embody the values of community service through their project and events throughout the city of Wyandotte and the surrounding area. Through the organization's actions, the Wyandotte Jaycees have not only worked to tackle local issues while promoting economic development, but have also provided countless young men and women with valuable leadership and organizational experience that opens the doors to new opportunities. I have confidence that the experience that these individuals gain through their involvement with the Wyandotte Jaycees will allow them to become leaders in the community and give them the skills they need to succeed professionally.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me today in recognizing the Wyandotte Jaycees and their 40 years of service on behalf of the Wyandotte and Downriver areas. The Wyandotte Jaycees continue to serve a critical role in providing valuable community service while helping young people develop leadership skills.

RECOGNIZING JASON JABBAR SPEAR

HON. ELEANOR HOLMES NORTON

OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. NORTON, Mr. Speaker, I ask the House to join me in recognizing Jason Jabbar Spear, who has served as my Legislative Associate and Deputy Communications Director for more than five years. During this time, he has proven himself to be a valuable member of my staff and essential to the work that our office provides to our more than 670,000 residents. On December 31, 2016, Jason will be leaving my office to further his education at New York University's Robert F. Wagner Graduate School of Public Service. Jason's strong work ethic, quick wit and humor, intelligence, and constant enthusiasm will surely be missed by his colleagues in the House, the residents of the District of Columbia, and especially my office.

Jason, a native of Alabama, quickly adopted D.C. as his second home. After completing a term as a White House intern, Jason joined my office and took advantage of every opportunity to help the mission of our office. Jason performed his duties with excellence and energy. He answered phones; wrote correspondence, legislation, and press releases; planned events; and even photographed many of those same events, all while managing a legislative portfolio. His capacity for hard work and his very affable demeanor made Jason a pleasure to be around and work with.

Jason's presence in my office and in the city will surely be missed and I wish him all the best in New York.

I ask my colleagues to join me in recognizing Jason Spear for his outstanding service to the House of Representatives and my office, and to the residents of the District of Columbia.

TRIBUTE TO LORNA GROW

HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa, Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize and congratulate Lorna Grow for her 50 years of leadership with the Sugar Grove Sunshine 4-H Club, which celebrated its 100th anniversary on September 24, 2016.

Since 1965, Lorna has served as the Sugar Grove Sunshine 4-H Club leader, guiding and encouraging its members through fair projects, shows, and other activities. Head, Heart, Hands and Health are the tenets of 4-H. Lorna embodies them all. Her influence has been evident in the lives of so many area families. A former member said Lorna encouraged her to do a presentation to quell her fear about public speaking to a large group at the Iowa State Fair which now, in adulthood, she does on a regular basis. Another former 4-H Club member made sure her own children joined Sugar Grove Sunshine 4-H Club because of the guidance and skills taught by Lorna, including how to can vegetables and sew clothing. Lorna meets with every member of the Club regularly and on an individual basis, encouraging them in their growth as individuals and to experience new adventures they might not otherwise have.

Mr. Speaker, I commend Lorna for her outstanding leadership. Her dedication as a 4-H club leader has influenced so many over the past 50 years. It is an honor to represent her and Iowans like her in the United States Congress. I ask that my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives join me in congratulating her and in wishing her nothing but continued success.

RECOGNIZING THE OSHER LIFE-LONG LEARNING INSTITUTE ON THE OCCASION OF ITS 25TH ANNIVERSARY

HON. GERALD E. CONNOLLY

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CONNOLLY, Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize George Mason University and the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute (OLLI) on the occasion of OLLI's 25th Anniversary.

In 1991, OLLI was founded as the Learning in Retirement Institute by Kathryn Brooks, Shirley Fox, and Lilyan Spero, whom I knew and collaborated with for many years. The institute eventually developed a relationship with George Mason University as part of GMU's continuing efforts to expand access to educational opportunities to all members of the community.

OLLI's mission is "to offer to its members learning opportunities in a stimulating environment in which adults can share their talents, experiences and skills, explore new interests, discover and develop latent abilities, engage in intellectual and cultural pursuits, and socialize with others of similar interests." What started as a member-run center with 100 individuals operating and teaching out of a single room has grown into a robust, first-rate educational and social organization with more than 1,200 members.

OLLI offers mature adults in Northern Virginia over 400 courses and special events at its three campuses in Fairfax, Reston, and Loudoun.

From arts to zoology, religion to science, there is a topic to satisfy everyone.

I believe that education and learning are lifelong endeavors. OLLI provides this opportunity to learn for the sake of learning. Not to get a degree or advance in your career—but just for the sheer pleasure of expanding your knowledge or finally having the time to explore a new subject.

I commend the leadership of both George Mason University and OLLI for their commitment and vision to extending the benefits of continued and collaborative learning to as many members of our community as possible. As someone who comes from local government, I understand firsthand that the high quality of life that we enjoy in Northern Virginia is directly linked to the quality of educational resources that are at our disposal.

I congratulate the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute staff and volunteers on 25 years of service to our community and ask my colleagues to join me in wishing them great success in all future endeavors.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AFFECTED BY THE NATIONAL OPIOID EPIDEMIC

HON. ANN M. KUSTER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal stories of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire I have learned so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehensive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington and I am proud to preserve their stories.

JOHN MICHAEL AHERN—ROCKPORT,
MASSACHUSETTS

John was born on September 30, 1969. He was the youngest of three siblings, Kathryn, Charles, and Mary, and a father to three beautiful boys, Johnny, Rian, and Connor.

Growing up, John was a wonderful son—joyful, loving and compassionate. At the age of 14, he began a transition that would lead to a long, hard fought battle with addiction. Over the years, John was treated at various rehabilitation clinics across the country. He did his best to maintain his sobriety and would do so for short periods of time, but the disease of addiction was too strong for John.

John was determined to overcome his struggles, fighting fiercely and with all his

strength. But in the end, on August 16, 2015, the disease of addiction proved too great for him to overcome. John passed away unexpectedly from a heroin overdose. He was 46 years old.

"I can't imagine his daily struggles and the hardships he faced in his short life," writes his mother, Gail. "It was heart-breaking to see John's self-esteem diminish over time. He had a difficulties maintaining employment and finding stable living. Before his last and final attempt at recovery, which so sadly failed, John was living in a homeless shelter."

"I loved my John. I know his life was bittersweet and his struggles were so great. I believe some individuals are just too fragile for this world, and I am so grateful to God that he took John home at last. For I know in my heart he is now joyous, at peace, and in the loving arms of our Lord. John's struggle is over; he is now an angel."

ANDREW ANGERS—SAGINAW, MI

Andrew was born April 5, 1982, at 12:01 a.m. He was a beautiful baby and had a star quality about him as a toddler. Growing up, Andrew was a happy, healthy boy with a kind heart and a brilliant smile. Then one day he was not so happy anymore.

As Andrew entered high school, he began to struggle with personal demons. As a result, he experimented with drugs as a way to cope with his emotions. Andrew was immediately taken hostage by addiction and his battle progressed before he even graduated. Andrew did manage to graduate, although a year later than he should have. Regardless, it was a happy day for him and his family.

For the years following, Andrew's struggles with addiction continued but at times it seemed he was gaining the upper hand. Andrew entered college and even married his high school sweetheart. Sadly, college went by the wayside and the marriage failed. Even throughout all the hardships, Andrew was still there—there were glimpses of the sweet, sensitive, kind-hearted man he was.

Andrew was a very talented musician and was often seen walking around wearing a banjo. He had the most wonderful smile and such a warm laugh. Andrew had hope right up until the end. In a final phone call he spoke of his future and being done with using. On June 18, 2009, Andrew was found dead from an overdose. It truly was the day the music ended.

NICHOLAS ANTICH—CROWN POINT, INDIANA

The mother of Nick Antich wants people to know her family's tragedy in order to bring light to a growing epidemic in the United States. It's unfortunate that people are ashamed to tell the stories of their loved ones who are battling drug addiction. They worry that society will see those struggling as second class, low-life individuals. As an emergency nurse, Nick's mom has a job to help anyone who enters the ER.

Nick's mother now has the perspective that if addiction can happen to her son, it can happen to anyone. Addiction impacts people who are educated; smart, charismatic and have the world in the palm of their hand. Nick Antich was an top student who didn't get into trouble at school and never caused his father and mother much grief beyond the typical teenage issues. Nick was raised in a normal family, played baseball as a child and wrestled in middle school. He loved animals and was known as the "animal whisperer" because on several different occasions he saved kittens from the side of busy highways where they had been dumped.

When Nick was accepted into an Engineering program for college, he moved to Indianapolis. During his Sophomore year in college, Nick started dabbling in drugs. Nothing his mother would consider hardcore, but

never-the-less, drugs. Nick was smart and knew the risks involved with drug use, so his mother never imagined that anything serious was happening. She certainly never prepared herself for the journey her family was about to embark upon.

One day, Nick called his mother to say he had been sick in bed for three days. She knew in her gut that something was not right. Nick had been sick a bunch of times since going away to college, which is normally no big deal—take some Tylenol and get rest—but this time felt different. She called an ambulance and sent them to Nick's address. Two hours later, Nick's mom arrived at the hospital where she found her son curled up in a ball on a cot. Nothing had been done. The hospital knew Nick was going through heroin withdrawal but because of HIPAA they couldn't tell Nick's mother what was happening. When Nick saw his mom, he held up his arms and said, "Mom, it's bad." She dropped to her knees and her hell as a parent began. Within 24 hours, Nick was on a plane to Arizona where he was admitted into treatment for the next two months.

Nick moved back home after treatment and within three months his mother saw suspicious signs. She kicked him out of her house. In September of 2014, Nick came and told her, "Mom, I'm using again." Within 24 hours, Nick was back on a plane to Arizona for a second stint in treatment. This time Nick was there for four months. He came home for Christmas of 2014, clean from Xanax and heroin.

Nick got a job working for the state of Indiana and was quickly promoted. However, Nick felt miserable inside and nothing his mother did could fix Nick's loneliness. When Nick was diagnosed with Bipolar Disorder, he faithfully took his meds and followed up monthly with his doctor. He did not want to be unhappy; he exercised, attempted a vegan diet and quit smoking three months before he died.

The week before Nick relapsed, he had to work long shifts plowing during a snowstorm and was stressed and tired. Sitting by himself plowing snow for 16 hours did something to Nick; he got Xanax from a friend. When his mother found out, Nick told her, "Mom, I just wanted to take something to make my miserable job tolerable . . . I would never use heroin again." Unfortunately, Xanax was all it took to wake up the devil within Nick that had been dormant for 18 months. His mother was petrified that whole week, thinking here we go again. On Friday, March 4th, Nick went to see friends in Indianapolis for the weekend and had plans to stay with his sister in Bloomington for the rest of that week. Nick's parents flew out on Saturday for a week's vacation in Arizona. On Sunday afternoon, March 6, 2016, Nick didn't wake up.

She hates drugs. They robbed Nick of his life, they robbed her daughter of her only sibling, and they robbed his parents of their only son. Over 450 people attended Nick's wake, which was a testament to how loved he was: friends, family, and teachers from elementary through high school came to share that day with Nick's family. Nick didn't realize how much love there was for him in this life.

Despite the resources Nick's mother had access to as an emergency room nurse, she could not save him. This is what she has to learn to live with forever. Please don't hide these stories anymore. Out of the 450 people who attended Nick's service, at least a dozen said it happened to them too.

TOMMY JACOB ARNOLD—DECATUR, ILLINOIS

The Arnold's youngest son, Tommy died of a heroin overdose on June 25, 2016. His battle

with addiction started when someone offered him heroin as an alternative to dull the pain of a toothache. It instantly grabbed control and robbed Tommy of everything—family, friends, jobs, cars, a home—but most of all it robbed him of his self respect.

Growing up, Tommy was a typical all-American boy with hopes and dreams. He loved music, movies, campfires with friends and just being with those he loved. He was a shy, gentle giant that was always kind and caring to everyone he met—he would give the shirt off his back to anyone in need. Tommy lost it all to this horrible, ravaging drug.

On the morning of June 25th this year, Tommy's family was awoken by the coroner telling them that their son had overdosed just a few hours earlier—and his body was awaiting their funeral instructions at the morgue. No parent should have to receive news like this. Tommy fought hard before losing his battle with addiction. He was in recovery five different times, but this last time he wasn't able to fight his way back.

"30 days of treatment isn't enough to help those afflicted successfully fight this battle," writes Tommy's mother, Kathleen. "Longer, progressive plans need to be developed to stop this epidemic from taking the lives of our loved ones."

Although Tommy is in heaven now, pain-free, he leaves behind parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, a brother and sister, the love of his life, and his six year old son. His family is all heart-broken.

RONNI BAKER—STOW, MAINE

Ronni Baker was raised in a loving and stable environment where her and her sister's needs were met. As a family, the Bakers did many things together; they played outside, went camping and fishing, and always had fun.

Ronni's parents had good relationships with both of their daughters and supported them in pursuing their interests. Ronni loved trying new things. She joined the 4-H youth organization at the age of ten and got her first horse when she was 12. She was also a Girl Scout and participated in Odyssey of the Mind creative challenges. Ronni was an avid reader and loved trivia. She had a fondness for animals and had a way with them. At 16, Ronni thought it would be fun to enter a Miss Teen USA contest, so she did. In high school, she was on the wrestling team.

Ronni had strong political views and feelings about equality—she often stuck up for the underdog. As a young child, she spent a lot of time with her great-grandparents and developed an affection for the elderly. After becoming a certified nurse's aide, she started working in a local nursing home—a place where she connected with and felt protective of the residents.

School came easy to Ronni and she never really had to work that hard at it. Socially, she was bubbly, easy-going, and funny. She had lots of friends. So why did Ronni, of all kids, start using drugs? Why did she—of all people—die of a drug overdose in the dawn of her life?

Her family thinks it started innocently enough, with kids experimenting with alcohol and/or maybe marijuana; just like many teenagers do. But opiates changed the rules of the game. These pills are now shared the way other substances were in the past. With these powerful drugs, kids can't always move on from their experimentation phase and grow up. They think they are just having fun and are invincible, but no one is invincible when it comes to opioid addiction, let alone a young adult.

Add to this experimentation, the fact that when Ronni was in her late teens she started experiencing some back and leg pain related

to the demands of wrestling. Afterward, Ronni was in a car accident and received prescription opioids for her pain. Around the same time, she was diagnosed with Attention Deficit Disorder; which had not been previously identified as an issue due to her academic ability and achievements.

As parents, the Bakers thought that if they did mostly everything right, then their children would be okay. They thought that by living out in the sticks they were insulated from some of the big-city problems that affect many young individuals. Opioids are everywhere and opioid addiction lays in wait for everyone.

FRANKIE PROUT—PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

On February 5, 2012, at 6:04 a.m. Frankie Prout, oldest of four, was pronounced dead at the age of 20 while living in a halfway house.

