

The society continues the work of so many who came to this country as immigrants seeking freedom and a new life in America. But the bonds of kinship and of nationality were often the only protections in a society where intolerance and discrimination was the more likely welcome.

Having done so much over the past 60 years, the Italian Hospital Society has embarked on a new mission to create an Italian Home for the Aged as an independent assisted living facility where Italian-Americans and all elderly and infirm can receive the finest assistance. As they note in their mission statement: "Unfortunately many of our own parents and grandparents have suffered isolation, depression and feelings of frustration due to cultural and language barriers. It is the mission of the Italian Hospital Society to ameliorate this difficult situation by providing a supervised facility that would be comforting and familiar to our aged community while providing for the physical as well as psychological welfare of these individuals."

Mr. President, I ask to share with our colleagues the joy I have as son of one of the society's honorees and thank them for all the work that they do as a society and for the honors and respect they show toward their four honorees. They and the society inspire us all.●

CONFIRMATION OF JUDGE WILLIAM P. GREENE, JR., AS ASSOCIATE JUDGE, U.S. COURT OF VETERANS APPEALS

● Mr. ROCKEFELLER. Mr. President, I want to express my enormous delight that Judge William P. Greene, Jr., was recently confirmed for the position of associate judge for the U.S. Court of Veterans Appeals. Judge Greene brings to this job a lifetime of experience in the armed services and the law, and I believe President Clinton made an excellent choice in nominating him for this position.

Bill is extremely qualified to serve on the court. After graduating from Howard University School of Law in 1968, he joined the U.S. Army, where he proudly served for 25 years. Bill was an officer in the U.S. Army Judge Advocates Group Corps, and earned the Legion of Merit, Meritorious Service Medal, and Army Commendation Medal more than once.

Since 1993, Bill has served as an immigration judge for the Department of Justice in Baltimore. His leadership skills and ability to make clear, decisive, and just decisions have been well tried—and well proven.

In addition to his many other fine attributes, Bill has another that makes me especially proud of him—he is a native West Virginian. Bill was born in Bluefield, WV, and lived there until he was 10. He grew up in a military family and although they moved around to many different places, Bill always considered West Virginia home, and re-

turned to West Virginia to attend West Virginia State College.

Bill's father was a veteran of World War II, Korea, and Vietnam, and was awarded the Silver Star for valor. So it is no surprise to me that Bill possesses an enormous sense of patriotism and pride in his country. The learning experience of growing up in a military family, combined with the experience of his own military career, will be enormously helpful to him in the job that lies ahead.

Everyone who has worked with me on the Senate Committee on Veterans' Affairs knows that I have long been a supporter of the court, so you can be sure that the quality of those who serve there is important to me. I am confident that Judge Greene will bring to the court the wisdom, judgment, and sensitivity so necessary for the court's vital work. In doing so, he will serve both our country and his fellow veterans well.●

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE COMMUNITY OPERATION ON TEMPORARY SHELTER

● Mr. JEFFORDS. Mr. President, on September 11, 1997, the Community on Temporary Shelter [COTS] held its annual meeting in Burlington, VT. The keynote speaker was Rita Markley, the director of COTS. Through her hard work and dedication to the needs of the homeless in Vermont stands as a glowing example of the value of community service. Her efforts have made a tremendous difference in the fight to end homelessness. It gives me great pleasure to submit, for the RECORD, the text of her remarks.

The text of the remarks follows:

[Sept. 11, 1997]

COMMITTEE ON TEMPORARY SHELTER ANNUAL MEETING—WHERE ARE WE NOW

(By Rita Markley)

Good morning and welcome to our annual meeting and volunteer recognition. This is the day when we thank all of you for giving your support to COTS. It's the time when we reflect on what that contribution means and why it matters.

I think it's too easy these days to forget that there was a time in this country, just 20-25 years ago, when being poor did not mean being homeless. There was a time when retail clerks, gas station attendants, waitresses could afford to pay for their rent and their groceries. Sometimes they even had enough left over for a Saturday afternoon movie. There was a time when the mentally ill were not left to wander America's streets without housing or services. And there was a time, just 15 years ago, when this community did not need a place like COTS because homelessness was something that only happened in big cities.

There have been enormous economic and social changes during the past 20 years that have displaced and uprooted millions of lives. Across the country and here in Vermont, the number of families and individuals without housing has increased tenfold during the past decade. Not since the Great Depression have there been so many homeless Americans. During the 1980's more than half a million units of low income housing were lost every year to condo conversion,

arson and demolition. That rate of loss has been even higher during the 1990's. In Chittenden County, rents increased twice as fast as average income during the 80's. Not surprisingly, we now live in a time when homelessness has become so pervasive, so endemic, that we've all but forgotten that it was not always this way. One of my greatest fears is that we will come to accept that this is the way it must be.

It seems impossible that it was less than 20 years ago that we first began to see vast numbers of families all over this country sleeping in abandoned buildings or huddled in doorways because they couldn't afford a home. Back then, we were deeply shaken by the image of small children doing their homework by flashlight in the backseat of cars, the idea of anyone sleeping under cardboard boxes in public parks was astonishing. Our hearts were broken by newspaper stories of entire families scouring through trash dumpsters for scraps of food.

