

IN HONOR OF MR. NICHOLAS A. CAPODICE, BAYONNE CITY COUNCIL MEMBER-AT-LARGE, RECIPIENT OF SICILIAN CITIZEN'S CLUB 1999 MAN OF THE YEAR AWARD

HON. ROBERT MENENDEZ

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 21, 1999

Mr. MENENDEZ. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Bayonne City Council Member-At-Large, Mr. Nicholas Capodice, for being named this year's 1999 Man of the Year by the Sicilian Citizen's Club.

Grandson of Pietro Capodice, charter member of the Sicilian Citizen's Club, Mr. Capodice has been committed to serving the City of Bayonne. Through his exemplary service to the community, he has shown tremendous leadership.

Receiving his B.A. in special education and an M.A. in Administration and Supervision from the New Jersey City University, Mr. Capodice's commitment to the educational and social development of his students is truly remarkable. He has continued his work in the field of Special Education by serving on the Bayonne Board of Education for 10 years and on the Jersey City Board of Education for the last 11 years.

Mr. Capodice was recently elected Bayonne's City Council Member-At-Large, where he is Commissioner of the Bayonne Local Redevelopment Authority. In this capacity, Mr. Capodice is responsible for the strategic planning and implementation of the economic re-development of the City of Bayonne.

Prior to being elected to the City Council, Mr. Capodice served as a Trustee for the Bayonne Board of Education from 1991 to 1996, acting as President from 1992 to 1995. In addition, he was a member of the Board of School Estimates from 1993 to 1994.

For his dedication to the people of the City of Bayonne and his extraordinary service record, I ask my colleagues to join me in congratulating City Councilman Nicholas Capodice on being named 1999 Man of the Year by the Sicilian Citizen's Club of Bayonne.

INTRODUCTION OF THE YOUNG WITNESS ASSISTANCE ACT OF 1999

HON. MICHAEL E. CAPUANO

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 21, 1999

Mr. CAPUANO. Mr. Speaker, this week more than 350 young Americans gathered in our Nation's capitol to share their views about violence and how it has affected their lives. Three individuals from my district—Pierre Laurent and Amanda Abreu of Somerville, MA, and Yarimee Gutierrez of Boston, MA, came to Washington to take part in the Voices Against Violence conference. Their commitment to addressing the problems associated with violence among youth is to be commended, and I want to take this opportunity to personally thank them for their efforts to make a difference within their schools and communities.

As Pierre, Amanda, Yarimee and the other participants of the conference return to their

respective communities with a renewed commitment to this cause, I believe it is Congress' responsibility to do all that we can to support these young peoples' efforts. What better way to do this than to provide legislation that assists young people who are striving to do the right thing? For this reason, I rise today to introduce the Young Witness Assistance Act of 1999.

Sadly, more and more of our Nation's youth are becoming intimately familiar with violent crime. These crimes include homicide, assault, robbery, domestic violence and sexual assault. Upon witnessing such violent crimes, they suddenly find themselves in the uncomfortable position of deciding whether or not to report the act. Far too often, many young people choose to stay quiet. In many ways, who can blame them? Witnessing a violent crime is a traumatic experience. Additionally, reporting a violent crime can potentially lead to additional hardships that threaten the well-being of the young witness. Earlier this year in Connecticut, an 8-year-old boy and his mother were gunned down after the boy agreed to testify as a witness in a murder trial. In my district, a young man and his family were harassed and threatened after he agreed to assist authorities in an armed robbery case—eventually his family removed the boy from school and placed him into hiding in reaction to repeated threats on his life.

It's time we take a stand for the young people who are willing to stand against crimes in their communities. The Young Witness Assistance Act is a step in the right direction. It provides Federal funds to state and local authorities specifically for establishing and maintaining programs that assist young witnesses of violent crimes. Authorities can use these funds to develop such activities as counseling for the youth; pre- and post-trial assistance for the youth and their family; educational services if the youth has to be removed from school; community and school based outreach initiatives; and protective services. The bill would authorize \$3 million for each fiscal year from 2001 to 2003. No new money will be used to fund this effort. Rather, funding would be derived from existing monies within the Violent Crime Reduction Trust Fund.

Mr. Speaker, this bill supports our Nation's young people who take a courageous stance against violent crime in their communities. It sends a message that Congress cares and is willing to provide the assistance young witnesses need. Forty-fix members of the House, Democrats and Republicans, have acknowledged this by becoming original cosponsors of this legislation. It is my hope that the House will "do the right thing" and pass this legislation.

HONORING THE MEMORY OF MR. LEONARD S. RASKIN

HON. KAREN McCARTHY

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 21, 1999

Ms. McCARTHY of Missouri. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Leonard S. Raskin, whose death on October 18 is an incalculable loss to his loving family and cherished friends, and to our community. Lenny loved life and was undaunted by its challenges. Even as cancer

claimed more and more of him, he did " . . . not go gently into that good night . . . (but) . . . raged against the dying of the light. . . ." His incredible strength and will to live emulate these words of courage written by Dylan Thomas to his dying father. Lenny adopted me into his life, and as my friend, reinforced in me the belief that anything was possible to accomplish if you just tried hard enough and were good enough. I knew even if I failed he'd still be there for me; so true was his love. Lenny loved his family and friends with a passion even death cannot diminish. Mr. Speaker, please join me in expressing my deepest sympathy to his devoted wife of 50 years, Sarah Raskin, his eldest son, Phillip E. Raskin, his only daughter and my dearest friend, Maryl D. Raskin, his youngest son and daughter-in-law Garry N. and Susan Raskin, and his beloved grandchildren, Kaley and Sydney Raskin. I ask unanimous consent that the following material be included with my statement. The poems, "Adios" by Naomi Shihab Nye, and "Reading Aloud to My Father" by Jane Kenyon; works Maryl shared with me which reflect upon life as we reflect upon this wonderful man's friendship and love. Thank you, Mr. Speaker. Adios, Lenny.

ADIOS

It is a good word, rolling off the tongue no matter what language you were born with. Use it. Learn where it begins, the small alphabet of departure, how long it takes to think of it, then say it, then be heard. Marry it. More than a golden ring, it shines, it shines.

Wear it on every finger till your hands dance, touching everything easily, letting everything, easily, go.

Strap it to your back like wings. Or a kite-tail. The stream of air behind a jet.

If you are known for anything, let it be the way you rise out of sight when your work is finished.

Think of things that linger; leaves, cartons and napkins, the damp smell of mold.

Think of things that disappear.

Think of what you love best, what brings tears into your eyes.

Something that said adios to you before you knew what it meant or how long it was for. Explain little, the word explains itself. Later perhaps. Lessons following lessons, like silence following sound.

NAOMI SHIHAB NYE.

READING ALOUD TO MY FATHER

I chose the book haphazard from the shelf, but with Nabokov's first sentence I knew it wasn't the thing to read to a dying man: The cradle rocks above the abyss, it began, and common sense tells us that our existence is but a brief crack of light between two eternities of darkness.

The words disturbed both of us immediately, and I stopped. With music it was the same—Chopin's *Plano Concerto*—he asked me to turn it off. He ceased eating, and drank little, while the tumors briskly appropriated what was left of him.

But to return to the cradle rocking. I think Nabokov had it wrong. This is the abyss. That's why babies howl at birth, and why the dying so often reach for something only they can apprehend.

At the end they don't want their hands to be under the covers, and if you should put your hand on theirs in a tentative gesture of solidarity, they'll pull the hand free; and you must honor that desire, and let them pull it free.

JANE KENYON.