Frankie grew up in Port Richmond in Philadelphia. As a child, he was loved by everyone. Around the age of 18, Frankie started to change. He wasn't acting like his normal happy self and his mother knew something was wrong, but never in a million years did she suspect he was developing a drug addiction. It turns out Frankie was using Percocet prescribed by a dentist. By the time his use had escalated to crushing and snorting 30mg, he was stealing from and lying to his family and friends. He eventually was incarcerated for robbing a car. When he returned home from jail, he went right back to abusing drugs. At this point, Frankie's family gave him the option to get help or be homeless.

When Frankie and his mother first went to a detox facility, he was turned away for an expired ID. The second time, he was turned away from the detox facility because he didn't have enough drugs in his system. Frankie at this point was so sick from withdrawal that he begged his mother to let him die. In order to get enough drugs in his system to be admitted, his mother had to purchase Percocet for him to use. Detox accepted him that time and kept him for five days during which he celebrated his 19th birthday. When the facility ran out of beds, Frankie was released. He stayed clean for three months before relapsing. Frankie's addiction got worse and worse during his relapse. He desperately needed detox to get clean again but he was turned away from the facility because there were no beds.

When Frankie finally was able to get into detox, again his stay was only for five days. This time Frankie celebrated Christmas there. When he was released, Frankie went to an inpatient rehabilitation facility and seemed to be doing well there. However, his insurance covering the treatment ran out after 42 days.

From the inpatient rehabilitation facility, Frankie to a halfway house in the same neighborhood where he used to get high. Frankie checked in on a Thursday afternoon and was out on the streets within the hour—he didn't even get drug tested. He was living with eleven heroin addicts, all of whom were allowed to come and go as they pleased. On Saturday, Frankie went to his mother's house for more clothes and blankets. She was surprised to see him and asked why he didn't have any restrictions. When he didn't answer, his mother told him she was going to check out the halfway house the very next day. Before leaving he said, "I love you Mom. See you tomorrow." Those were the last words she heard from her son. Frankie died of an IV heroin overdose in the bathroom of the halfway house where someone helped him get high and left him to die.

JOHN ROBERT "BOBBY" BAYLIS II—ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

Bobby was the oldest of three siblings. He was a funny, kind-hearted kid who played

sports in high school. The summer after his freshman year in college, Bobby had ACL surgery and came home with a 90-day supply of OxyContin. That was the summer Bobby became addicted to pain medication.

During the following year, Bobby suffered from anxiety and depression. He had trouble keeping up in his classes and Bobby dropped out in the spring. Within six months of returning home, Bobby had several run-ins with the police.

Bobby's mom will never forget the moment when she realized that her son was addicted to drugs. She was rustling through his room and found a box in the back of his closet full of childhood memorabilia. Wrapped up tight in Bobby's baby blanket was a box of hypodermic needles. Having a son that was addicted to drugs and in trouble with the law was something Bobby's mom never expected would happen to her family. Shortly thereafter, Bobby fell into a vicious cycle—moving between jail, treatment, recovery, and relapse. Despite the fact that his mom kept trying to get Bobby the treatment he so desperately needed, she felt helpless. His mom often thinks that if Bobby had access to better treatment and if he hadn't been restricted to serve probation in Roanoke (the town where all of his connections to drugs were), Bobby would have been better poised to succeed in recovery.

Bobby's addiction was destroying his life and the lives of his entire family. He had stolen his mother's credit cards, pawned items from his family's home and put his mother into financial debt. She laid awake at night worrying that a drug dealer would come to their home and worried that she would receive the call from the police saying that he had overdosed.

Bobby was convicted of possession and distribution charges. He spent three years in a Federal Prison Camp. His mom was grateful for this because at least Bobby was safe and drug-free for three years. At the Camp, Bobby received his journeyman's license as an electrician, was certified in heating and air conditioning, and cultivated his relationship to his higher power. When his mom went to visit him, there was light in his eyes, and for the first time in a long time she did not see Bobby overtaken by addiction.

When Bobby got out jail and came home, his mom felt like she had Bobby back. He said, "Mom, I have a second chance at life." Bobby was lucky to get a great job despite his felony record. He worked hard every day of the week; got up at 6 a.m., packed his lunch, and came home by 7 p.m. after a long day's work. He was proud of his accomplishments and got a promotion at work.

Then Bobby let people from his past back into his life and his addiction was triggered. In one weekend, Bobby relapsed for the last time. On a sunny Saturday afternoon, he overdosed from heroin laced with fentanyl. His mom found him lying on the floor in his bedroom and the EMS couldn't revive him. He died on June 6th, 2015 at the age of 28.

After the shock of Bobby's death, his mom felt compelled to speak out in order to change the stigma that surrounds this disease. Since then, many people have told her their stories about a family member who is struggling with addiction or has died of it. These stories are not public knowledge. We need to reach out to families who are struggling and grieving. We need to replace judgement with respect and support. We need to let them know they are not alone.

NICHOLAS "NICK" BERGER—POTTSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

Nick was a really great guy and a wonderful son. He grew up in an average middle-class home, surrounded by family and pets who loved him dearly. He enjoyed many activities in high school, including football, ROTC, agriculture, and animal husbandry.

From an early age, nature was Nick's solace. He enjoyed camping, hunting and fishing. After graduating high school, he worked as a hunting guide in Wyoming for a couple of seasons tracking elk, mule deer, and antelope. During that time, he hunted and fished in Alaska, British Columbia and Canada. He encountered some challenges in the wild but he had good survival skills and could think on his feet.

Nick's father owned a construction business and when Nick returned home he started working for his dad. Nick was a natural and his father had hopes of passing his business on to him someday.

One day, Nick hurt his shoulder while playing a casual game of football and eventually had to have surgery. During his recovery, the doctor prescribed semi-synthetic opioids. After completing the prescribed dose, Nick sought out supplemental prescription medication on the street. When illegal prescriptions became too costly, Nick turned to heroin.

Nick kept his addiction hidden. His family and closest friends remained clueless about his struggle. He was never in trouble with the law and didn't miss work. Nick came home for family meals and was rarely out late. He was always an honest kid, so when Nick told his family something, they believed him.

Slowly, some of Nick's behaviors changed. He became moody. He often asked for his paycheck early, kept coming down with flu-like symptoms and started acting depressed. His family didn't understand what was going on and when they asked, Nick said he had a 24-hr bug.

In retrospect, Nick's family thinks that his opioid drug use went on for at least a couple of years undetected. Eventually, the signs became too apparent and when his family confronted Nick, he said he desperately wanted and welcomed help. Nick told them, "I have a serious drug problem and I can't control it."

After a couple phone calls, Nick was placed in a local 30-day treatment program in December 2013. Nick's 30-day program consisted of detox and 12-Step-based therapy. Nick was a good student; he learned about his disease, engaged in discussions with counselors and other residents, and helped others who were also struggling with their addiction.

During this time, his family explored more extensive treatment and recovery programs. They wanted to provide Nick with the best possible education and clean living environment to help him turn his life around. Nick agreed to participate in a 90-day inpatient private pay recovery house and was transported to the facility upon completion of the 30-day program.

Nick also worked hard in the 90-day inpatient program and was praised again by counselors. Eventually, he was given some increased responsibilities that involved speaking with and engaging other residents. He was given the opportunity to speak at another facility and had been selected as an interview candidate by CNBC for a segment they were developing on opioid addiction and recovery houses. His family was encouraged by his progress. When the day finally came for Nick to return home, he was welcomed with open arms.

After being home for just three weeks and one day, Nick's disease fooled him into using—"just one more time." Thinking they can use just once, or on occasion, without having the same physical reaction as they did before is common problem for people with a substance abuse disorder. This warped misconception, accompanied by a completely clean body, often leads to overdose or death. The body physically cannot tolerate the same dosage the person was taking to get high before getting clean.

On Thursday evening, April 24, 2014, Nick was supposed to go to an outpatient group and then a meeting. He came home late—but, "looked OK," according to his father. Nick retired to his room and injected crushed Oxycodone before going to bed. When he fell asleep his lungs stopped and his body shut down. His parents found him dead the following morning. Nick was 31.

RECOGNIZING THE RETIREMENT OF MRS. SYLVIA L. HERNANDEZ

HON. HENRY CUELLAR

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CUELLAR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Mrs. Sylvia L. Hernandez, Regional Administrator for the U.S. General Services Administration's (GSA) Greater Southwest Region, who will be retiring after 38 years of service.

Mrs. Hernandez was born on May 31, 1956 in Deming, New Mexico. She attended Deming High School and eventually received her Bachelor of Arts degrees from New Mexico State University and the University of Texas at Arlington. She also earned a Master's Certification in Telecommunications Management from the University of Dallas, Texas. After college, Mrs. Hernandez would soon join the GSA, starting a career that expanded over three decades.

Mrs. Hernandez's hard work and dedication at GSA allowed her to serve in several important capacities throughout her time in the organization. She served as Director for the Technical Services Division, Federal Acquisition Service (FAS), in the GSA Greater Southwest Region. In addition, she served as the Acting Deputy Regional Administrator for the Greater Southwest Region. Mrs. Hernandez's experience eventually led her to be appointed as the Acting Regional Administrator for the GSA's Greater Southwest Region, through which she oversaw all of GSA's activities in Arkansas, Louisiana, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas as the Regional Administrator. Mrs. Hernandez's success with GSA earned her the prestigious FAS Commissioner's Award.

Mrs. Hernandez will now get to spend more time with what she values most: her family, which includes her husband of 38 years, their children, Claudia Hernandez and Eloy Hernandez, and grandchildren.

Mr. Speaker, I am pleased to recognize the service of Mrs. Sylvia L. Hernandez whose dedication to work and family serves as a model for us all.

IN RECOGNITION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL

HON. CAROLYN B. MALONEY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mrs. CAROLYN B. MALONEY of New York. Mr. Speaker, I rise to recognize The Parish of Our Lady of Mount Carmel on the occasion of its 175th anniversary. I am pleased to recognize their continued dedication to maintaining one of the oldest parishes in Queens and all of Long Island.

Since its founding in 1841, Our Lady of Mount Carmel has been devoted to welcoming all members of the community. The Parish celebrates the rich Queens Borough culture through educational programs and monthly festivities. This has earned it the title "Mother Church of Queens County."

Mount Carmel is one of the few parishes in New York City that has its own parish cemetery. Their cemetery reflects the heritage of the early Irish Catholic settlers of Astoria, many of who arrived there to escape Ireland's potato blight of the late 1840s. Our Lady of Mount Carmel was also the first Catholic community in Queens County to have a resident priest, and the first to conduct Mass in its own church building.

Along with English language services, the Parish has performed masses in Spanish since 1977 and has added services in Czech and Slovak as well.

Additionally, the Parish has made significant efforts to improve the community through religious and educational programs. They accomplished this by establishing religion classes for mentally disabled and physically challenged students, religion classes for junior high school students, adult religious education programs, a teen club, and children's summer programs. The Parish has also established the Young Adult Internship Program, a job-training program for unskilled youth that teaches valuable workplace skills to roughly 35 students per semester, resulting in more employment opportunities within the neighborhood.

The Parish has devotedly served its Queens community for 175 years, and it is a pleasure to represent this treasured institution in Congress. I am proud to salute all the friends, supporters, and parishioners of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and I extend my sincerest appreciation for their dedication to the community.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in celebrating the remarkable history and extraordinary work of the Parish of Our Lady of Mount Carmel on its 175th anniversary.

TRIBUTE TO THE DES MOINES AREA RELIGIOUS COUNCIL FOOD PANTRY NETWORK IN THE SEC- OND SESSION OF THE 114TH CON- GRESS

HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the Des Moines Area Religious Council (DMARC) Food Pantry Network for their 40 years of service to the food insecure citizens of central Iowa.

DMARC was founded in 1952 to assist the spiritual needs of the community and to promote moral, social and civic welfare to our fellow man and woman. In May 1976, DMARC officials established the Food Pantry Network, an emergency food program to help provide services to those in need. In the 40 years since its creation, it has become the largest food pantry network in Iowa, with 11 sites in the Des Moines metropolitan area, including some sites in the Des Moines Independent School District, helping to feed 34,000 people

annually. The Food Pantry Network is comprised of 128 member congregations representing a variety of faiths. These willing volunteers provide the much needed food and service hours. In addition to its faithful volunteers, the Food Pantry Network also benefits from the very generous donations and assistance of individuals, businesses, and non-member congregations.

Mr. Speaker, I commend The Des Moines Area Religious Council Food Pantry Network on their 40 years of service to food insecure citizens of Central Iowa. Their vital assistance over the last 40 years has given families the certainty they need as they struggle to provide themselves and their children with a warm meal in the comfort of their own home. I ask that my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives join me in congratulating the Food Pantry Network on this outstanding accomplishment and in wishing them nothing but continued success.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AFFECTED BY THE NATIONAL OPIOID EPIDEMIC

HON. ANN M. KUSTER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal stories of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire I have learned so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehensive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington and I am proud to preserve their stories.

JOHN RICHARD PAGE—GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

John Richard Page was a blond-haired, blue-eyed boy who loved playing in the woods and catching any critter that crossed his path. He was a ball of energy: curious, adventurous and fast! The kids in the neighborhood called him "Scrawny Johnny," because by the day's end he'd burnt off every calorie consumed—and some. He could be reckless, too. One time he bolted across the street without looking and got bumped by a car. He landed under the bumper just inches from the tires. Another time John was stuck in a tree hanging upside down from one boot.

As the teenage years rolled in, John started to get in some trouble. It seemed like he was always at the wrong place at the wrong time. He tended to take things to the limit, if he did something he did it all the way. John and his sister fought all of the time at this point.

When John and his sister stopped showing up at school, a Child In Need of Services

(CHINS) action was filed and my mother was told that because she couldn't control her kids they should be placed elsewhere. John's sister was almost 15 and ended up living in three different foster homes. John, who was only twelve, was placed in Juvenile Detention Centers around Boston. John quickly learned how to manipulate the system; if he got tired of being there or afraid of a particular social situation, he would act out—say he heard voices or was suicidal—and they would transfer him to a mental hospital and put him on medication. The swing between hospital and detention center went on for about five years.

When John returned home, little by little his family learned what had happened during his time away. John got in fights that were so severe that he had to have various MRI's to ensure that he didn't have a brain injury. He was abused by the staff. He was treated like a guinea pig at the mental hospital and put on a variety of powerful medications. John's experience changed him forever. He came back furious, distrustful, and reliant upon substances for emotional relief.

Despite being very bright, John never received his GED and had trouble getting work. He could fix any vehicle or cell phone. He could build with wood but preferred intricate projects that focused on small detail with a lot of parts. His sister thinks that's what John's mind felt like—a mix of gears, buttons, wires, sensors, nuts & bolts constantly being reassembled. He was also a talented artist.