In 1997 the problem of homelessness in America remains one of our greatest challenges and yet we hear little or nothing about this issue in the national media. It's as if seeing those anguished images year after year has become so routine that we no longer see them at all. A few months ago my own sister told me that she was tired of seeing the homeless everywhere she went, that she couldn't look at their faces anymore because there were just too many of them, and it made her feel too sad. Either she forgot what I do every day or she wanted me to remind her that turning away from her own compassion means turning away from her humanity. My sister's reaction, though, is not uncommon. The homeless are increasingly invisible, untouchable. And they know it, they feel the distancing every time someone passes them by on the street without looking into their eyes. Even children living in desperate poverty know that they are regarded differently than cleaner, better dressed children. Here's a quote from a 15 year old girl that describes their experience poignantly:

"It's not like being in jail. It's more like being hidden. It's as if you have been put in a garage somewhere, where, if they don't have room for something but aren't sure if they should throw it out, they put it there in the garage where they don't need to think of it again. That's what it's like." (Kozol interview tapes)

Since the mid-1980's there has been a growing inclination to ignore, conceal and even punish those without homes. Many people in this country have moved from pity to impatience to outright contempt for the homeless.

In Fort Lauderdale, FL a city councilor proposed spraying trash containers with rat poison to discourage foraging by homeless families. "The way to get rid of vermin," he said, "is to cut off their food supply." (1986) In Santa Barbara, California grocers have sprinkled bleach on food discarded in their dumpsters.

In Chicago a homeless man was set ablaze while sleeping on a bench early one December morning. Rush hour commuters passed his charred body and possessions for four hours before anyone called the police.

In the first four months of 1992, 26 homeless people were set on fire while they were sleeping in New York City.

Who are these faceless, forsaken people that they would provoke such hateful acts? They are the poorest and most vulnerable members of our society: they are the elderly and families with children, they are Korean and Vietnam war veterans, they are the mentally ill who were left to fend for themselves on city streets, they are women and children fleeing from violence. I wonder

what kind of outcry there would have been if these acts of violence were inflicted on any other group but the most dispossessed.

I'd like to read a few letters by some Vermonters who lost their homes this year. They wrote these last April during the HUD crisis when many of our services would have been wiped out by unexpected cuts in funding.

"DEAR — I'd never been homeless before this winter. I was out of work suddenly, lost my apartment and had to find a place to stay. . . I was at the Waystation. . . where I met some people who took care of each other, no matter our differences in lifestyles, skills, education or so called sanity. I have a college degree, many skills and I want to work and to give to the community. What I'm saying is that almost anyone could become homeless after some unexpected misfortune. Whether they can work or not they still need food and clothing, safe shelter, and people who care about them. . . I started to work again last week and my home will be open for anyone who needs a place to stay. I won't forget."

"I lost the comfort of my affordable apartment when the building I lived in was closed because of fire. Also, 49 other families were displaced. The renovation of his building will take 18 to 24 months according to the owner. I have not had comfortable housing since that fire on September 7, 1996. My address was 127 St. Paul street where Vermont Transit was located. In the meantime, I'm number 1030 on the Burlington Housing Authority waiting list. What I miss most about my apartment was the peace of mind it gave me. Sincerely, Arlen D."

I'm not sure if Arlen knows yet that only 5 of the renovated units will be rented at a rate anywhere near what he can afford.

We hear a lot these days about building strong communities, and God knows, we've heard no end of how it takes a village to raise a child. But what's missing in all of those discussions is the primacy, the importance and the function of home within any community or village. Think about what home means for all of us. It's the place we gather with family, it's where we sleep and dream and let down our guard at the end of the day. Home is where we keep and cherish what we love: our family, our books and music, whatever it is that we hold dear. It's the place we store all of the things we can't bear to part with: our high school graduation photos, our grandmother's wedding ring, a fifth grade award for spelling. Home is the one place where we can create a safe world within a larger more threatening world.

Losing a home means that you only keep what you can carry in your hands and on your back. It means leaving behind many of the belongings that remind you what has mattered in your life. It means losing connection with your own history. For children, not having a home is devastating; it means losing their pets, their storybooks and their favorite toys.

I cannot imagine the damage done when a child is torn from her home, when she sees her family's belongings piled up on the sidewalk, when she has no idea where she will sleep at night. I cannot imagine the pain a seven year old feels when he's called "shelter trash" by the other children in his school. What I do know is that without the foundation of home, any efforts to build meaningful community will fail. It's untenable to think a village can raise healthy children when its children are sleeping in emergency shelters and on the streets. I remember what a local businessman said to me once, a pretty conservative guy. He'd written a very large check for COTS. I asked him if he wanted his gift targeted to our job program which is popular with many of our business sup-

porters. He said no, the shelters. He was surprised that I was surprised by his answer. If these folks don't have a place to sleep at night, he explained, a place to take a shower, they're not going to get a job or an apartment no matter what kind of training they have. They'll be trapped. First things first, he said.