John found peace while camping in the White Mountains in Lincoln, NH. He also found peace alone in his apartment with heroin. His sister tried everything she could to help him get better. At one point in time, when John was being treated with suboxone, his sister would drive 40 minutes to pick him up and take him to all of his doctor appointments. Sometimes John's girlfriend came along and when she did she always sat up front and answered questions that were directed towards John. When John's sister asked him why he sat in the back, he said, "Heidi, I just didn't want you to see me this way."

John made some attempts to get better. Once he tried to check himself into detox but was turned away because he didn't test positive for heroin. This meant John was injecting pure fentanyl. John and his girlfriend tried to detox together by coming to stay with his sister and her boys after Christmas 2015. She left after one day, but John stayed for 11 days. John wasn't too sick. His sister bought him an assortment of comfort medications and looked up a slew of at-home detox ideas. They went tanning. John got a haircut. John's sister did his laundry and bought him a new outfit. Over the course of those days, John apologized often and spent a lot of time hanging out with his nephews. John's sister took tons of pictures during his stay—she was running on hope.

During that time, John found out that his girlfriend of 2½ years didn't leave just because she wasn't ready to get better, but also because she was seeing someone else—the father of his youngest nephew. John was devastated, although he wouldn't admit it. His sister took him to a court appointment and then to a doctor's appointment. After those appointments, John wanted to go home. His sister thought John's decision was the wrong decision but she couldn't physically restrain him.

John's sister talked to him on the phone the night John went home as well as the next night. The following night, John made plans to see his ex-girlfriend. John's ex-girlfriend called John's sister at midnight but wasn't making any sense. John's sister hung up and dialed 911, where she was trans-

ferred to the Marblehead police department who took her information and told her told she would get a call back. A minute later, Detective Brendan Finnegan called John's sister and said six words that haunts her daily: "I am sorry for your loss." John's sister fell to the floor and couldn't speak. Her 7 year old son was still awake. He shut off the oven, grabbed two pot holders and ever so carefully took the banana bread out of the oven. He placed it on top of the stove and sat down next to her on the floor, holding my hand.

John's sister misses her brother every single day. On some days she is angry, on others she is sad. John's mother is forever broken. John's middle nephew lost his dad the same way three years before "Uncle Johnny's" death. When the nephew found out, he punched a hole in the bathroom wall, sobbed uncontrollably, swore, kicked the trash barrel until it broke and when he was exhausted just cried in his mother's arms.

John's family has used this awful experience to help teach and educate others about how serious this problem is. Their family will never be OK. Losing a loved one has been the hardest thing John's family has ever experienced. John was 33 years old when he passed away on January 29, 2016.

JOHN M. PERKINS, JR.—NEWARK, DELAWARE

John's mother was thrilled when her first child was a boy. She named him John after his father and grandfather. He was an adorable, active baby who climbed out of his crib early and managed to get into everything. That amazing store of energy never left him; John always pushed to do a little bit better, run faster, jump higher. He did well in school and was the life of the party.

When John got to college, a series of stressful events lead him to begin experimenting with drugs with friends at "pill parties" (various kinds of drugs are tossed into a bowl and taken at random). He began using opiate pain relievers like Percocet and Oxycontin.

John and his mother had a close relationship and she was shocked when she found out that he was addicted to drugs. "He was smart and had his whole life ahead of him," she said. "I couldn't believe this was happening to us. I felt scared and alone." Liz spent every waking minute trying to get him help and educating herself about the disease of addiction.

During a period of sobriety, John came home one night upset because someone had hit his parked car. His mother tried to calm him down, but he was inconsolable and went straight to his room. When his mother heard his car pulling out of the driveway minutes later, her stomach sank. The next morning John said, "Mom, I fucked up again." Despite being furious and terrified, his mother held him and told him that she loved him and that he would have to fight addiction for the rest of his life. She was right there with him.

A few days later, John's mother got a call from John's girlfriend who was in hysterics. She had come home from work and found John unconscious on the bathroom floor. She called 911 and an ambulance had taken him to the hospital. Liz and her husband rushed to the ER but it was too late to say goodbye. John was on life support for 36 hours before being pronounced dead on May 5, 2011. He was only 30 years old.

When Liz lost John, her life lost all of its meaning but her other child and husband helped her to carry on. According to Liz, losing a child to a drug overdose is made all the more difficult because the sympathy that most parents receive after going through such a loss is too often replaced with judgement, accusations, and silence.

After losing John, Liz realized she couldn't keep quiet about her experience. In writing John's obituary, his family was open about his struggles with addiction. Liz and her husband played a vital role in the passing of the Good Samaritan Law in Delaware and continue to tell their story and fight to end the epidemic. By sharing their experience, they hope to bring substance abuse into the public consciousness.

MARK ALLEN PERRIN—MIAMI, FLORIDA

Mark Allen Perrin was born in Miami, Florida, and was raised in Fort Lauderdale. When he was born, Mark was a beautiful, curly headed blonde baby boy, with hazel green eyes.

Mark loved movies. He could tell you all of the actors by name and could imitate their voices and characters. Mark grew up to become quite a character himself. He had the wit of Jim Carrey and Robin Williams combined. Mark was also a people person and could draw anyone in; especially his friends who would always flock to him.

Mark aspired to be a dancer and he had the moves for it as well. His mother would always tell him he should be on stage, but rather as an actor because he could cry on cue, was a master manipulator, and he had the look for it—every girl would do a double take when they crossed his path.

On January 19, 2016, Mark died from an accidental heroin overdose. He was just released from jail five days prior after being held for 44 days. Mark went into jail with two oxycodone pills hidden in his boxers. Upon his release he entered a sober house, and ingested those pills. His mother received a call on his first night at the sober house, telling her that she had to go pick Mark up because he tested positive on his drug test. The next morning she picked Mark up and took him to the emergency room.

Mark had to appear in court as a result. The judge ordered mandatory entry into a drug treatment facility, or he would not be able to have a bail bond. Mark promised to go if his mother let him come home, take a shower, and spend \$25 on snacks. Instead, he spent \$190 on drugs, without her knowledge. When his mother found out about his drug purchase with her money, she said, "Mark, this is the last time you will steal from me." Well, it was the last time.

That night his mother felt Mark leaving this earth. She called and called, to no answer. Mark was found at 3 p.m. the next day—face down and stiff in his mother's bathroom.

JOSH POWELL—EAST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Josh Powell was an amazing brother, uncle, son, and husband. He excelled at everything he did. In high school, Josh was an exceptional athlete and shined in both football and basketball. He also showed great passion for carpentry and became a master of the craft.

Josh's struggles began when he first started experimenting with alcohol and marijuana in high school. His experimentation continued through his twenties, but later he managed to straighten himself out. Josh started his own construction company; which became very successful. Josh was adored by all his customers and employees. He would always go out of his way to help anyone in need without any hesitation.

Josh had to undergo surgery and he was prescribed opiates to help manage the pain. Soon after, his behavior began to change. Josh became secretive and dismissive—a complete stranger.

Opioids robbed Kelly of her beloved husband. She watched Josh disappear into a world of lies, theft, and desperation; things she didn't think were possible. It broke her heart. On July 18, 2015, Josh lost his battle

with opioid addiction. He died from intoxication of heroin laced with fentanyl, just 18 months after being prescribed opiates from his surgery. Josh was 37 years old.

JUSTIN MICHAEL PRATT—CHERRY, ILLINOIS

Justin was his family's youngest and only son. He was a cute, blonde-haired boy who could make you mad one minute and laugh the next. "Buddy," as he was known to friends and family, enjoyed fishing, snowmobiling, boating, four-wheeling and bonfires.

On November 11, 2011, Justin died from a heroin overdose. He was 26 years old when a friend found him dead in his apartment. Justin had struggled with addiction for over 10 years. He never wanted to talk about how bad it was and distanced himself from his family when he was actively using. His mother believes he had an undiagnosed mental illness, as he often struggled in school and other structured environments. It was due to this struggle that Justin began to self medicate—it was his misguided attempt to cope.

One of the saddest aspects about Justin's addiction was how it eventually turned him into someone he never wanted to become and whom others didn't want to be around. His family held onto the hope that Justin would defeat his demons someday and go on to live a healthy and fulfilling life. On that fall day when he was found dead, that hope vanished and his family's life changed forever. Justin is missed every minute of everyday!

MICHAEL RAGONE—CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

Michael Ragone struggled with heroin addiction for over 10 years. He died on January 17, 2016, of an accidental overdose in his hometown of Charlotte, NC, while visiting from Phoenix Arizona. He was 30 years old.

Michael loved fishing, football, poker, jokes, his girlfriend, family and friends. He was hysterically funny—his sense of humor was sarcastic and edgy. He used to sing songs in Italian that he had memorized. He could light up a room with his smile and big personality.

Michael was ashamed of his addiction and always thought he could beat it on his own. One of his last texts to his mother was,

"love u 2 Moms . . . Don't let fear control you . . . I know how bad this sounds but I promise I will not make you bury me. I'm going to outlive u."

He didn't mean to leave his family. It was an accident. Again, he was lured by a cunning drug that destroys impulse control. Again, he was crushed under the shame and stigma of being addicted. He used alone and died alone.

JAMES ATTICUS JOHN-PAUL-GEORGE & RINGO RALLS—EMMAUS, PENNSYLVANIA

On August 17th, 2014, James Atticus John-Paul-George & Ringo Ralls, died alone in his bedroom of a heroin overdose. On August 16th, he was alive and making an 18 year old's plans: to retake the driver's permit test he had failed the week before, to get a job at the local tavern, and, to find an affordable music studio to record his rap demo.

Kids in town called him "Yung G"—short for 'Young Gun' or 'Young Ganja.' His reputation for extensive drug use was well-earned and paid for with numerous overdoses, drug-related injuries and repeated run-ins with the juvenile court system.

James' problems began when his father was diagnosed with cancer and died just two months later in their home. James was only 10 years old. Their father's death blew the Ralls family apart; James' older stepbrothers scattered and James and his mother moved from New York to Emmaus, Pennsylvania.

James didn't have any mental health or juvenile delinquency issues in New York, but when we moved to Emmaus he was introduced to marijuana by some older kids in town. At the age of 12, James became the youngest person ever to be expelled from the East Penn School District, where his mother had once graduated with honors. He was caught buying \$5 worth of marijuana for a friend at school.

That same year, James began attending an outpatient drug and alcohol program and seeing a therapist, as well as a psychiatrist, who diagnosed him with PTSD, depression, bipolar disorder (triggered by his depression medication), anxiety and polysubstance dependence. He was repeatedly hospitalized overnight for overdoses on various substances. In the fall of 2011, when James was 15, a sympathetic probation officer helped his mother strong-arm him into a treatment center, with the threat of lock-up if he didn't stay until his counselors felt he was ready to return home.

This turned out to be a miracle. Within four short months, James went from being immersed in drug culture to someone committed to recovery. He remained enthusiastically, happily sober until July 7, 2012, his late father's birthday, when James was struck in the foot by illegal fireworks that were being shot off at a pool party. The firework blew up in his sneaker and caused 2nd and 3rd degree burns. In the ER, James told the doctors that he had a substance abuse disorder and begged them not to use fentanyl, for fear of relapse. Despite this warning, he was forced to take various pain medications and hypnotic agents while undergoing medical treatment for his foot injury.

Six weeks after finishing his prescribed round of pain medications, James began to relapse into the abuse of illicit substances, which triggered further arrests, hospitalizations, another week in treatment, which he refused to stay, and in March of 2013, a synthetic acid overdose that landed him in the hospital with facial lacerations (from banging his head against a wall) and a broken collarbone (from a police officer wrestling him into an ambulance).

Miraculously, James did manage to get sober again, but his will to fight was depleted and he suffered repeated relapses until August 16th, when he and a fellow member of Narcotics Anonymous smoked heroin on the back porch of his mother's home while she was asleep. When his mother went to wake him up the next morning, he was gone—dead in his bed. Less than six months later the other young man died of a heroin overdose as well. His body was found on the bathroom floor of a local hotel.

JENNIFER REYNOLDS—SPENCER, INDIANA

In January 2009, a Pinellas County Deputy showed up at Sharon Blair's door and delivered the news that her daughter, Jennifer Reynolds, had died of a drug overdose. Jennifer was a bright, fun, and loving individual. She enjoyed cheerleading, speed skating and softball. She was very creative and artistic. Jennifer enjoyed staying current with fashion, hair, makeup and nails. She wanted to be a fashion designer and makeup artist. Jennifer was a delightful sister, daughter, friend and mother to her only son, Trey. As Jennifer battled her Substance Use Disorder, her passion shifted and she desired to help others who were also struggling with the same disease. She felt it takes one who has experienced it, to really know what addiction is all about and help people. Jennifer was very close to her mother and together, they fought a gallant battle to get to the other side of her addiction. However, the day of recovery never came. Sadly, Jennifer died January 15, 2009 in Largo, Florida.

Fueled by the pain of her loss and anger over what she felt was a preventable death, Jennifer's mother has spent the past seven years working as a social justice advocate and pushing the Jennifer Act, a bill named after her daughter, that would empower families to help loved ones who are struggling with addiction.

Jennifer Reynolds had been struggling with an addiction to prescription pills for over a decade before her death. Over the course of that time, Sharon Blair sought the state's help and filed five different petitions under the Marchman Act, which allows for the involuntary treatment of substance abusers for three days. Only one of the petitions was granted, and 72 hours wasn't enough time to help her daughter. According to Sharon, "Jennifer was dying in front of me."

DOMENIC & VINCENT ROSA—SEABROOK, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Domenic and Vincent Rosa were the oldest of six children. They were good sons, brothers, cousins and friends. They both had big hearts and were remarkably compassionate people. They did mixed martial arts, skateboarded, cooked, played ice hockey for many years and taught skating clinics to kids who adored them. They were decent students and most importantly, they were respectful. They both began battling with substance abuse at the age of 14. They would manage to be "good" for a while—trying to manage their demons—before falling down again. Both boys eventually lost the fight.

Their family considers themselves blessed to have known Domenic and Vincent and are grateful for their short stay with them. They both gave their family the guidance to help others.

After losing his two eldest sons, Chucky Rosa vowed to make a difference through awareness and education. In an effort to reach those who are suffering from addiction or trying to help a loved one, he visits schools and treatment centers to tell his story and educate young audiences about the dangers of substance abuse. If Chucky can save at least one child by sharing his experience of loss, strength and hope, it is all worth it.

Domenic and Vincent were cremated and their family spread their ashes into the ocean. Now, Chucky wakes up each morning and takes a dip in the sea, regardless of the weather. He starts his day with both of them.

JESSICA MARY MILLER—GLENSHAW, PENNSYLVANIA

Jessica Mary Miller died at the age of 31. Jessica struggled with addiction for 15 years and was also afflicted with severe mental illness.

Jessica died at the hands of her mentally ill boyfriend. She had been in the relationship for only five months and thought she found the "love" of her life. Jessica had been doing much better than she had been in the past, and her mother was hopeful she may be ready to overcome her struggles with addiction. But like many women who battle addiction, she desired a partner who would make her feel worthy and wanted. It didn't matter what they looked like, how old they were, or what they provided financially—she just needed assurance from a romantic relationship.

One night, after Jessica's boyfriend's unemployment check came in, they got into a fight about how the money was going to be spent. Her mother only assumes this was the main argument from the phone call she got from Jessica that night. After they spoke on the phone at approximately 10 PM, the police were at Jessica's mother's door at 5 AM to tell her Jessica had been strangled and was

found outside the steps of her apartment. At first, the police told her mother that Jessica died by suicide but the boyfriend was later charged and convicted for murder by strangulation and is now serving 25 years in jail.

Jessica's mother is writing to show that not only drug overdoses are killing our children, but also the fallout of both drug use and mental instability. Not only girlfriends or spouses, but the innocent children who can't fend for themselves when their parents are so engulfed in their addiction.

It has been three years since Jessica's death and there isn't a day that goes by that her mother doesn't think of her. Many might find this strange, but her mother does not hate the person who took Jessica's life, as he is just as sick as Jessica was. They chose to be together and she knew what he was like, and chose to stay. A mentally healthy person would not put herself in that position. This was not Jessica's only bad romantic relationship, they were all bad, and her addiction drove her from one bad relationship to another.

STEVE RAUKAR: TIRELESS
ADVOCATE FOR THE NORTHLAND

HON. RICHARD M. NOLAN

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. NOLAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Steve Raukar of Kelly Lake, Minnesota for his 33 years of exceptional public service. Steve will be retiring from the St. Louis County, Minnesota Board of County Commissioners this January, and having worked with Steve on many projects in the Northland I want to wish him the very best in his much deserved retirement. In every one of Steve's many roles he goes above and beyond to ensure residents of Northeastern Minnesota receive the best possible services from St. Louis County.

Steve and I have worked together on many projects across St. Louis County, from an expansion project at the Port of Duluth/Superior to Federal funding issues at the Arrowhead Economic Opportunity Agency, to the proposed Northern Lights Express Minneapolis to Duluth/Superior passenger rail line. He is a tireless advocate for his constituents and throughout his career has improved the lives of countless Minnesotans.

Steve is retiring from the St. Louis County Board of County Commissioners after serving 28 years on the board. Prior to that he served on the Hibbing school board and on the staff of then Minnesota Lt. Governor Rudy Perpich. He is no stranger to hard work and even after retirement will continue to serve on several boards of other organizations in the region.

I ask my colleagues in Congress to join me in recognizing Commissioner Steve Raukar for his career of dedicated service to residents of Northeastern Minnesota.

COMMEMORATING THE LIFE OF
MRS. LUPITA CORTEZ

HON. HENRY CUELLAR

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CUELLAR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commemorate the life of one of Laredo's most passionate educators, Lupita Cortez.

Mrs. Cortez was born in Laredo, Texas on the 16th of February in 1956 to Teresa and Vicente Gutierrez. After graduating high school in 1974, she earned a Bachelor of Science in Elementary Education from Texas A&M—Kingsville and a Master of Science in Educational Administration from Texas A&M International University. Her passion for learning led her to dedicate her life to teaching the children of Laredo through the Laredo Independent School District, where she worked to better students' lives for over 35 years.

Mrs. Cortez's devotion to the school district led her to assume the role of principal at the elementary, middle and high school levels. She ended her career in education at Don Jose Gallego Elementary School, a school given its name to appreciate and honor the contributions of her very own grandfather. Throughout her life and career, Mrs. Cortez, was always held in high regard because of her unwavering belief in love and selflessness, as well as her steadfast leadership. Through a combination of optimism and strong will, Mrs. Cortez worked hard to bring out the best in everyone in her company. This extended to her children as well, who have gone on to excel in the fields of education, medicine and law. She held herself to the highest of standards in both her professional and personal life, and this was reflected in the way that she interacted with those around her: treating everyone with the utmost kindness and respect.

Mrs. Cortez is survived by her parents, Teresa and Vicente Gutierrez; siblings, Vicente (Gloria) Gutierrez, Jr., Teresita Gutierrez, Margie Gutierrez, Javier (Elvira) Gutierrez and Nora (Ernesto) Meza; husband, Oscar Cortez; and children, Christine Alyson Cortez, James Vincent Cortez, M.D., Leslie Ann Cortez and Oscar Cortez, Jr. Her legacy will remain strong through the seeds of hope, wisdom and endurance that she planted in those around her. The mentoring and guidance that she provided will persevere throughout the community she touched. Her passion for serving others through her love of education will not be forgotten, and her dedication to her work is a model that all should strive to emulate.

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to have the opportunity to remember the legacy of Lupita Cortez.

IN HONOR OF 100 YEARS OF ACTIVISM BY THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB OF NEW YORK

HON. CAROLYN B. MALONEY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mrs. CAROLYN B. MALONEY of New York. Mr. Speaker, I rise to pay tribute to the Women's City Club of New York (WCCNY) in recognition of a century of activism. Committed to giving women a voice, WCCNY has been a leading advocate for women's rights and equality.

In 1915, women in New York still could not vote, but they took their citizenship very seriously. After realizing that they would soon gain the ballot, 100 suffragettes gathered in New York City to found WCCNY as a place where they could learn about issues and influence public policy. These women wasted no time in tackling the complex problems of their day,

such as the abuse of women in sweatshops, intolerable tenement living conditions, and the lack of opportunities for many people in our society.

Many celebrated women joined the organization. Eleanor Roosevelt became a member when she was first lady of New York State and served as WCCNY's legislative director. Frances Perkins, a NYC labor leader who later became the first female cabinet member in the history of the United States when she was appointed as Franklin D. Roosevelt's Secretary of Labor. As Secretary of Labor, she helped create Social Security, which kept millions of seniors and disabled people out of poverty. Other notable and highly respected members included Alice Duer Miller, WCCNY's first president; Ida Tarbell, legendary muckraking journalist; Virginia Gildersleeve, a WWII WAVES commander and Dean of Barnard College; Dorothy Schiff, president and publisher of the New York Post; celebrated actress Helen Hayes; and nurse-midwife Ruth Watson Lubic, who was the founder of the National Association of Childbearing Centers and winner of a 1993 MacArthur "Genius Grant."

Since its inception in 1915, WCCNY has accomplished astounding feats for women in New York City and set a precedent for future generations of women's rights activists. In the early days, suffragettes took on many issues including a campaign to allow physicians to legally dispense birth control information in 1917, opening the nation's first free maternity center in 1918, and ensuring the passage of WCCNY's draft of New York State's first child labor laws in the 1940s. More recently, the organization has created videos that promote HIV/AIDS awareness among youth, worked to improve campaign finance reform laws, advocated for national health care reform, and had a major role in the NYC Charter Revision.

Continuing to make a difference in New Yorkers' lives is at the heart of WCCNY's work. To ensure that government fairly and effectively serves all of the city's residents, WCCNY undertakes a rigorous process of identifying and analyzing major issues facing the city and state. Having reached its centennial year, citizen participation remains the organization's primary focus, along with the continuation of its game-changing advocacy on issues that most impact New Yorkers.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring the Women's City Club of New York for a century of civic achievements and in celebrating its current and past members for their perseverance and advocacy in the fight to end injustice and ensure equality for women.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AFFECTED BY THE NATIONAL OPIOID EPIDEMIC

HON. ANN M. KUSTER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal stories of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire I have learned

so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehensive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington and I am proud to preserve their stories.

TRAVIS CLAY ROSE—MARSHALL, VIRGINIA

Travis was the youngest of four children and a joy to all who met him, of which there were many; he was a very outgoing person. From a young age he could always make his family laugh.

While reflecting back on his life, it never seemed to be an easy one. Travis always seemed to have problems to overcome but for the most part, he managed to deal with them in a positive manner. Looking back over the years, I realize that Travis was like so many others who have anxiety and depression issues. He worked constantly to make those around him feel happy and comfortable while in the meantime he was struggling with his own issues. Travis started medicating or experimenting with drugs in his early teenage years. Unlike so many people who become addicted, he never had a problem with alcohol but worked his way through the lineup of marijuana, pills, and then opioids.

If there is one thing his family would want people to remember about Travis, it would be his love for his family. He loved his mother, his brother, sisters, young nieces and nephews. Regardless of his own struggles, Travis always took the time to guide them through all aspects of their lives—he cared deeply.

His family was so hopeful about Travis beating his addiction and moving on with his life. He was in jail for a probation violation for about six months and then moved in with his sister for three months. His family believes Travis was clean for those nine months but unfortunately, after getting out of jail he had no health insurance, and he stopped taking medication for depression and anxiety.

Travis was making changes in his life and posting publicly about them. He talked about his desire to start a family and own a business of his own someday. He was one of the first people in our area to become a certified tree worker from the International Society of Arboriculture. He took pride in his job and was very good at it. Finally he seemed to be focusing on his own life. But it took just once. On May 12, 2015, Travis gave into temptation and it took his life.

That Easter, Travis bought his mother a beautiful pink dogwood tree. On Mother's Day, two days before he died, Travis gave his mother a yellow knockout rose bush. They are both planted in the memorial garden that his mother made in Travis' honor. They grow alongside other plants, stones, and features. His mother couldn't spend Christmas with Travis this year, so she put a solar powered tree on his memorial spot. It was the closest she could get to him.

Losing Travis has left a huge hole in his mother's world, but she knows his death has helped others to live and he will always remain in their hearts. He would be proud of the progress that has been made.

TONY SABAT—CLEVELAND, OHIO

Tony Sabat lost his battle with substance use disorder and is now one of the #129aDay

who lose their lives to this disease. Tony is not defined by his disease; he was so much more than that. He was a loving son, brother, nephew, grandson, cousin, and friend. He cared more for others than he did himself. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do to help his friends and family.

At the age of seven, his family noticed that Tony was exhibiting some "red flag" behaviors. As the years went on Tony suffered from terrible mood swings and bouts of anger. His family took him to see a child psychiatrist when he was 12 because he was frequently depressed, angry, and suffering from terrible insomnia. Tony was diagnosed with rapid cycling bipolar disorder; therefore, he was put on antidepressant medications and a mood stabilizer. At 13, we put him in an intensive outpatient program for a week. By this time Tony was frustrated with the medications and their side effects and began engaging in self injurious behavior. Tony's family thought that he was taking his medication but discovered that he would hide his pills under the carpet in his room. Instead of complying with taking his meds, he opted to self-medicate with marijuana, and then alcohol.

By 20 years old, Tony had a full-blown addiction to alcohol. While trying to detox at home, he suffered grand mal seizures and was hospitalized for a week. Tony was hallucinating and delusional for the first several days of this hospitalization. In February of 2009, he made his first phone call to get on the waiting list at a treatment facility. He was told the wait could be up to two weeks, but the next day they had a bed for him. After completing the 28 day program, Tony was back on his medications and had a great outlook on life. He was committed to going to AA meetings and living a sober life. This lasted for about two years.

After having dental surgery, Tony was prescribed Percocet and started to backslide. It became apparent that he was using the pain medication more than was prescribed. His path to intravenous heroin started with abusing prescription opioids and Xanax. Tony's life started spiraling out of control from his heroin use.

On July 2, 2014, after a self-injurious incident and having a 72 hour psychiatric hold put on him, Tony once again made the call to get on the waiting list for treatment. The next day he entered his second treatment program, but this time for his opioid addiction. Tony completed another 28 day program, and afterwards opted to go into sober living—to be away from the triggers in his hometown. After six weeks of living there, Tony was kicked out. He decided it would be best to stay in that town and moved into his own apartment. Two weeks later Tony lost his job and was in a full-blown alcohol and intravenous heroin relapse.

On October 13, 2014, Tony left for his third and final stint in treatment. This time he was in treatment for 40 days and returned home November 13th. 48 hours later, on November 15th, Tony died of an overdose from heroin laced with fentanyl. He was 25 years old.

BOBBY SATRE—JEFFERSON TON, VIRGINIA

Bobby Satre died of a heroin overdose on April 18, 2015, after a 13-year struggle with addiction. He was 31 years old. His addiction to heroin did not start with prescription medication use as it does for so many, but emerged after years of experimenting with various drugs.

Even as a young boy, Bobby was curious about so many things. His family first realized he was using drugs at the end of his senior year of high school, when they found a marijuana pipe—he denied that it was his. A few months after that incident, Bobby left to

attend James Madison University, his top choice school. During college he got into Crystal Meth. He called his family one day in tears saying he had been up for days and that he needed help. They were in shock and eager to get Bobby home. Bobby then attended a 30-day treatment center and his family were hopeful that this would mark the end of his drug use.

Although, Bobby attempted to return to his studies at RAU, he never completed his degree there. Instead, he attended a community college where he completed an associate's degree and graduated with honors.

While back at home Bobby worked in restaurants and other random jobs to pay the bills. It was during this time that he got involved in heroin. Over the next several years, Bobby was arrested several times for heroin possession, and overdosed several times. On many of these occasions he agreed to wear a wire while going out on buys in order to reduce his charges. Our family was in private agony—we couldn't believe that we had a child who would go so far as to put a needle in his arm.

During an annual weekend trip to Green Bay, WI, for an NFL game, Bobby's family received a call saying that Bobby had overdosed and was in bad shape. Bobby was placed in the ICU and was barely hanging on; it took him several days to stabilize. Afterwards Bobby was admitted to another treatment program. Again, his family were confident that once he completed the program he would be on the fast track to recovery. When Bobby got out he was attending NA meetings and working the program. He landed a very good sales job with a packaging firm in Maryland and moved into a condo a few years later. He also had a very special woman in his life with whom he'd been friends with for several years. They began to discuss marriage. His sales numbers at work increased as the months went by. Finally, everything seemed to be going right.

Bobby died alone in his condo after a night out celebrating a friend's birthday. His friends asked him to stay over but he wanted to go home. Those 13 years when he was battling addiction were a living hell for his entire family. They didn't think that anyone else could possibly understand and they feared being judged by both friends and family.

Bobby told his family how much he hated heroin and what power it had over him. He said it invaded his dreams—that he thought about it every single day. The only comfort I can find while dealing with this grief is the knowledge that he is free from his struggles with heroin and finally at peace.

EMMETT J. SCANNELL—MANSFIELD,
MASSACHUSETTS

On April 20, 2016 Emmett J. Scannell lost his battle to Substance Use Disorder and died of a heroin overdose. He was 20 years old. Emmett was the average American teen; he loved video games and BMX biking. He was a caring, funny, smart young man with the potential for greatness. Emmett was the adored older brother to Zachary (age 18) and Alice (age 9). He had a smile and charm that could light up a room—but heroin stole that from him. As teenagers often do, Emmett experimented with marijuana in high school, but after a bad experience with a synthetic substance referred to as "spice" or "K2," he entered recovery and was sober for his Junior and Senior year of high school. Emmett went on to graduate from Bridgewater-Raynham Regional High School in May of 2014 as a National Honor Society scholar with a 4.27 GPA.