This past year we helped put first things first for more than a thousand homeless families and individuals. They came to COTS because they had no place left to turn. They came from Burlington, Essex, Colchester, Shelburne, Ferrisburgh, Williston, Milton, Westford, Underhill, South Burlington and Jericho. And for every one of them COTS offered not just a refuge but a chance to reclaim their own lives. We provided vocational counseling, job placement services, budgeting assistance, unremitting encouragement, and workshops on everything from nutrition to conflict resolution. For the children, we made certain that every child at our shelter had a brand new backpack, fresh notebooks and pencils for school.

None of the work we did, none of the achievements, would be possible without all of you gathered here today. You volunteer for our phonathon, and donate expert legal, financial and human resource advice to COTS. You answer the phones, spend time with the children at our shelter, and repair our computers. You provide us with graphics and design work that we could never otherwise afford. And you bring us brownies and cookies and flowers because you know the work we do is sometimes heartbreaking.

During the HUD crisis this spring, you came forward with calls, letters, and connections. I want especially to thank Gretchen Morse who was my shrewd political advisor and moral support during the worst days I've ever had in the 5 years I've worked at COTS. I am deeply grateful to Lucy Samara who traveled to Montpelier, alerted the entire religious community about the crisis, and then worked the phones every night like a seasoned politician. She was extraordinary. It terrifies me to think what could have happened without her leadership and initiative. I'd like to thank Barbara Snelling for her eloquent support at the statehouse. And thank you to Doug Racine and the entire Chittenden delegation with special thanks to Jan Backus and Helen Reihle. I am also very grateful to Con Hogan for his advocacy within the Dean Administration. And most of all, I want to thank Senator Leahy for standing up to HUD. I deeply appreciate all of the business owners, the religious leaders, our friends up at UVM who called or wrote on our behalf. Finally, I want to thank those of you without homes who had the courage to put your stories on paper.

Someone from Senator Leahy's staff told me that it was astounding what a diverse range of people called to voice their concerns about COTS. She said it was the most unlikely array of people she could possibly imagine. I told her to come to a COTS walkathon if she wanted to see unlikely combinations of people. This year we had Trey Anastasio from the band Phish walking beside a big deal lawyer from Green Mountain Power and they were walking just a few feet ahead of 4 Sisters of Mercy, one of whom was chatting with a liberal progressive or maybe and anarchist who was walking just in front of a conservative businessman who was strolling along with a recovering alcoholic who stayed at COTS Waystation 5 years ago. Heading up the rear was former governor Tom Salmon and leading the walk were Barbara Snelling and Patrick Leahy. How is this possible?

I believe that when you give your time and support to COTS, you are doing far more than writing a check or working on whatever

task is at hand. I believe that what you are really doing is taking a stand, a stand against indifference. When you support COTS you are holding firm with us in the unwavering conviction that every human being has value; and that no one should be discarded or left behind (or set on fire) just because they are poor. When you give your time to COTS, when you help ensure that there is shelter and support for those who have nothing, you reaffirm humanity. That's a tremendous gift to give. And I thank you.●

DR. DAVID SATCHER

● Mr. GLENN. Mr. President, I deeply regret that we have been unable to vote on the nomination of Dr. David Satcher as the Surgeon General and the Assistant Secretary of the U.S. Public Health Service.

As a graduate of Ohio's medical school system, Dr. Satcher is truly a commendable choice for our next Surgeon General. The expediency of his nomination process gives an overwhelming indication of the impressive and extensive reach of his medical career. It is a career in which Dr. Satcher has placed considerable emphasis on the medically impoverished. He has demonstrated an unrelenting compassion for those less fortunate, and to quote Dr. FRIST, "allowed science to drive his decision making" throughout his brilliant career.

Born in rural Alabama his interest in medicine grew after a near-fatal bout with whooping cough at the age of 2. Even though his parents had only the benefit of elementary educations, they instilled in him the passion and drive to pursue his dreams. He received his B.S. from Morehouse College and became the first African-American to earn both an MD and a Ph.D. from Case Western Reserve University, while being elected to the Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Medical Society.

After excelling in medical school, Dr. Satcher began his career at the Martin Luther King Jr. Medical Center in Los Angeles. There he developed and chaired King-Drew's Department of Family Medicine and served as the interim dean of the Charles R. Drew Postgraduate Medical School. As interim dean, he directed the King-Drew Sickle Cell Center for 6 years and negotiated the agreement with the UCLA School of Medicine and the Board of Regents.

Before being appointed to his current position of Director of the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention [CDC], Dr. Satcher returned to Atlanta to chair the Community Medicine Department at Morehouse School of Medicine, where he received the Watts Grassroots Award for Community Service in 1979. He then served as the president of Meharry Medical College in Nashville for the following decade. While at Meharry, he was the recipient of the National Conference of Christians and Jews Human Relations Award and was elected to the Institute of Medicine of the National Academy of Sciences, and was appointed to the Council on Graduate Medical Education.