In September of 2014, Emmett went to Worcester State University to study Computer Science. His biggest worry at the time

was leaving his high school sweetheart behind. Within six weeks of beginning college, heroin entered Emmett's life. Within eighteen short months, heroin stole Emmett from his family. During those long months, Emmett's mother did everything in her power to help him, and if love alone could have saved him—Emmett would still be here. Unfortunately, in the early stages of his struggle with addiction, Emmett's mother was unaware of the trips he took to the hospital due to overdoses—HIPAA laws prevented her from accessing that information because he was eighteen. As Emmett's disease progressed, adequate treatment programs were cost prohibitive (upwards of \$30,000 out of pocket) and nothing beyond a 5-day detox program was considered "medically necessary." Outpatient day programs, private counseling, even the monthly Vivitrol shot were no match for this disease.

Since losing her son in April, Emmett's mother has been very open about the circumstances leading up to his death—about his struggle with Substance Use Disorder and specifically with heroin. This disease is not something to be ashamed of or hidden. Substance Use Disorder is a disease that has to be brought out into the light and addressed. We are losing loved ones every day to this horrible epidemic. Emmett's mother has vowed not to let her son's death be in vain. She is working to stop the stigma, promote awareness, promote education, promote early intervention and promote prevention as well as lobby for access to treatment for all suffering from this disease. She always told Emmett that he was her sunshine. Emmett's mother will continue to shine that light into the lives of others in his honor.

CANDACE BROOKE SHELTON—WISE, VIRGINIA

Candace was such a special child. She was a pleaser; she loved to make people happy and feel good. She made friends easily and people loved to be around her. However, Candace did keep a lot inside too and would hide her pain in many different ways. When she was going through adolescence, she began to eat to cover the pain she felt. She struggled a lot with insecurities.

In her early twenties, Candace was dealing with identity issues and decided to confirm what her family already knew—she was gay. Candace never wanted to disappoint anyone and felt like she was letting people down. This led to a lot of wrong decisions including drinking, doing drugs, and texting and driving one night which led to a near fatal car accident. She had flipped her vehicle several times and was in critical condition with lots of internal injuries. They had to amputate her left leg and she was in a coma for almost two months.

Finally it happened, defying all odds—Candace awoke. The nurses called her their "miracle girl." But then Candace had to come to the reality that her life had changed dramatically; she could no longer walk. She struggled with trying to adjust to a different way of life. She tried a prosthetic leg, but due to the injuries in her right leg, she never really gained use of it. Candace left the hospital on lots of medication, including morphine and Fentanyl patches. She was weaned off those drugs, but it was the beginning of the addiction that would eventually end her life.

Candace continued with pain medications, but at this time she was prescribed Oxycodone, and later Xanax for anxiety. Afterwards, she had moved in with a person she had met on Facebook and they were in a relationship. It wasn't the best situation for Candace because this person was abusing substances; adding fuel to the flame.

Candace sent her mother a text on a Monday night, asking if she could drive her to

her doctor's appointment the next day. Candace's mother told her she was not able to and ending up arguing. Candace ended up finding a way to the doctors, where she was prescribed more pain medication and Xanax. She texted her mother that evening, but she was being stubborn and was going to let her stew for a bit. It was the day before Thanksgiving and thought she would just make-up with Candace when they were together. But that day never came.

Her mother received a call around 3 a.m. Thanksgiving morning that Candace had passed away that night from an overdose. The autopsy confirmed that Candace had taken a lethal dose of both her medications. Apparently she had started to overdose the previous day, falling out of her wheelchair. The people Candace was with kept putting her back to bed, instead of calling 911; they were afraid of getting Candace's medications taken away. The girl Candace was living with overdosed just two days later on the same medication that Candace had.

Candace's family's lives changed forever that Thanksgiving morning in 2013.

CODY, SHUMWAY—HEMET, CALIFORNIA

Cody was his mother's first born son. He was a loving, caring, brilliant, gifted and funny individual. He was a joy to be around and had many friends. Cody began experimenting with drugs and alcohol at the age of 14 and very quickly we realized that he had a serious problem. After two stints in treatment during his junior year of high school, Cody stayed off of hard drugs for 15 years.

Cody was a musical and math genius and after college he moved to Hawaii to become a high school math teacher. He was living his dream of surfing big waves and working a job that he loved. His students loved him as well.

Cody got injured surfing and was prescribed Vicodin. After 15 years sober from hard drugs, Cody fell back into his disease of addiction almost immediately. He finally agreed to go to treatment and while he was there he helped many others with their issues. He was such a likeable guy that people enjoyed his company no matter where he was. After 10 months of hard-won sobriety, Cody lost his battle to the disease of addiction on July 26, 2012, just two days after completing his Master's Degree. He died of an overdose of heroin and alcohol.

CALEB SMYTHIA—LOUDON, TENNESSEE

Caleb Smythia, oldest of four, was his mother's biggest fan and the idol of his brother and two sisters. Caleb was a great cook, loved all kinds of music and had a passion for playing the guitar. Music became so much a part of Caleb's life because he found it to be therapeutic.

Caleb's struggles began at age 16. He went through many rough patches and began abusing methamphetamine. When objects and money kept missing at home, his mother filed an unruly charge against him and Caleb became a child of the state. He spent over a year and a half in three different foster homes and one group home. Unfortunately, Caleb was never placed in a treatment facility, even though he relapsed and tested positive for five different drugs in his system.

When Caleb eventually went home, he seemed to have his life back on track. After graduating high school, Caleb had hopes of going to culinary school. However, within days after graduating, Caleb returned to his old friends who were abusing methamphetamine and pills.

Eventually, problems with Caleb were so bad that his mother told him he was no longer welcome in her home. One late night in the pouring rain, Caleb knocked on the door. His mother told Caleb she would take him to the ER or to a treatment facility but

he couldn't come into the house. Even though Caleb was at such a low point and begged for help, the ER turned him away.

Another night Caleb arrived at his mother's door bloodied and broken. Caleb had been beaten and tortured for two hours by eight members of the local college baseball team. One of the players had given Caleb \$35 and asked him to get Percocet. Caleb was so deep in his addiction that he kept the money in order to get a fix. To retaliate, the team forced a mutual friend to trick Caleb into another drug deal. When Caleb went to meet the friend, he was abducted, thrown in the back of a truck, and held down by his throat. The baseball team drove Caleb to a field where he was kicked and stomped while curled in a fetal position. Caleb begged for his life and promised to pay them \$50 if they let him go. The next day, two of the boys came to Caleb's mother's house to get the money. One of them was holding the same baseball bat they had used to break Caleb's knee the night before. Three of the eight boys were charged and convicted of felony assault for which they received 10 years probation. Caleb refused to testify against his attackers in court because he felt like he deserved the beating.

Caleb's family soon moved and everything seemed to be well again. However, Caleb's mother worked two jobs and didn't know that Caleb was getting into his grandmother's pain pills. Caleb went to live 200 miles away with his father. Unfortunately, Caleb wasn't kept safe—his father also had a substance abuse disorder. Caleb overdosed and died on Christmas morning of 2015, after being sold black market pills that contained fentanyl.

RYAN JOSEPH SOUDER—LINWOOD, NEW JERSEY

Ryan Souder died in October of 2012 to a heroin overdose. In September, Ryan was at his lowest; he was homeless and couldn't get a job so he just walked around all day. He asked his mother for help and, like so many times before, she called every place that she could think of but there were no beds available. She took him to the emergency room and the doctor wasn't very helpful. He said that if Ryan wanted to get sober, he would have to do it on his own. The doctor gave them some medication to help with the withdrawals and Ryan and his mother sat in a hotel room together for almost a week while he detoxed. The doctor said to watch him. Many times over the course of that week Ryan's mother stood over him while he slept, just to make sure he was still breathing. Days later, she was finally able to get a bed for Ryan and they drove to the treatment center.

Ten days into detox Ryan called and begged his mother to come get him. She told him that he needed to stay and get better. The director of the treatment center called her a few hours later to say that Ryan had called one of his friends instead. The man was on his way to pick Ryan up.

Within a month Ryan died alone in that "friend's" guest room. Ryan had just turned 21.

Ryan was adored by everyone that knew him; he was funny, handsome, smart, compassionate, and athletic. Ryan was a son, brother, best friend, nephew, and grandson. He loved his family very much and was always asking after everyone, he even called from jail and while he was living on the streets.

Ryan dropped out of high school during his junior year in high school and never got the chance to walk at graduation or get his diploma. He didn't go to prom. Ryan never got a driver's license. He will never watch either of his sisters get married. Ryan will never do any of the things that his mother, always

dreamt he would. His death was a crushing blow to our whole family.

THOMAS "TOMMY" SOWELL—JANE LEW, WEST VIRGINIA

Tommy was born June 11, 1991, and passed away on February 13, 2016, from an accidental overdose of heroin laced with fentanyl. Tommy's addiction likely began when he was prescribed oxycodone after undergoing surgery for a hernia during 9th grade.

Tommy was his parents' youngest child—he was a good son, person, and brought joy to all of our lives. Tommy loved his family and tried hard to overcome his struggles with addiction. He was sweet and sensitive, respectful and loving. He was physically strong yet tender-hearted and could be fiercely funny, witty and ornery—all at the same time. Tommy always made his family laugh with his spot-on impressions and general goofiness. His smile could light up a room and his grin would melt anyone's heart. Tommy was always able to conquer anything he set out to do, except his battle with addiction. His family knows that given the time Tommy would have been able to beat it.

MICHAEL "MIKE" JAMES TURNER—NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

So many people think "drunk" or "junkie" when they see someone suffering from addiction. What they can't see is a person that is stuck in a body they can no longer control.

Mike Turner suffered from addiction. He was also type 1 diabetic and had a Chiari malformation in his brain. He had a long history of alcohol and drug abuse and in the end, it was heroin that took him. Those were Mike's labels, but that is not who Mike was—the man he was, was an affectionate, exciting and hilarious dad, boyfriend, son, brother, and uncle. He had integrity, he was honest, and charitable. Mike participated in Chiari Malformation Cancer, Autism and Addiction events. He planned on going back to school to become an addiction counselor.

Mike acknowledged his issues and fought to better himself in the best way he knew how. Mike even went through a parenting course to try to be a better dad. He loved his kiddos—Mike Jr. and Amber—more than anything. He was all about his family and looked forward to weekly Sunday dinners at his mom's house.

Mike was a funny guy—pretty clumsy and always getting into mischief. He was so positive and encouraged everyone around him in their pursuits. Everyone who knew the real Mike loved him.

Mike had his demons, however, and he knew that overcoming his addiction was the most important thing. As long as he was using he was useless to his kids, his family, and his job. Mike knew the hurt his addiction caused others and that destroyed him. It devastated his family to witness his hurt and share his pain. Mike tried detoxing and treatment numerous times. He was part of a group called the SNAKES—Soldiers Needing Accountability Keeping Each Other Sober in Christ. In April 2016, he graduated from a program with 9 months clean.

On April 22, 2016, just three weeks after his graduation, Mike was living with his girlfriend, Theresa, again. He woke up with a start that morning and said he had low blood sugar. By 8:30 a.m., his sugar was up and he said he was feeling much better.

Mike's last message to Theresa was at 9:17 AM: "no worries im alive :cP." Theresa called him after her meeting around 10:30. He didn't answer so she called again . . . still no answer. She kept trying. Theresa had another meeting that ended around 11:45. She tried calling again and there was still no answer. Fearful that his sugar had dropped too low, she ran home. When Theresa got home

around 12:30 p.m., she opened the door and found Mike.

Mike had relapsed after being 9 months clean. Theresa had no idea that he had been using. He overdosed some time between 9:17 and 10:30 that morning, on April 22, 2016. He was 33 years old.

TRIBUTE TO JAYNE ARMSTRONG

HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize and congratulate Jayne Armstrong of West Des Moines, Iowa, for being named the Iowa Advocate of the Year by the Iowa Chapter of the National Association of Women Business Owners.

Each year, the Iowa Chapter of the National Association of Women Business Owners recognizes women who have greatly contributed to the business landscape in the state. Jayne, as District Director of the Small Business Administration in Iowa, advocates for small businesses as they seek financing, developmental training and counseling to help develop and grow. With more women owning small businesses, Jayne is front and center, guiding them through the difficult process of starting their own business. It is because of Iowans like Jayne I'm proud to represent our great state.

Mr. Speaker, I commend Jayne for her commitment to small business owners throughout the third district. Her tireless work in advocacy on their behalf is crucial in helping Iowa's economy thrive. I ask that my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives join me in congratulating Jayne and in wishing her nothing but continued success.

HONORING STEVEN M. CIBOROWSKI OF PENNSYLVANIA

HON. SCOTT PERRY

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. PERRY. Mr. Speaker, today I honor my constituent, Steven M. Ciborowski, on his retirement after more than 35 years of civilian service with the United States Army.

Mr. Ciborowski served as an engineering technician with the U.S. Army Edgewood Chemical Biological Center (ECBC) and was a crucial player in support of force protection activities for ECBC's Critical Lab Infrastructure. He served as the focal point for fire and safety coordination for various critical security inspections and greatly contributed to the success of those programs.

Mr. Ciborowski's dedication and professionalism touched the lives of many people and helped the ECBC fulfill its mission to be the Nation's premier provider of innovative chemical and biological solutions.

On behalf of Pennsylvania's Fourth Congressional District, I commend and congratulate Steven M. Ciborowski upon his retirement after more than 35 years of service to the United States of America.

IN RECOGNITION OF LEWISVILLE
ISD'S MARCHING BANDS

HON. MICHAEL C. BURGESS

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. BURGESS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to congratulate the Flower Mound, Marcus, and Hebron High School bands for their noteworthy success at the 2016 UIL Class 6A Marching Band Contest. These Lewisville ISD bands achieved the first, second and third place honors, setting a first-time UIL record for a single school district to win the top three spots in the largest classification. Their outstanding performances were made possible through the talents, perseverance and hard work of the band students under the incredible leadership of Brent Biskup at Flower Mound, Andy Sealey at Hebron, and Amanda Drinkwater at Marcus.

The Flower Mound High School band won the state marching contest for the first time in the school's history as well as secured its second consecutive top spot at the Bands of America Super Regional competition four days earlier. Their rise to victory is no doubt due to their creative and extraordinary dedication to their craft. Hebron High School took a narrow second place, and their achievements this year have served to inspire the students around them. Marcus High School finished in third place, and had previously been consecutive five-time winners. Their long-term success reflects well on the organization and the students and parents who make the show possible.

It is a privilege to represent these bands and the Lewisville Independent School District in the U.S. House of Representatives. I look forward to seeing more great accomplishments from LISD and their bands and wish them the best of luck in all future endeavors.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AF-
FECTED BY THE NATIONAL
OPIOID EPIDEMIC

HON. ANN M. KUSTER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal stories of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire I have learned so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehensive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington, and I am proud to preserve their stories.

JONATHAN SPARKS—LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Jonathan was a sweet young man who started off on a rocky note when he was diagnosed with Neuroblastoma cancer at the age of four. He battled this for a year and a half, which involved invasive treatments such as a stem cell transplant. His prognosis was very grim, but thanks be to God he made it and entered Kindergarten right before his 6th birthday.

It took a long time for Jonathan's stamina to improve after undergoing such intensive treatment and as a result, he was bullied as a child. He just couldn't keep up with the other kids during activities. This made him compassionate towards others who were less fortunate than he was, and he would take up for these people or help them in any way he could. Jonathan was always a people person. He would and could strike up a conversation with anyone; he felt just as comfortable talking to a politician as he did a homeless man.

During his teenage years Jonathan felt left out and like he didn't fit in with his peers. He struggled with academics due to what he had been exposed to during the cancer treatments. He was forced out of private school because of this learning disability. He went to public school his junior year, and in trying to fit in he fell in with a crowd he should have stayed away from. As soon as he turned 18, he dropped out of school during his senior year.

Jonathan was passionate about basketball and cooking. He never excelled at basketball because, again, he just couldn't keep up. He suffered from severe back pain due to radiation. But he knew stats about basketball that you wouldn't believe. He loved a lot of NBA teams, but his favorite was Miami Heat. Jonathan could cook anything; he was an avid food network watcher and could have given some of those people a run for their money. He watched "Diners, Drive-ins and Dives," and loved to eat at the places where Guy, the host, did his shows. His dream was to become a chef.

Sometime between the ages of 18 and 20, Jonathan was introduced to Xanax. His mother assumes it was in order to ease his back pain. From there he got into heroin. She does not know when he started using because he was good at keeping it a secret from our family. He came home in April of 2015 and stayed home all summer. He never went anywhere; he just hung out at home watching cooking shows and basketball games.

In August he started working at Pizza Hut. Around the middle of the month he was called by some friends who didn't have a car and needed a ride to the hospital—they were about to have a baby. Two weeks later he spent the Saturday of Labor Day weekend with these two women and their newborn. They went to the local skate park that evening to buy heroin. According to his friends, Jonathan went into the restroom to use and when he emerged he was unable to walk. The women helped him into his own car and then drove him around for 2 or 3 hours thinking that he would sleep it off. Finally, they drove him to the ER and dumped him in front of the door. By this time, Jonathan's body tissue was dying and his organs were shutting down. Jonathan was in a coma for 20 days and died 6 days after his 21st birthday, on September 26, 2015.

NICHOLAS "NICKY" DANIEL TOTH V—PAGOSA
SPRINGS, COLORADO

Nicholas Daniel Toth V was born on December 27, 1995 in Pagosa Springs, Colorado. He was a miracle as far as his parents were concerned—they literally smothered the poor kid. Nicky was his parents shining star. Never in their life did they ever think they would only have 19 years with him.

Nicky was the oldest of his two brothers. The Toth family was blessed with two more sons, Jackson and Harrison. Life was perfect. They were all raised in a beautiful mountain town. We volunteered tirelessly in our community. As parents, the Toths didn't just go to every sporting event their boys had, they coached them. You name it and they did it for their boys. They ate organic foods and planted their own gardens. Life was effortless and delightful.

All of this changed one awful night when Nicky was in 6th grade and sexually violated by one of his peers. After that he was never the same. That same boy went on to bully Nicky and the school district did nothing. The Toth family received no community or school support. They felt abandoned but Nicky felt it the most. Following that year, the Toths decided as a family to move back east to New Jersey in order to be closer to friends and family where they felt they could get the most support, and more importantly, save their Nicholas.

Unfortunately, that one awful night shaped Nicky's teenage path. He didn't talk about it; he wouldn't and couldn't. Instead, Nicky started self-medicating—beginning with alcohol and marijuana. From there he moved to Xanax that he got from other parents' medicine cabinets. Then, Nicky discovered the love of his life, heroin. The Toth family was in turmoil. Nicky was in and out of treatment centers and jail. He missed multiple holidays. He wanted nothing more than to be happy and healthy.

During his active addiction, Nicky was in jail from January 2014 to June 2014 and again from July 2014 to February 2015. He finally came home March 20, 2015. The entire Toth family was so hopeful but also scared. Nicky was at least safe while in jail. He participated in outpatient programs and got a job. His family had no idea he started using again.

In April 2015, Nicky overdosed in his family's home and lived to see another day. Following that night, Nicky went to inpatient treatment in South New Jersey. His family were so hopeful because Nicky completed his 30 day program and organized himself into a sober living home. The person in charge said he had never had such a tenacious applicant. Nicky was ready to start his life. He lived in the house for two weeks.

On Friday, June 12, 2015, Nicky's mother went to see him after work and took him to dinner. She kissed his face, hugged his big shoulders and laughed together for the last time. On the morning of June 14th, the local police came to the Toth family's home to inform them that they lost their son. He was found in Newark. He was all alone.

AIDAN VANDERHEOF—MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA

Aidan Vanderheof grew up surrounded by love and attention. His life had bumps along the way, most of which were created by his family. Aidan's parents divorced when he was about two years old. He lived with mother but had a lot of visitation time with his dad. When he was about twelve, Aidan went to live with his dad in Bismarck and started playing JV football. He had loads of friends and got along easily with everyone. Aidan went back to live with his mother when he was sixteen.

Like any teenager, Aidan pushed the boundaries. He bought a pick-up truck the second he got his driver's license and would haul around as many of his friends as could fit in it. Around that time many family arguments started to emerge and Aidan began having trouble in school. Many nights he wouldn't come home, but he always had an excuse—he fell asleep on a friend's couch, for example. Over time, his absences increased at home and at school. Aidan's mother had

to report him as a runaway to the police too many times to count. Meanwhile, some of his friends, parents would hide him and cover for him.

Aidan came under the supervision of the juvenile criminal justice system when he was caught using a stolen credit card. For a period of time he wore an ankle monitor and seemed able to comply with the rules until he had the opportunity to break them. During this time, Aidan was referred to the Child and Adolescent Partial Hospitalization (CAPH) program through our local hospital. The program was set up during school hours and included group counseling, individual therapy, and schoolwork. His mother also worked with Aidan in family therapy and in-home counseling. He adhered to the schedule and completed the program.

Aidan was a fantastic liar. Principals, counselors, and many others got caught in his web. While under court supervision, he took random drug tests and would frequently test positive for benzodiazepines, amphetamines, and marijuana. At the time, his mother believed that his substance use wasn't all that serious because they were all prescriptions and she knew a lot of kids experimented with them.

Aidan was caught in the act of yet another crime. Prior to that, he had done things his mother could not prove: stolen all of her valuable jewelry, taken a bottle of amphetamines prescribed to her by her doctor, broken the window out of her vehicle the night before Mother's Day to steal change and cigarettes, stolen his grandparent's car when they were on vacation and busted a door to get alcohol.

When Aidan was finally placed in juvenile detention, his mother was scared to death for him and visited him once a week. Later, Aidan was placed in a Youth Correction Center in Mandan, North Dakota. His mother went to see him a number of times. Eventually, Aidan was placed at Prairie Learning Center in Raleigh, North Dakota where he spent about six months. All reports from his primary counselor were positive. Like everywhere else Aidan had been, he got along with everybody. Soon after, Aidan graduated from the program.

In the middle of June 2015, Aidan was caught on a surveillance camera using a stolen credit card in Bismarck. His dad saw it on the Police Department's Facebook page and contacted Aidan and his mother. Aidan and his father made an appointment to visit with a detective about the situation but right before the appointment, Aidan disappeared.

On July 4, 2015, Aidan's mother was awakened by a pounding on the door. A police officer stood by the door and informed the family that Aidan was found dead. He was only 19. Initially the police thought that Aidan had died of an accidental OxyContin overdose. There was a shoelace around his arm and a spoon near his body. He was found in the basement of a home. The people who were with him admitted they had been using and would test positive for OxyContin.

In the end, it was determined that Aidan died of a heroin overdose with methamphetamine in his system. The state has struggled to prosecute those with him when he died. His death was not quick, and no one called 9-1-1 until after he was dead.

T.J. WADSWORTH—COLLEGEVILLE,
PENNSYLVANIA

T.J. Wadsworth grew up to be curious, friendly, smart, had many friends, and was a good student. In middle school, T.J. was one of the kids that came home after the drug presentation and talked about how bad drugs are, and that he would never do them. Less than one year later, in 8th or 9th grade, T.J.

started smoking marijuana and it is believe he started drinking alcohol at the age of 16 or 17, at parties with his high school friends. Until his senior year, T.J. was doing what some teenagers do; go to school every day, complete schoolwork, work a part-time job, and then smoke/drink with friends on the weekends.

During his senior year of high school T.J. was high and/or drunk and offered a pill. It was that one pill, that one decision that sealed T.J.'s fate. Things for T.J. quickly escalated and later spiraled out of control when he went off to college. When T.J. would come home for vacation he was out every night.

T.J.'s grades for the first two years of college had been acceptable. He later joined a fraternity and he was having more fun than he should, and not studying the way he should have been. His mother later found out that T.J. stopped attending his classes the fall semester of his junior year and his friends were concerned.

When he came home for Christmas break his junior year, T.J.'s mother was so worried about him that she set up an intervention and offered to take him to a treatment facility. She did not know at that time how serious T.J.'s addiction was. T.J. stayed out every night and always appeared to be drunk or high. The many times she tried to talk to him about drugs he always denied that he had a problem, saying he was home from college and just having fun with his friends.

Instead of returning to school the spring semester of his junior year, T.J. was admitted to an inpatient treatment facility for 30 days. His mother came to find out that what started in his senior year of high school, with trying that pill, turned into a heroin addiction two years later.

After completing treatment, T.J. stayed clean for about six weeks and turned to drugs after several stressful events. His mother will never forget walking into the basement and finding him on the couch in the dark crying. T.J. hated what drugs had done to his life. After two months of taking drug tests on a regular basis, which he would periodically failed, T.J. went back into treatment. This time T.J. only stayed for two weeks.

When talking with T.J.'s drug counselor about why he released earlier than expected she said, that T.J. seemed to know what he had to do and had told her that he did not want to end up dead or in jail. Four days after he was released from the second treatment facility, his mother came home from work early after not being able to get in touch with T.J. She went to his bedroom, but the door was locked. She banged and screamed his name. Finally she called 911, so they could break into his room. The police told her a few minutes after breaking into his room that T.J. died from a heroin overdose. That was May 28, 2014.

MARK WALSH—BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Mark loved spending time with his family and cared for his siblings like they were his own. Whenever he found the time, he worked on his cars and motorcycles. He went above and beyond for anyone who needed help, whether that meant getting them a meal or helping them find a place to stay for the night. One might say he was generous to a fault.

At any given time in his life, Mark was fighting for or against something. At an early age, he was in a house fire and was later deemed a hero for running back into the burning building to alert others to the exit. The incident left Mark so badly burned that he had to stay in Shriners' Hospital for several months. The physical scars from this event influenced how people treated him.

Growing up, Mark was teased about his appearance by kids who didn't know better. Even though these interactions emotionally hurt him, Mark would never let you know it. Mark was private about his pain throughout his life.

Mark was the second oldest in a family of five. Raised in a single parent home, he tried taking on the role of a father figure when he hit his teen years. Mark wanted to give his siblings everything they didn't have and make their lives better. Academics weren't interesting to him, so Mark dropped out of school and began selling marijuana, which got him into trouble with the law. Mark's license was suspended but he never paid the fines or stopped driving. He was sent to jail several times for driving without a license.

Once Mark had a criminal record, finding a job was difficult. Fortunately, his extended family had a few businesses where he was able to get work but Mark couldn't hold down a job for any extended period of time. Between stints in and out of jail, he dabbled in using prescription medication. In 2005 at the age of 22 and in-between relapses, Mark had a beautiful son named Travis. Unfortunately, Mark wasn't ready to be a father and his family watched as he struggled with substance abuse.

In 2007, Mark met and married his wife, Sarah. She had a son named Patrick who was the same age as Travis. Mark and Sarah were both in recovery and worked beautifully together. Their early years were some of his best. Mark went to work every day, supported his family, and made time to indulge in his passion for fixing cars and motorcycles. In 2008, Mark and Sarah gave birth to a gorgeous daughter, Emma Grace.

Some blissful years later, a hand injury put Mark out of work. He underwent surgery, which came with a prescription for pain medication. The downward spiral began again. Mark checked into treatment various times and kept getting into trouble with the law. His drinking got out of control, along with his substance use. Mark and Sarah moved to Cape Cod where her parents were living for some extra support, but that only lasted for so long. They weren't able to overcome their addictions there together. Mark and Sarah separated and the years that followed were tumultuous ones filled with stints in more treatment and attempts at recovery.

In January 2016, Mark went to a program and loved the month he spent there, doing the hard work of dealing with all of the emotional baggage that comes with the disease of addiction. Mark was grateful to have a support system of friends and doctors who were there to walk him through the difficult process of recovery. However, within days of coming back home, he felt himself slipping and made a call to Malibu to arrange a return. The day before his flight, Mark overdosed at home alone.

We need reform in our country so that those struggling with addiction can have their needs met. If insurance had covered treatment for Mark closer to home, perhaps he would not have had to travel all the way to California in order to receive the services he so desperately needed. Maybe Mark would still be with us today.

COREY WATSON—GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Growing up, Corey had dyslexia and other learning challenges. He was shy, quiet, and very sensitive. He loved animals and was always sympathetic to others. All of that changed on his 13th birthday on September 13, when he got hit by a car while riding his bike. He landed on his head and was taken to the ER but they didn't find anything wrong with him.

Over the next two weeks, however, he changed drastically. His personality went

from painfully shy to aggressive and he became a risk taker—it was frightening. His mother took him to many neurologists but nobody could help. It seemed like there was no way to fix his injured brain. Corey then became depressed and got into drugs. He went in and out of the Brattleboro retreat in Vermont, including a period during which he went to school there until he started committing crimes and got caught up in the legal system, which never seems to help. This cycle was hard to watch because there was nothing his mother could do to help him, even though she tried everything: different therapists, medications, specialists, etc. In September, he started using heroin and fell in love with a girl. Some time after that, they decided to get clean together and admitted themselves into rehab in Boston. His mother picked Corey up on Christmas Eve so he could come and spend the holidays in Massachusetts with his family. His mother never seen him so happy.

One day, Corey called his mother around 5 o'clock and asked her to wire him some money for laundry and snacks. He had only been in the step-down unit for a few days after spending three weeks in a secure treatment facility. He had more freedom in the sober house—he was getting himself to and from meetings and appointments. He took the money his mother sent him and used it to buy drugs. Corey's roommate found him unresponsive. They did manage to revive him a couple of hours later but he never regained consciousness. Corey was brain-dead for three days before he was removed from life-support on February 1, 2014. Corey died of an unintentional overdose.

WILLIAM "WILL" HEAD WILLIAMS—NEW YORK,
NEW YORK

William Head Williams died of an accidental overdose shortly before his 24th birthday. Two years before his death, his parents first became aware that their son was using heroin. At the time William was already seeing a psychotherapist and over the next two years his family added various additional support systems to help William's struggle. These included an addiction psychiatrist, outpatient treatment, treatment with Suboxone, inpatient detox, inpatient treatment, outpatient treatment, outpatient detox, treatment with Vivitrol, more outpatient treatment, another inpatient treatment, more outpatient treatment, well over a dozen trips to and from the emergency rooms of at least four different hospitals, an attempt to work with another addiction psychiatrist, Alcoholics Anonymous, and Narcotics Anonymous. A home life fraught with tension, despair, sometimes hopeful during intermittent periods of sobriety, and always filled with the apprehension of misfortune. That apprehension became fact when William accidentally overdosed. Six weeks of comatose and/or heavily medicated hospitalization followed before the ultimate realization that William was consigned to a persistent vegetative state.

As a family, William's parents struggled from the beginning to find both their own support system and ways to engage and encourage William in recovery. In the beginning, they kept William's and their battle to themselves, in the interest of protecting his privacy and their own. William still had career goals and ambitions that could be thwarted with heroin use on his "résumé." While it's harder for them to admit, William's parents also kept quiet out of some sense of embarrassment or shame.

Over the course of time, with the help of addiction counselors, and sharing their circumstance at Al-Anon in particular, William's parents came to understand that they were not alone. There were, in fact, many

families like them, negotiating their response to addiction: discovering what they were powerless over, battling for the courage to confront what they could control, and, at least in their case, fighting desperately to distinguish between the two. There was and is relief in knowing that others suffer the same struggle, zigzagging along a tortuous path, enduring dead ends in hope of a solution, bravely putting in the work to realize a more promising and serene future. Yet, their story and others remained anonymous, pit stops at an emotional leper colony, quite separate from a world racing on.

Out of choice and necessity, when William's parents chose to remove him from life support, they offered William's story to virtually everyone they knew in the days just prior to his death and in the interim before his memorial service. In return, more and more people surrendered their personal horrors to the family. From even the most reserved and private came narratives of heroin overdoses, cocaine abuse, weeks and months in rehab, alcohol relapse, addiction to pills. Addiction is, as the Williams family has learned, a family disease. The number of stories they have heard of wives, daughters, fathers, sons, nieces, nephews, brothers and sisters—not in counseling or therapy scenarios, but from people who recognize their pain and somehow want to comfort them, or to comfort themselves through them, is staggering.

DALTON WOMACK—LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Dalton was born September 20, 1991. Anyone who was lucky enough to meet Dalton will never forget him. He had a smile that was absolutely contagious—you couldn't help but feel good when he was around and in good spirits. Dalton's love for children was always present. He could relate to children like no one else; he cared about how they felt and also he cared for them in a way that they knew Dalton was a friend.

The respect Dalton gave to the elderly was admirable. He would go out of his way to open a door, walk someone to their car, or carry their groceries. It was his nature to help others. Dalton did whatever was needed without even blinking an eye.

Dalton was a friend to anyone he would meet—in other words, he never met a stranger. Music was in his soul and he loved it more than anything (other than being with his friends and family). Dalton was a caring person and gave everything he could; on many occasions right down to his last dollar—he would go without it just to make sure someone else had what they needed. He lived his life unselfish and had a huge heart.

Before his family knew it, Dalton was struggling with addiction. His addiction started off small and became more powerful; bigger than they could ever imagine. His family had countless conversations but nothing seemed to help; therefore, they turned to treatment.

Dalton's family's worst fear came on July 8, 2016; the dreaded phone call that every parent hates but knows at some point might come. Dalton was gone. Not just out of town, not just going to the store and be back later but gone. He died at the hands of a steering wheel, with addiction gripping him. He was by himself, all alone.

His family received the news from the emergency room doctor and chaplain—the conversation still plays over and over in their head. The pain today still hurts as if it were yesterday and probably will forever. But one thing they know to be true, if Dalton and the many others could have the opportunity to look ahead and see how tragic life could end with addiction, maybe just maybe things would be different. Hell isn't six feet under; Hell is loving and missing a son who had addiction.

TRIBUTE TO THE RONALD McDONALD HOUSE CHARITIES OF CENTRAL IOWA

HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the Ronald McDonald House Charities of Central Iowa for its 35 years of service to families in need.

Since opening its doors in August of 1981, Ronald McDonald House Charities of Central Iowa has provided a "home away from home" for over 10,000 families whose children are undergoing medical treatment. In 2011 alone, the 12-room facility provided a home for over 400 families from 71 of Iowa's 99 counties and 10 other states. Families are asked to contribute a nominal fee each night, but if they cannot afford to do so, they are not turned away. The philosophy at the Ronald McDonald House in Des Moines is that one of the best medicines for a severely ill child is the love of their family right by their side during challenging times. It is humbling to see the widespread support from Iowa businesses and individuals that keep the doors open at the Ronald McDonald House of Central Iowa.

Mr. Speaker, I commend the Ronald McDonald House Charities of Central Iowa for its 35 years of serving families under the most difficult of circumstances. I ask that my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives join me in congratulating them and wishing nothing but the best.

IN HONOR OF THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FLOATING HOSPITAL

HON. CAROLYN B. MALONEY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mrs. CAROLYN B. MALONEY of New York. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the 150th anniversary of The Floating Hospital (TFH), located in Long Island City, New York, in the district I am privileged to represent. TFH was founded in 1866 with the goal: "To afford relief to the sick children of the poor of the City of New York without regard to creed, color, or nationality." Today, TFH serves thousands of victims of domestic violence, homeless families, and public housing residents.

Though it is a land-based organization today, TFH derives its name from the series of ships which housed the hospital and regularly sailed through New York Harbor, providing children and their caregivers with recreational opportunities on board, as well as healthcare services, health and nutrition education, and a respite from an overcrowded city. The idea was inaugurated by George F. Williams, a managing editor at The New York Times, when he saw newsboys being forced off the grass in City Hall Park by police and ordered to stay on the walkways where the hot concrete burned their feet. Their plight inspired him to appeal to the Times's readership to donate money for a boat trip for newsboys and bootblacks. These trips soon became more regular and were taken over by St. John's

Guild, which purchased the first vessel, organized the trips and expanded them to include underprivileged children and their mothers. Medical personnel were hired to provide treatment, vaccines, nutritional guidance and other care, and opened a clinic for sick patients on Staten Island.

IN the early 2000s, TFH sold its boat and created a clinic in Long Island City and has now become New York City's largest provider of primary healthcare services to residents of family shelters and domestic violence safe houses, as well as residents of public housing, with more than 61,000 patient visits every year. TFH opened the first federally-qualified health center in a New York City Housing Authority development and Queensbridge Houses.

TFH works proactively with families from the moment they enter the shelter system, including screenings for communicable diseases and health conditions like heart disease and asthma. TFH provides a huge array of primary healthcare services, oral healthcare, health education, benefits counseling, and mental health services, and even offers free transportation for patients to and from over 200 shelters and domestic violence safe houses.

In its 150 years, TFH has served over 5 million patients. Today, it continues to honor its historic mission to serve the most vulnerable by working constantly to improve and expand its services and clinics.

I ask my colleagues to join me in celebrating the anniversary of TFH and its 150 years of immeasurable contributions to the health and well-being of all New Yorkers.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AFFECTED BY THE NATIONAL OPIOID EPIDEMIC

HON. ANN M. KUSTER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal stories of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire I have learned so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehensive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington and I am proud to preserve their stories.

JERRID FRANKLIN YOUNKER—SIDNEY, OHIO

Susan Cole found her 17 year old son, Jerrid Youngker, dead on March 14, 2016. Almost three months later, she found out that it his death was the result of fentanyl intoxication. Susan had no idea Jerrid was using drugs and is devastated by this. Jerrid

missed his high school graduation, his 18th birthday, and so much of his life due to one bad decision.

Growing up, Jerrid was a dedicated fisherman. He loved being outdoors, especially activities involving mud and/or animals. He was an avid Bengals fan. Jerrid and Susan had been going to annual Browns vs. Bengals football games every year—it became a mother/son tradition.

Jerrid was only 17 years old and had enough credits to graduate high school early. He was supposed to walk in his graduation on May 26th, and he wasn't even recognized for all his hard work over the years after he died. Jerrid was a good kid, a big prankster to all, and he loved little kids and animals dearly. He had his whole life ahead of him, but now it's all lost. Jerrid left behind his parents and a brother and sister who miss him terribly.

JACQUELINE "JACKIE" ZANFAGNA—PLAISTOW, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Jackie Zanfagna's struggles became evident before her 10th birthday. Some called her a "difficult teen" but her mother, Anne Marie, and father, Jim, knew that Jackie was struggling with a medical condition and desperately needed treatment. Her parents sought help from countless doctors to no avail. Jackie had bipolar tendencies. When she was at her best, she was a bright, engaged girl who loved animals, fashion, and cared fiercely for her niece and nephew. When she was at her worst, her self-esteem plummeted and she was prone to fits of rage. Her parents were left to patch the walls where her fist had bust the plaster.

Jackie's suffering went undiagnosed. Anne Marie, who suffered from rheumatoid arthritis, began noticing that her pain medication was missing and eventually valuables started disappearing too. When the Zanfagna's realized that they couldn't trust their daughter or her friends, they changed their locks, installed an alarm system, and got a guard dog.

Jackie survived one overdose but was so deeply ashamed that she pushed away the people who cared about her the most. Somehow, in the midst of what seemed a plummeting spiral, Jackie found some solid ground at the age of 25.

After years of thwarted endeavors such as cosmetology school, community college and a modeling agency, Jackie landed a good job at Staples. She had a new car, a new boyfriend and her relationship with her family was suddenly on the mend. It seemed like the nightmare of the previous years might have finally lifted.

When Jackie died of a heroin overdose on October 18, 2014, her family was devastated.

ANDY ZORN—PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Andy was born in 1982 in Phoenix, Arizona. He had a joyful life. He made friends easily and he was always on a mission to make people laugh; as the class clown and life of the party, he often succeeded. When Andy grew older, a few of his good friends developed substance abuse issues and Andy took it upon himself to help them work through it. After seeing the destruction of hard drugs first-hand, he made a personal commitment to not use.

Andy was a big dreamer and made concrete plans for his future. He started a retirement savings account at the age of 16, after starting his very first job. But as Andy became a young adult, he thought he had to participate in drinking and drugs in order to fit in. He was good at hiding the extent to which he must have indulged in these activities. Andy committed suicide on March 1, 2014, in Peoria, Arizona. His suicide note was surprising and painful:

"My soul is already dead. Marijuana killed my soul + ruined my brain."

Andy spent his last five years in a downward spiral of what we now recognize as marijuana abuse. There were the calls to suicide help lines, hospitalizations in five different mental health hospitals on three different occasions, and two sentences of court-ordered mental health treatment for psychotic behavior. During the last week of his life Andy told his mother, father and the social worker that he had to quit using marijuana to live but he was unable to do so; he was addicted. Marijuana was doing nothing good for him except to help him sleep. Without it he had nightmares.

But by then, Andy's waking life was a nightmare that he suffered for years. He worked for very short durations with various mental health professionals and received a variety of diagnoses, including Major Depression, PTSD, Bipolar Disorder, Mild Alcohol Use Disorder and Severe Cannabis Use Disorder.

One of his doctors noted in his records, "Andy is a kind and gentle man. He is an honorable man. Andy is smart with goals and the skills to make them happen. Andy has a great smile and people are comfortable around him."

For a time Andy functioned well; mostly employed, earning an Associate Degree and completing three years of active duty in the Army's 82nd Airborne Division, including a tour of duty in Iraq. But as the marijuana addiction took control over his life, he lost insight into his own mental health. He began to isolate and avoided friends and family. He quit his jobs and disappointed himself over and over again.

Andy is one of the 129 a day who has died from a substance use disorder. Andy is one of the 22 Veterans that committed suicide each day.

ZAHER JULIAN ESTILL—ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

Zafer died on April 13, 2016, from an accidental heroin overdose. He was 19 years old—just months away from his 20th birthday. Zafer, affectionately known as "Z," was a beloved son, brother to three siblings, and friend to many.

Z was a sophomore at the University of Colorado, where he was known as an adventurer, traveler and explorer, who sought out thrills whenever possible. He was an avid tennis player and loved to skateboard, hike, kayak, and follow his favorite sports teams. He liked to begin where the chair lift ended—he'd carry his skis higher up the mountain in search of an untouched backcountry run. Many of his finest selfies come from his treasured mountain explorations in Colorado.

Z was the "connector" in his family; he always made sure to reach out after going too long without checking in. It was second nature to him to send a text, email, or even a handwritten note just to remind people that he cared. We used to joke that Z paid more attention grooming his emails to Grandma than he did on his papers for school.

On the night of April 13th, Z tried heroin. He bought it for \$7.00 a hit. Z went to sleep and never woke up. His family's pain, shock and grief upon losing Z is one story among many that evidence the public health crisis facing this country. Heroin use has more than doubled among young adults in the past decade.

Even though the lives of his family have been forever changed by Zafer's death, his spirit and energy will live on within each of them and through the good they contribute to this world. Their hope is that by sharing Zafer's story, and telling the truth about his death, they may be able to save another life.

JORDAN LEWIS BARNES—LUDLOW, KENTUCKY

Jordan was born October 13, 1991. Jordan was an avid motocross rider. He lived for fast

speed and unthinkable stunts. At the age of 15 he was involved in a serious motocross accident, causing him to break both wrists and having pins put in them. He shattered his collarbone and had a titanium plate and 12 screws inserted. He also suffered severe knee complications. After he was healed, Jordan foolishly punched an ice box at a local store in Ludlow, resulting in what's referred to as a 'Boxer's Fracture' in his right wrist. From there on, his life would forever change.

At only 15 years old, Jordan was prescribed strong narcotics for his great level of pain. This would only turn to harder drugs and heavier dosages. At 16, Jordan dropped out of high school. Over the next 9 years, Jordan was on a constant rollercoaster of ups and downs; experimenting with different types of drugs like marijuana, Percocet, and Vicodin, and his drinking began to surge as well. He checked into a treatment facility, where he stayed for 3 to 4 months. He appreciated his time there. He liked the atmosphere and the people who were there. He made comments about wanting to go back to work there and help others who struggled with the same demons he did.

On Mother's Day of 2013, at 21 years old, Jordan experienced his first overdose from heroin. He was found in the bathroom of his grandmother's home with a needle hanging out of his leg; he was unresponsive. Jordan was rushed to the hospital where he was put on life support and remained on it for roughly 30 hours. After spending an additional few days in the hospital, he was released. Upon his release, Jordan had a new outlook on life. He changed the group of friends he previously associated with. He changed the places he hung out.

August 2013 came around and Jordan's father, presented him with an opportunity to work and make really good money in a different state. Jordan jumped at this opportunity. He moved to North Dakota and lived there for a year. Jordan seemed to be doing well, until he fell with the wrong crowd. He began using again and eventually lost his job, which ultimately led to him living out of his car. Jordan's father booked two flights for him to fly back home but Jordan never got on the plane. Finally, with the help of one of the only true friends he had, Jordan made it home with the intent to start fresh. Jordan stayed with his friend for a few months to continue on a positive path.

In September 2014, Jordan was pulled over and arrested for no insurance. While he was in jail he ended up getting sick from detoxing and spent 45 days in the hospital. During his hospital stay, we learned that Jordan had a lot of internal issues that he was unaware of. His kidneys had started to shut down, he had an infection in his blood which led to 'Infective Endocarditis' (which is a bacterial infection on the heart valve), and he tested positive for Hepatitis C from his careless mindset of just wanting to get high and using dirty needles. All this at the age of 23 years old. Jordan's doctors told him that the next time he decided to do drugs again, it would kill him. He was on his last chance at life.

After being discharged from the hospital, he returned home to live with his grandmother. He seemed to be doing very well this time around and had a positive outlook of the future. He seemed to be enjoying the life he was living.

One night, Jordan went out to a bar with a family friend. They were hanging out, having a good time and ultimately ended up in Cincinnati to get heroin. Nobody truly knows what happened that night, other than Jordan being with the family friend.

In result of their trip to Cincinnati, Jordan shot the heroin and began to snore. After snoring for a little while, Jordan suddenly

stopped. Instead of taking Jordan directly to the hospital, the family friend took Jordan to his father's house. Once Jordan arrived, 9-1-1 was called and an ambulance was dispatched. His stepmother, began to perform CPR and administered Narcan twice without any luck. EMT's attempted to resuscitate Jordan by shocking his heart but were unsuccessful. They insisted on calling Jordan's death at his father's house, but a doctor at the hospital advised them to bring him into the hospital. When he arrived to the hospital the doctors did get a faint pulse and Jordan was placed on life support for the second, and final, time.

Jordan's organs started shutting down at a rapid pace; there wasn't anything anyone could do. Jordan knew that the next shot would kill him. He didn't care; he wanted that high. Jordan laid in that hospital bed, helplessly on life support for nearly 18 hours, until his little brother could make it in from California to say goodbye. Jordan's hospital room filled with family and friends that loved him, and stayed with him as he took his last breath.

Jordan lost his battle with addiction April 11, 2016. He touched many people with his infectious smile and huge heart. He was loved by many and is missed by many more.

STEPHEN J. DEAGLE, JR.—REVERE,
MASSACHUSETTS

Stephen's mother lost her only child, Stephen J. Deagle, Jr., on January 8, 2015, at the age of 32. Stephen was an extraordinary young man. He had an IQ score of 147, but Stephen was much more than just smart. Stephen was kind, caring, loving, witty and gifted, with unparalleled talents in computer science and music.

From the age of four, Stephen would write code on his new Apple computer, master video games inside and out, and learned to play the guitar. From there he taught himself how to play the bass, drums and vocals. Stephen always loved people. He would stop and talk to strangers, and would do anything for his friends or family. He was the boy who was always laughing.

Stephen's intelligence was recognized at a young age and was later accepted to St. John's Prep, a private high school in Danvers, Massachusetts. When he was just a senior in high school, Stephen was one of 160 individuals worldwide accepted to attend a law and advocacy seminar in Washington, D.C.

Stephen's demise started early in his first year of college, when he had four impacted wisdom teeth removed. During the surgery, the doctors mistakenly chipped his jaw bone; requiring him to have two subsequent surgeries for which he was prescribed pain medication. Stephen's mother wanted to take the pills so he wouldn't use them, but he assured her he would only take one at a time, when needed.

Within days, Stephen became addicted. He later told his mother, "I knew I loved this pill. When I took the first one—it was the first time I didn't feel any mental or physical pain." He admitted this three months after his first surgery. Stephen was then put in private care treatment but, despite his mother having to refinance her house three times to pay for it, he didn't stay long enough.

At 19, Stephen got clean in Boston, moved to California for a good job and a chance at a new life. Sadly, he didn't understand that treatment is not enough to maintain recovery, and the urge to use was too strong. Stephen found heroin in San Francisco and again him and his family started the road towards recovery. His mother flew back and forth to do all she could to get Stephen into another treatment facility. Finally, they

found one that would accept him and he entered treatment for the second time.

Stephen could not stop using—the urges were too strong. Stephen later went on methadone, despite his mother's strong protests against it. As he explained it, "Mom I can't stop and if I don't get on methadone, I'm going to die." Stephen stayed on methadone for nine years, but was unable to go off it, despite multiple attempts.

Finally, Stephen felt ready to start looking for work again. He found a job he loved that was in his desired field of Computer Science. Stephen excelled at his new job and was promoted within the first three months of working. His boss's boss later told Stephen's mother that he would do things on the network that he didn't know were possible.

Stephen amazed everyone who met him. He was very humble about his talents and didn't want anyone to know just how smart he was, or how much he cared about everything and everyone he loved. Stephen was kind and generous to almost a fault.

"My efforts to gain temporary guardianship were denied, BlueCross BlueShield wouldn't sell me gap insurance, the courts would not get involved, and all of Stephen's doctors that saw him for years wouldn't fill out the paperwork to allow me to take over his care," writes his mother. "After many pleas with his recovery center, they told me they were filling out paperwork to transfer him to another facility but they didn't. Stephen was released after only 21 days—21 days with nine new prescriptions. There was not enough time for his body to even adjust to new medication, let alone that detox from nine years of methadone, one month of suboxone, three months of vivitrol, and a heroin overdose."

"My life is forever changed. Stephen was my only child, my parents' only grandson, my brother and sister's only nephew and my niece's only cousin. The loss of this kind, beautiful young man who wanted nothing more in life than to make a difference in the world has left a hole in our family that can never be filled. The world is black to me now, where once all the colors were so vivid when I shared my life with my son. No wedding, no mother/son dance, no grandchildren, no holidays or birthdays—only darkness and pain. Despite awareness events, speaking locally, statewide and with members of Congress, no real change has been made to fix the broken healthcare system in this country. One death every four minutes is too many. May God bless all those who continue to struggle without the care they need and deserve."

ALICIA DEMARCO—READING, MASSACHUSETTS

Alicia struggled her entire life. At a young age, she was diagnosed with significant comorbid learning disabilities and mental disorders; specifically Attention Deficit Disorder, Executive Function Deficit and Bipolar Disorder. Alicia's mother constantly fought the school system to get Alicia the support she so desperately needed, but to no avail. As a result, Alicia dropped out of high school in her junior year.

At 16 years old, Alicia started experimenting with drugs and was getting into trouble with the law. By 18, she transitioned to shooting heroin. One month after her 18th birthday, Alicia was sent to Massachusetts Committing Institution (MCI)—Framingham state prison.

Alicia spent the majority of her adult life either in jail, detox, dual-diagnostic hospitals, and treatment programs. When she was 24 years old, Alicia gave birth to her daughter, Alexa.

Alicia received a free enrollment into a pilot mode intervention program in Palm

Springs, California. This program covered all expenses, paying to fly Alicia's family of five out to LA, and waived the treatment facility's one-month fee of \$25,000. It was a miracle. Alicia's family had so much hope.

After completing the program, Alicia told her mother, "Mom, I've never felt so good in my whole life." She was given the option to take up residency in a sober living environment; however, Alicia's boyfriend back home was more important to her. Therefore, she returned home and again began her codependent, toxic relationship.

Alicia's boyfriend, along with others, enabled her addiction. It was a constant tug-of-war; Alicia's family pulled her in the right direction, as her boyfriend pulled her towards a life of drugs, crime, sleeping under bridges and jail.

At this time, Alicia got pregnant for the second time. However, her boyfriend left her for another girl. Her mother helped Alicia find a OB/GYN doctor that would prescribe her subutex. She moved into a shelter that August. Things were going well. Her mother would pick Alicia up every day, and gave her whatever she needed. She saw her doctor every week.

Alicia started seeing another guy, who she knew through her previous boyfriend. Alicia's new guy seemed to be very laid back, and Alicia appeared to be happy with him. On November 18, 2014, Alicia's mother, her husband, and Alicia's daughter, Alexa, all flew to Fort Lauderdale to visit family. Alicia was eight and half months pregnant at the time, so they thought it would be best to visit before she gave birth to her new baby girl, Arianna Marie DeMarco.

On November 21, 2014, Alicia's mother received that dreadful phone call from the North Reading Police Department. Her beautiful daughter Alicia and precious granddaughter-to-be were both dead. Alicia's doctor had taken her off of her subutex medication eight days prior to her overdose. Alicia's death certificate indicated Fentanyl, not heroin, was the cause of her overdose. She was 28 years old.

Alicia was a very compassionate and loving person. She loved her family and especially her daughter, Alexa.

CAIN FRANKLIN—WARRENTON, VIRGINIA

Cain Franklin exhibited a unique and joyful spirit from the very beginning. At age seven, he asked for a tuxedo and a Bowflex for Christmas. In the second grade, Cain dressed up as Bill Gates for his private school's "Famous People Day." Growing up, his favorite toy was a cash register and Cain would open up little shops and sell things to his mother. Despite excellent grades in school, Cain had some behavioral problems and was tested for ADD. The results determined Cain did not have ADD, but rather he had an extremely high IQ; he wasn't being stimulated in school and would finish his work before everyone else.

Cain proved to be an exceptional martial artist and was presented with his second Dan (rank) black belt at just 11 years old. As soon as he picked up a football he joined a league and, within two weeks, he replaced the coach's son as quarterback. Cain's personality was larger than life. He could carry on conversations with anyone, no matter their

age, and had a contagious smile. Despite Cain's popularity and leader persona in school, he always befriended the underdog. He also taught himself how to play the guitar and in weeks, he was writing his own songs. Cain and his mother shared an unbreakable bond. He was truly gifted and his life seemed blessed—he was truly loved.

When Cain was older he started using alcohol and marijuana, which began to affect his school work and his personality. He was sent to a 28 day treatment facility and later to an outdoor-education program, in an attempt to try and discourage his drug usage. However, each time Cain returned home he went right back to using.

When Cain and his mother moved into town, people started coming and going from their house at all hours. His mother saw evidence of pills and Cain admitted to using them. She started losing control over Cain's actions. She tried to set boundaries, all of which were ignored. She started to notice that her spoons were going missing and the ones she did find had black marks on the bottom. She also was finding bits of cotton and Q-tips everywhere. She still had no idea of what was going on. Once she discovered a needle, she understood.

Cain's mother began having to take regular trips to the Emergency Room when she would find Cain passed out on the floor. She then sent Cain to another treatment facility and, on his return, to AA and NA meetings. Cain's mother watched her son go from a robust young man, to a pale, skinny kid with broken out skin. She accompanied him through many self-detoxes and was by his side when he underwent various withdrawal stages—the chills, fevers, diarrhea, vomiting, cramps, and him pacing for hours. But in the end, Cain went right back to using.

One day, in the early hours, the police came knocking at Cain's mother's door asking if the boy they found face down and blue in the driveway, was her son. Cain was arrested for being in his car, unresponsive, a needle at his feet, with heroin residue.

The attorney fees, plus the treatments and hospital visits wiped out a good part of his mother's savings. Cain started to steal her jewelry and pawned it for cash. Cain also stole his mother's debit card, spending hundreds and only would return it for more money. Finally, Cain failed a urine test and was sent to jail for three months.

When Cain was released, he was clean for 11 months and started to get his life back on track. He attended AA meetings and exchanged his former druggie friends for models of sobriety. He started kickboxing, going to the gym, and working long, hot hours as a landscaper. Him and his mother would talk or text on a daily basis and Cain would occasionally come over to talk more. Cain promised his mother he would pay her back for everything and began making these payments. Things were looking up. Then, four days of silence during which, in her heart, his mother knew was not good. She got a knock on the door to find an officer and a police chaplain. Cain's mother was devastated, but also relieved that Cain's battle was over—though hers was just beginning.

Cain died July 17, 2015, and had been dead for four days, according to when he last used his key card to enter his home. Cain's

housemates called the landlord because of the smell protruding from his room; his body was only identifiable by his dental records due to the decomposition.

Cain is missed every single day.

HONORING THE RETIREMENT OF MR. PACO VALENTIN

HON. HENRY CUELLAR

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CUELLAR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the retirement of Mr. Paco Valentin after 37 years of dedicated service to the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA).

Mr. Valentin was born on November 14, 1951 in Brownsville, Texas. After graduating from St. Joseph Academy high school in Brownsville, he went to Texas State University, where he received a Bachelor of Science in Agriculture. Mr. Valentin began his career with the USDA in 1979. Throughout his tenure, he served in numerous leadership roles including USDA Rural Development Housing Loan Specialist, Assistant County Supervisor, and eventually County Supervisor for the USDA Farmers Home Administration.

In 2009, the Obama Administration appointed Mr. Valentin to be the Texas State Director of Rural Development for the USDA. During his tenure as State Director, Rural Development has provided nearly \$12 billion in rural investments throughout Texas for housing, rural utilities, community facilities, and rural business and cooperative development. He also dedicated his time to the promotion, retention, and recruitment of minorities and women, as well as establishing a diverse senior management workforce in an effort to create jobs and spur economic growth in rural communities with limited resources and incomes below the poverty line.

Mr. Valentin dedicated his professional career to working for agricultural and rural interests. His passion and devotion for helping others serves as a model for all of us. Among his numerous awards, he has been recognized with the Habitat Texas 2014 Statewide Community Partner of the Year Award, 2013 Statewide Rural Leadership Award by the Coordinating and Development Corporation of the Ark-La-Tex region, the recipient of the Urban Counties Leadership Award in 2010, and awarded the USDA Rural Development Distinguished Service Award.

Upon retiring, Mr. Valentin plans to spend his time in the company of his wife, Angie, and their two daughters, Jordan and Taylor.

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to have shared with you the legacy of Mr. Paco Valentin, who has had the support and confidence of the Texas Delegation and was honored with the privilege of serving as a presidential appointee under the Obama administration.